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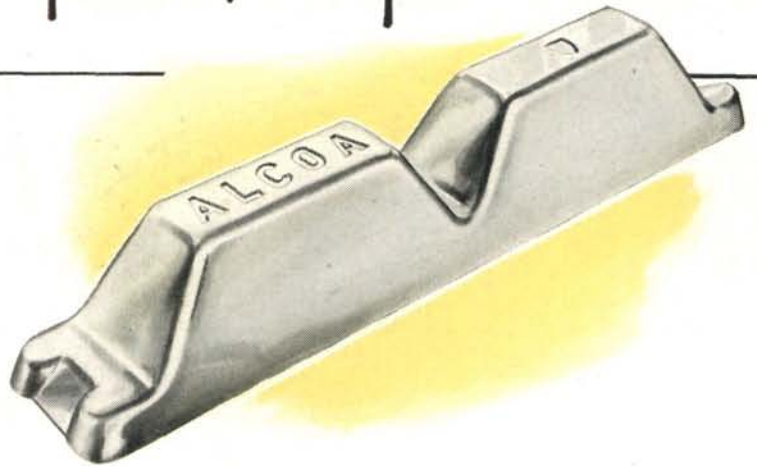
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Speaking of high prices, do you know...?

1 Since prewar days, has the price of aluminum gone

UP...
DOWN...
stayed the SAME?



2 When each of these couples started housekeeping, what was the price of the aluminum ingot shown above?

33¢ a lb. 15¢ a lb. 27¢ a lb.



1900

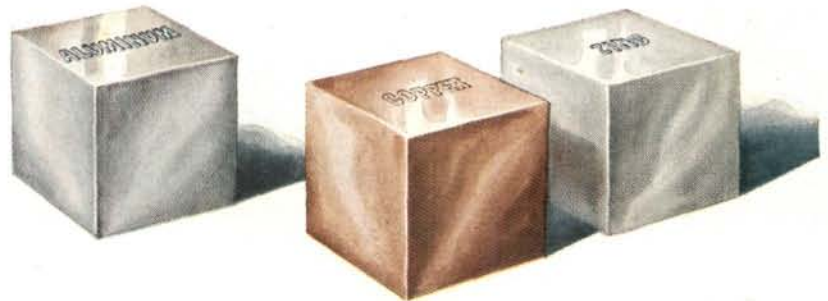


1925



1947

3 Which of these equal sized cubes of metal would cost you the least today?



ANSWERS

1. DOWN. In 1939 aluminum was 20 cents a pound. During the war Alcoa reduced it to 15 cents for ingot (14 cents for pig). That's still the price.
2. 1900, 33 cents. 1925, 27 cents. 1947, 15 cents. Quite different from the price history of most things, from the "good old days" till today.
3. The aluminum cube is much the cheapest. Iron is the only common metal that is cheaper than aluminum, size for size.

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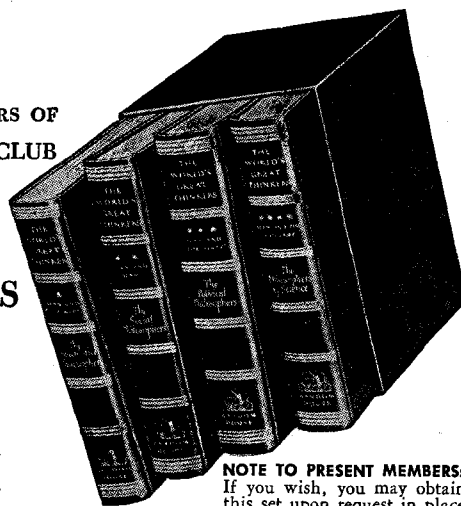
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

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The Far East



FROM China through to India there has occurred a taking up of arms unprecedented since the end of the war. In some cases the aim is to bring about internal change. In others it is to hasten the white man's unburdening. Often it is a combination of both.

The old order in India has long been ready to transform itself into the new disorder. The basic problem, contrary to the Exotic East school of writing on India, is neither caste nor religion but the prosaic task of keeping body and soul together. Three quarters of the population attempt to do so from an agricultural system that is closer to the Middle Ages than to the twentieth century.

The system is dominated by landlords who often double as moneylenders and merchants. Honest ones, say the Indians, are as rare as chaste courtesans. It is from triple-threat men of this sort that peasants have to rent land, borrow money, and buy goods. For a long time they have been seething at having to give up two thirds of their income for rent, taxes, and interest.

It so happens, not altogether accidentally, that in many places Hindu and Sikh landlords predominate over Moslem peasants, and Moslem landlords over Hindu peasants. In such cases the peasants have a double reason, religious as well as economic, for not seeing eye to eye with their landlords.

Fighting for power

One reason why economic grievances have exploded in the form of religious riots is that the political safety valve is not functioning properly. The

electorate excludes nine tenths of the population. This submerged group does not include many landlords, industrialists, merchants, or moneylenders.

The latter groups hold tight to their political monopoly to help in attaining their economic objectives. Some hope to keep India predominantly agricultural. Others hope to superpose modern industry on a backward agriculture, on the model of Japan, the Asiatic prototype of American-style industry without American-style democracy.

A key point to bear in mind is that Imperial policy has had the effect of encouraging economic backwardness and political exclusiveness. Another is that the decision on the nature of Indian independence has been turned over to elements which were bound to utilize religious differences to further non-religious purposes.

Organized disorder

The communal strife of the past months, far from being spontaneous, has been, according to the London *Economist*, the best organized in Indian history. The chief significance of this is in revealing that the political initiative in the new dominions has been seized by the most medieval-minded elements in the population.

Inspiration for many of the clashes comes from the autocratic princely states. Some of the leading Hindu industrialists have sponsored anti-Moslem activities. Hindu landlords have instigated Hindu peasants to attack Moslem landlords — on religious grounds, of course. Moslem landlords too have proceeded on the theory that the strategy of distraction

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We in Britain look forward to welcoming you, the people of America, to our friendly shores next year.

In spite of many difficulties or temporary restrictions we may be enduring, we can still offer you the warmth of our hospitality, the inspiration of our ancient places and the evergreen loveliness of our countryside.

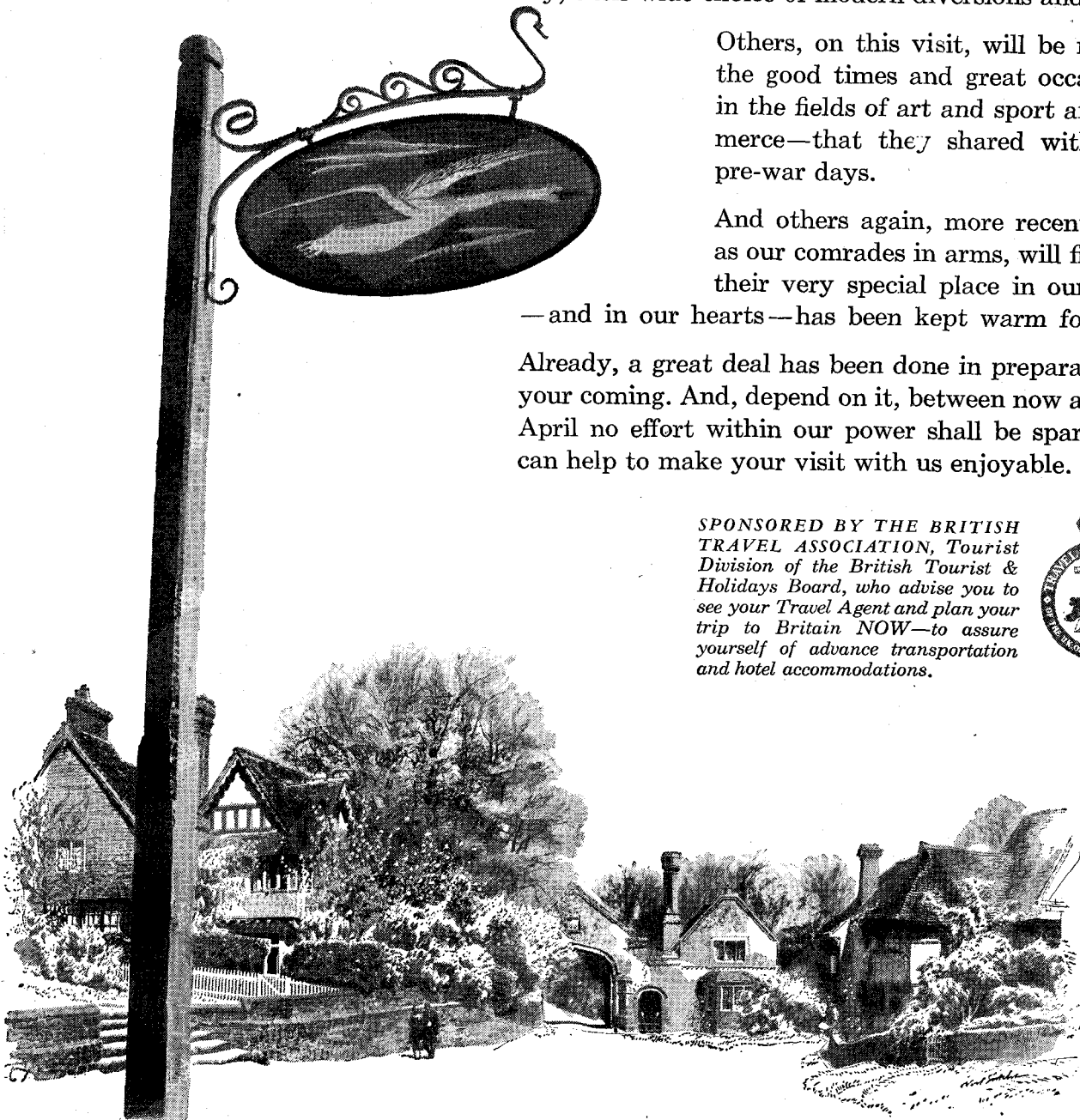
For some of you, this will be a first experience of the British Isles—with all their old-world color and pageantry, their wide choice of modern diversions and events.

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Already, a great deal has been done in preparation for your coming. And, depend on it, between now and next April no effort within our power shall be spared that can help to make your visit with us enjoyable.

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The Atlantic Report on the Far East



is an effective means of entrenching themselves politically and economically.

A little-noticed effect of religious militancy is the weakening of organizations and individuals seeking to deal with the root problems of Indian society. The once powerful peasant unions and trade-unions, in which Moslems, Hindus, Sikhs, and others formerly showed themselves able to work together in full harmony, have been especially hard hit.

Leaders like Nehru, who are known in the West for their culture and relative lack of religious prejudice, have been thrown on the defensive. They are going through a process of soul-searching as to whether to fight for fundamental reform or to cover up their failure to do so by joining the religious chorus.

Economically the communal outbursts have been disastrous. Destruction of property and abandonment of their land by fleeing religious minorities have contributed to the current food crisis in India. This in turn is complicating the already tense world food situation.

Meanwhile the religious issue is distracting attention from the more fundamental struggle between the political ins and outs and also between varying wings within the Indian National Congress and the Moslem League. It is here, rather than in the purely religious sphere, that the solution of communal conflict is to be found. The thing to watch for is evidence that real action is being taken to institute basic reforms.

Also revealing is the international position of the two dominions. Religious differences are absent in the frontier quarrel between the Pakistan Moslems and their co-religionists in Afghanistan. Support for predominantly Moslem Indonesia comes more from Hindu India than from Moslem Pakistan. The Hindus expect to gain much credit at little cost by taking the lead in championing the cause of the Indonesians and other colonial peoples in the East.

Solidarity in Asia

While Indians fight each other over religion, the Indonesians have subordinated their religious, ethnic, and other differences in order to wage a common struggle under the slogan of "Merdeka," the Indonesian word for freedom. This catchword has rallied support even from non-Indonesians.

Of special significance is the "international brigade" of Indians, Malays, Filipinos, Chinese,

and other Asiatics fighting on the republican side. In a struggle that is as much political as military, the existence of such a unit gives moral support to the Indonesians while dramatizing their solidarity with fellow Asiatics.

Indonesia splits the UN

The limited action taken by the United Nations in Indonesia reflects the complex division of opinion within the Security Council. France is fully behind the Dutch. The British support Dutch aims but not their means, believing strong-arm tactics to be out of date. Australia is torn between backing up the mother country and looking to her own interests by supporting the Indonesians as likely to provide greater opportunities for trade.

Nationalist China reflects the anti-Indonesian position of wealthy Chinese in the islands by siding with the Dutch. India seeks to fill the position abandoned by China as defender of colonial peoples. Russia plays her usual role of champion of the oppressed by shouting for support of the Indonesians. The United States, cocking one eye toward public opinion and the other toward the oil of the Indies and the Dutch position in the European balance of politics, sees somewhat better with the second eye.

Most Indonesians realize by now that as far as the United Nations is concerned they are largely on their own. Dutch propaganda is playing down Indonesian resistance in the hope that the world will forget, and in the contest for public opinion the Indonesians are at a distinct disadvantage. Their chief contact with the outside world is by means of Morse messages painfully tapped out on a wireless transmitter.

Japan: junior partner?

Japan, with modesty becoming to a defeated nation, offers to accept the status of junior partner. In return for American assistance in the form of loans and shipments of raw materials, Japan is willing to undertake the task of meeting the need of Far Eastern countries for manufactured products.

Already Japan has taken the lead in trade with Southern Korea. The Filipinos, who had hoped to capture 25 per cent of Japan's pre-war overseas trade, look rather sourly at the revival of this trade. The Chinese likewise bemoan their lost opportunities.

Those who stand to lose from Japanese commercial competition are not the only ones who look askance at a Japanese comeback. Throughout the



"A feast for a king," Robin called it

Great oaks still stand in Sherwood Forest. They link us with a past which is half legend, all romance.

Under those oaks Robin Hood and his stout yeomen flung themselves down to laugh and rest after forays. With appetites born of adventure, the band relaxed and turned to a hearty meal. Loaves of crusty brown bread . . . and fair yellow cheese.

Since men first learned to tend herds, cheese has nourished human bodies for hard work and sustained action. It is still enjoyed and valued as one of the world's great foods. For it is a concentrate of milk, nature's most nearly perfect food. And we know far more of the science of

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The Atlantic Report on the Far East



Far East generally, and most especially in China, there is an astonishingly widespread feeling that Japan's overseas economic revival foreshadows her political and military resurgence.

In China fear of Japanese revival exists in the left, right, middle, and in between, and has become one of the hottest factors in internal politics. The Communists are capitalizing on this fear by charging Chiang Kai-shek with subservience to the United States in a policy dangerous to the future of China.

Further evidence of disquiet over policy toward Japan is seen in the resignation of William MacMahon Ball as Australian representative on the Allied Council for Japan. Still more appears in the reservations toward developments concerning the peace treaty. Many Far Easterners reason that to get tough with Russia means to get soft with Japan.

Stalemate in Korea

In the case of Korea the United States hopes to muster enough United Nations support to make Russia look wilfully wrong. Our willingness to submit to the will of the majority in such a vote, contrasted with Russia's refusal to do so, coincides with our position that the democratic thing to do in Korea is to give all groups a hearing in drawing up plans for merging the two occupation zones.

This does not mean that we consider all Korean groups to be democratic. Our dislike for right-wing extremists like Syngman Rhee and Kim Koo, whom the Russians want to exclude from the deliberations because of their opposition to trusteeship, is second only to that of the Russians themselves.

The reign of terror which the extremists have brought to Southern Korea makes it more difficult for us to get the support of middle-of-the-road elements. The latter suffered a severe blow with the assassination of Lyuh Woon-heung, chairman of the left-wing People's Party, to whom we had turned earlier to offset the rightists. His death on the same day as the murder of the seven moderate leaders of the Burmese government is more than a coincidence in time.

Both ends against the middle

One of the most significant trends in the Far East is the destruction of the political center by the political right. The destruction is facilitated by the fact that, unlike the United States, which has a strong middle class as a bulwark of democracy, most countries of the Far East are stronger at the ends than in the middle.

The perfect example of this is China. Two winters ago what has since come to be known as the Marshall Plan began to pour money into that country. What we hoped to do there was to build up the weak middle faster than either end. But out of fear that the left end might build itself up the fastest of all, we inclined a little more to the right than we might have liked. Contrary to our wishes, what got built up most was the right, and the extreme right at that. The left has survived only because it was protected by its own army. The middle has been decimated and survives mainly in so far as it has put itself under the protection of the left.

This is the situation that General Wedemeyer found on his inspection trip to China. With the virtual extinction of the moderates as an independent force, the left and the right have been slugging it out between themselves.

Wedemeyer calls the turn

After initial setbacks the Communists, aided by large quantities of American equipment captured from the Kuomintang forces, have so enhanced their power that Wedemeyer, who is no novice in evaluating the Chinese military situation, concluded that there is no chance of eliminating Communism in China by military force alone. In this conclusion he joined issue with Chiang, who for something like the *n*th time has predicted the extermination of the Communists in a few months.

Wedemeyer showed his annoyance at this kind of whistling in the dark. In contrast to Marshall, who was always careful to save the Kuomintang face by slapping it gently with one hand while using the other on the Communists, Wedemeyer struck out with both fists at the lethargy, defeatism, incompetence, and corruption of the government. Although they were annoyed at having their defects exposed, the Chinese rightists are proceeding on the assumption that our hands are tied. They count on our continued aid, not because we admire them, but because we dislike the Communists more — the same reasoning, incidentally, on which Syngman Rhee is staging his comeback in Korea.

The hopes of Chinese rightists to the contrary, we are not going to empty our purses into their pockets. Communist propaganda notwithstanding, we are not asking for bases all over the country. We are going neither all the way in nor all the way out of China. We plan to continue aid to the Kuomintang at something like the present level in the hope more of slowing up than of checking completely the disintegration of Nationalist China.



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Washington

Nowadays American foreign policy is policy toward the Soviet Union, and the formula guiding our policy-makers is that containment plus pressure will result in accommodation. Containment, summed up in the Truman Doctrine, is expressed in our present policy in Greece. It is regarded in Washington as vital to our national security to hold the Russians on the Stettin-Trieste line, and to prevent them from breaking through into the Mediterranean. It is here that the greatest threat of Russian expansionism resides.

Peter the Great diplomacy, which the Politburo is held to be following closely, required Russian possession of three sea outlets: the Baltic, the Sea of Japan, and the Mediterranean. Only the last-named is still barred to the Russians. There are three entries for Russia into the Mediterranean. The one at the Straits is under no present threat; the second, at the Aegean, is under American scrutiny; and the third, at the Adriatic, is bastioned by the Free State of Trieste, under an international (including American) police. It is the State Department's intention to "contain" the Kremlin at this line.

Pressure on the Soviet Union is now being worked out in a variety of ways of which the chief are economic reconstruction of the European areas under threat and mobilization of world opinion.

Economic reconstruction is the purpose of the Marshall Plan — or, as Secretary Marshall prefers to call it, the European Economic Program. It is the corollary of the Truman Doctrine. The theory is that revival of Europe is the best safeguard against Communism and the spread of Russian influence. How to get the Plan going will be the stuff of domestic politics this winter.

Can Marshall fill the gap?

The outline that has come from Paris is not likely to be acceptable to Congress in its present form. It does not yet conform to the Marshall requirement of a program for the working economy of Europe. Clearly, however, as the result of pressure from Washington, an approach has been made to it. And work begun at Paris will be continued.

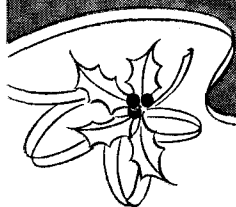
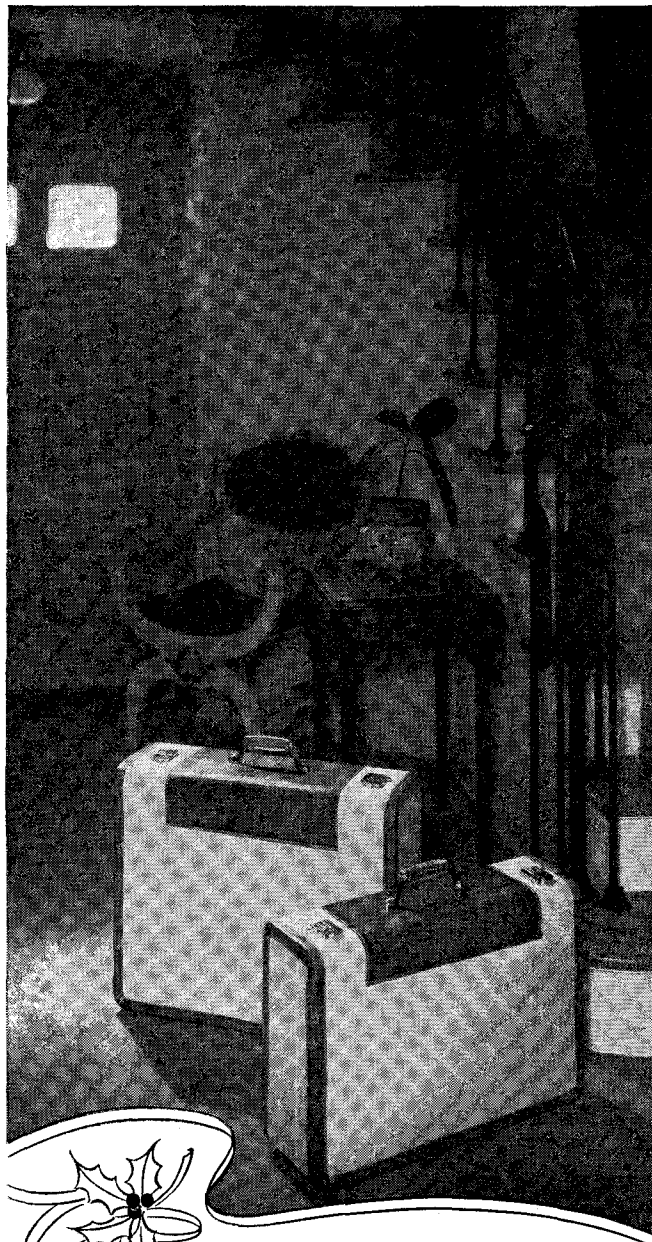
On this side of the ocean an administration will be proposed on the model of the Lend-Lease administration. The notion of a corporation or corporations finds little favor. Nor is there any support for a procurement agency. It is felt that the Europeans must be allowed to buy for themselves the items in the accepted program and to distribute them according to stated ideas of priority. At the same time the notion here is that the American agency must have powers of allocation in the factories and farms for the orders for the European recovery program, as well as some powers of American supervision in the use of aid.

But the subject of current discussion is the Marshall "Gap" Plan, not the Marshall Plan. Europe faces the hardest and hungriest winter in living memory. Last winter was bad, but this winter, according to one estimate, the people of Europe will have only half as much food. They are looking to America to supply the deficiency. We have plenty of wheat, but the short corn crop makes it inevitable that American farmers will use the wheat to fatten their livestock. This is the biggest worry of the Administration. The greatest need at present is to limit the grain available for farm, industrial, and distiller use.

The people's hope for peace

The current meeting of the UN General Assembly is evidence of the Administration's striving for the mobilization of world opinion. This time last year the Administration was cold on the United Nations. In the State Department you could hear the comment that the United Nations had been "oversold." The extent of the disillusionment was apparent in the Truman Doctrine. Mr. Truman said the United Nations is "not in a position to extend the help required." There were those in the State Department (in subordinate positions) who pleaded in memoranda that the President insert the qualifying "as yet." But the President felt that any such phrase would be tantamount to a deception practiced on the American people.

The President quickly found out that Americans had not lost faith in the United Nations. They insisted through Congress on relating the Truman



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Doctrine in respect of Greece and Turkey to the United Nations. In time the policy-makers in the State Department came to realize the potential force of the United Nations. Granted that the Security Council had been frozen as an enforcement agency, there was the General Assembly, the forum of popular opinion. Accordingly Secretary Marshall determined to take the initiative at the Assembly in behalf of anti-aggression.

Living with the Russians

Soviet propaganda, in an effort to create a ghost for fear-struck Europe and impress the woolly-minded in America, asserts that the Administration is war-minded. In other words, that the policy-makers want a preventive war, not accommodation. There is no evidence of it. Our system of government, which vests the power of declaring war in Congress, will not allow of preventive war. Accommodation with the Russians, as the result of containment and pressure, is the objective. This is not to say that the phrase "preventive war" does not crop out in conversation. But it is mentioned only to be rejected as both impossible and undesirable.

Accommodation was the key word in Secretary Marshall's mind when he went to the last Foreign Ministers' Conference in Moscow. Indeed, there was many a groan in the State Department on the necessity of another apprenticeship for a Secretary of State in finding out the facts of life with Russia. Mr. Marshall, who did most of the talking in the Stalin-Marshall interview, got precisely nowhere. He came back convinced of the inevitability of the Byrnes thesis that the United States must go it alone or with as many nations as possible — in the hope that Russia will finally agree to pursue peace-making and reconstruction in common.

Marshall men

The Wallace-ites, striving to find some new way of condoning Russian intransigence, say the Administration is run by military men and Wall-Streeters. Radio Moscow has now made this a refrain. To be sure, there are many former officers and Wall-Streeters in high positions. One reason is Secretary Marshall. Appointments in the State Department and service abroad are now so vital that Mr. Marshall has drawn upon men whose ability he has come to appreciate from personal contact. But it is a fact that most of these "military appointees" are not regular service officers. They are men who, like millions of their countrymen, entered wartime service and in the course of it acquired the experience that put a new value on their ability.

Actually the men upon whom Secretary Marshall relies in helping him frame policy are professional diplomats. There is not a uniform in the Planning Division under George Kennan. And the Counselor of the Department whom Marshall chose to succeed Benjamin Cohen was Charles Bohlen, a foreign service officer who was aide to Mr. Hull and other Secretaries of State. Mr. Bohlen is immune to any militaristic virus.

Secretary Marshall is still unable to handle the newspaper press properly. He is tight-lipped in his press contacts. Only the newspapermen with whom he talked confidentially when he was Chief of Staff get necessary background. An example of bad publicity was the delay in releasing the information that the British had asked us to shoulder their dollar burden in Germany. Nor is he briefing Congress adequately. The result is that there has been the minimum of public discussion on the Marshall Plan.

Can we keep the balance at home?

The crucial question in the mind of officialdom is how the American economy can be kept on an even keel during the time we are aiding Europe. The nascent isolationists say it can't be done. They are making people's flesh creep by saying that a runaway inflation will be the price of aid to Europe.

How much our price level is due to exports is a question that no one can answer. For the first six months of the year our export surplus was running at an annual rate of 10 billion dollars, which, like a budget deficit, creates that much buying power at home in wages without any compensatory equivalent in production; in other words, inflation. Figures contained in the mid-year economic report of the President show that these exports have included substantial percentages of the very items in which shortages exist in the domestic market. Rails, rolled-steel products, freight cars, motor trucks, fuels — these "short" products bulk large in our exports.

At the same time prices have been forced up by the extraordinary demand coming from the high incomes of the American people; in other words, wage increases. Meat, for instance, is being consumed at a rate of 115 pounds per capita today for every 100 pounds consumed in the years 1937-1941.

The answer to the dilemma of keeping domestic stability and of aiding Europe is for the government to transform the scramble for American goods between Americans and foreigners into orderly allocation and reduced consumption at home by voluntary or compulsory rationing. But voluntary rationing cannot meet the needs of Europe, and there is little enthusiasm in Washington for a return to controls — particularly in an election year.

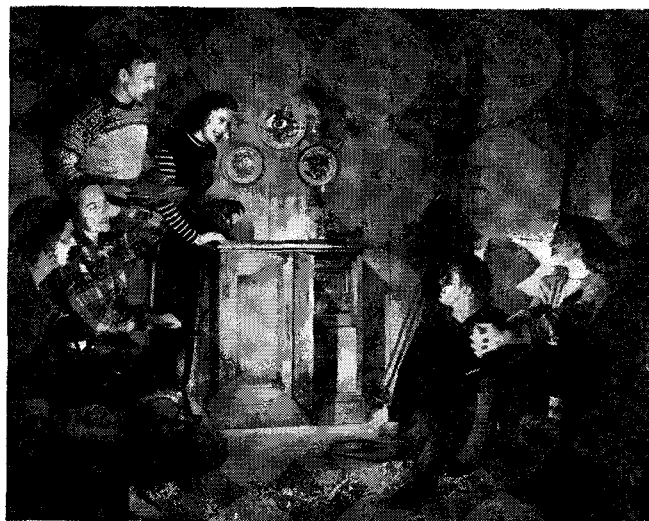
Kansas for Eisenhower

Nothing is taken more seriously in the Capital than the Presidential aspirations and chances of General Eisenhower. It can be said without hesitation that Eisenhower is receptive. That was made clear by his demeanor at the convention of the American Legion. His pleasure and hand-clapping when the Kansas delegation started a stampede, convention-style, for Eisenhower was a giveaway.

Kansas is the source of the Eisenhower boom. Back of him are such Republican stalwarts as Alfred Landon and Roy A. Roberts, the rotund

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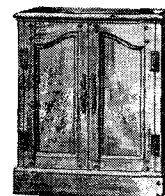
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The Atlantic Report on Washington



manager-editor of the Kansas City *Star*. Roberts is a seasoned wirepuller, and headed the drive for the nomination of Alfred Landon in 1936, besides having a lot to do with the Willkie "draft" in 1940. He is preparing the groundwork right now for a willing Eisenhower.

Convention delegates are sensitive to the first rumblings of a bandwagon. At the first mention of him during a deadlock, Eisenhower is likely to take any convention by storm. For he is, in Republican opinion, the nation's most popular figure. Aside from his background as a great commander, he is a "natural" with the people. As a politico said, Eisenhower is "running while he sleeps." Harry Woodring used to tell a story of Eisenhower's tour of the country after victory in Europe. "He would go out on the platform," said he, "whenever we came to a stop, and talk a spell with the waiting crowd. I wish I had a copy of these impromptu talks. They'd be a lesson for any candidate on a campaign tour."

At that time the modest Eisenhower showed not the slightest ambition for any office. Last winter, while recovering in Florida from an indisposition, he explained his embarrassment in answering queries about his availability. Even to say no was an arrogance. It is now said that a dawning realization of his status with the American people has cured him of his quondam confusion. He doesn't want to be President, he thinks the movement is foolish, he would not authorize a campaign, he thinks a draft is impossible — but there's no thumbs down veto.

What is disloyalty?

What is disloyalty is a point that is being hotly contested. Membership of a fellow-traveler organization is one of the criteria. As a result of public pressure, Attorney General Clark is being compelled to publish a list of organizations membership in which would *ipso facto* be regarded as evidence of disloyalty. This loyalty test is a very hot potato.

Allegations of an FBI campaign of terror among Federal employees in carrying out the loyalty test are hysterical. The test came about as the result of the "boring from within" disclosures by the Royal Commission in Canada. It was recognized that the accretions in the Federal establishment before and during the war had been hit-or-miss. For instance, Under Secretary William L. Clayton had been employing a Russian-born secretary who had been working at the Soviet embassy and who was subsequently dismissed. The President sought

to head off the witch hunt provided by the Rees bill. All Federal employees are being put through an examination as to their loyalty to the Constitution. Suspects may be discharged, but not before they have been given a chance to appear before a review board.

Few persons deny that the government has a right to discharge its employees for cause. But obviously a discharged suspect carries a brand which may prevent his employment elsewhere. That is why those with any feeling for civil liberties are perturbed over the procedure.

The Mood of the Capital

The Capital is firm against any appeasement of Russia in the shape of a compromise over our present policy. Vishinsky's hot words leave the Capital cold. They have all been heard before. The only regret is over the extent of the appeasement that has already been practiced. It is felt that the peace treaties signed at Paris last year savored of semi-appeasement that merely whetted the Bear's appetite. So many people have been disturbed by the American concessions to Russia over the treaty with Italy that the United States will seize any opportunity to moderate the terms. Firmness, in other words, is still the prevailing attitude in relations with Russia.

The extent to which Congress will go along with the Administration in backing up the Marshall Plan as a key to our foreign policy depends upon several factors. One is the reports that the peregrinating legislators bring back from Europe. John Taber's statement will perhaps be of greatest influence. He is chairman of the House Appropriations Committee and is highly respected for his judgment. Congressmen dread being suckers, and those who do not entertain that fear want to be "shown," lest self-help be further put off by the European nations.

Another factor will be the state of economic America when the aid debate is in progress. At present many of the post-war prophets of gloom have been confounded by the lack of any sign of depression. But there is an undercurrent of worry, notwithstanding the capacity of the American market to absorb any backing up of American exports, that an abrupt falling off in foreign trade may send the economy into a tailspin. That is what happened in 1920, and if anything like it recurs, there will be no argument over the Marshall Plan; it will be accepted. "The people," as George Washington said, "must feel before they will see."



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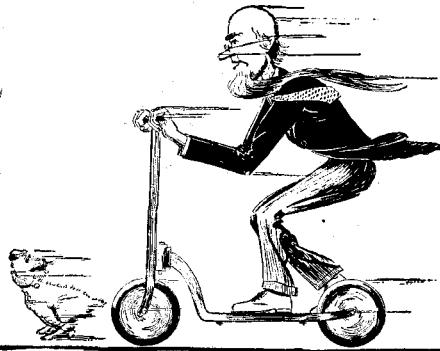


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Atomic Energy

ANNOUNCEMENT by President Truman in September that production of radioisotopes by the United States Atomic Energy Commission had reached quantities sufficient to permit export to qualified users in other countries was a matter of prime importance. Made to the Fourth International Cancer Congress at St. Louis, the President's statement was one of immense significance to medical research throughout the world.

Isotopes of twenty elements — the most important ones in medical and biological investigation — were made available in this expansion of the program whereby more than 1200 shipments of about ninety varieties of isotopes had been made to institutions throughout the United States in the past year.

During that earlier period, production of the radioisotopes — versions of standard elements chemically unaltered but differentiated physically through treatment rendering them temporarily radioactive — had sufficed only for domestic needs. These isotopes of elements are produced by exposure of the normal material to the intense radiation which is incidental to the chain reaction in the pile or atomic furnace at the Clinton Laboratories of the United States Atomic Energy Commission.

Before this means of production was available, isotopes of all the twenty elements covered by the President's announcement were produced by cyclotrons. The economics involved, however, are greatly different; a millicurie of Carbon 14, important in cancer research, could be produced by cyclotron means in a year or two for about a million dollars, as against the present sales price of \$50 for the same amount produced in a few hours as a by-product of atomic fission.

No secrecy

Progress reports at half-year intervals are to be made by foreign governments whose researchers utilize the radioisotopes, under the terms of the Atomic Energy Commission's rules, and the reports are to be published. The radioisotopes must be used for the purposes stated in requests for them, which must be approved by the Commission before shipment, as are domestic requests.

Furthermore, there must be free release of information about the purposes, methods, and results of the use of the radioisotopes, including permission for qualified scientists, regardless of nationality, to visit the institutions where the materials are used.

Stressed in announcement of the action was the fact that no radioisotopes are included which are applicable to the development of atomic energy for industrial or for military purposes. Subsequent newspaper assertion that "many nuclear experts" believed the "secret of the atom bomb" to be endangered by the action was roundly denounced as false by a group of representative physicists from the Brookhaven National Laboratory of the Commission, who declared that "there can be absolutely no application of these tracer isotopes which could lead to information" on such secrets.

Whether this sufficed to lay the ghost, as it should, remains to be seen; in any event, the United States action in the interests of the greater freedom of knowledge found its champions as well as its critics at home.

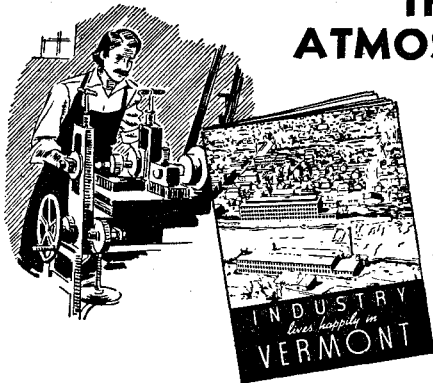
The implications of the radioisotope announcement are well-nigh limitless in terms of the bodily well-being of men, for even though the full values of the materials are by no means fully explored as yet, the beginning results of their application in medical and biological research have been almost without exception startlingly beneficial.

Guide toward atomic power

Industrial, economic, and hence ultimately sociological implications of equal significance attach to a second development in the reduction of atomic fission to peaceful purposes during recent weeks. This was the statement from the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory that an atomic power plant utilizing fast neutrons for the liberation of nuclear energy from plutonium has been operated successfully since November, 1946.

Such a source as this, it is hoped, will permit study of fast-neutron chain reactions in greater detail and may hence be a further advance in the search for the type of chain reactor best suited to the production

THE ATMOSPHERE



FOR INDUSTRIAL ACHIEVEMENT

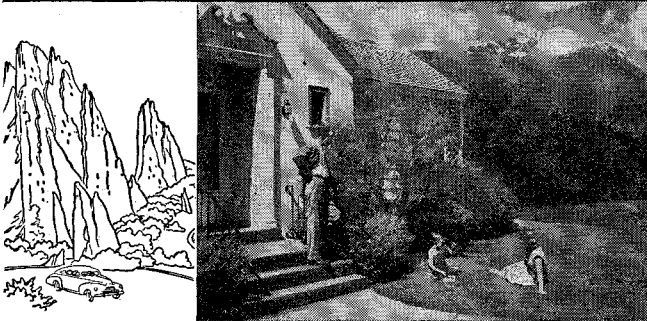
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of useful power. The nuclear power plant for ocean liner and for locomotive necessarily is still far in the future, but the new unit is expected to speed research in atomic energy and to be a guide in the design of future experimental reactors for power.

The new power plant, which is called a "fast reactor," uses as atomic fuel the man-made element plutonium and uses in controlled fashion fast neutrons without a "moderator" such as graphite or heavy water to slow them down. The new plant has been termed "in a sense a controlled version of the atomic bomb."

The fast reactor

In the bomb, the fast-neutron chain reaction proceeds unchecked, with titanicly explosive results. In the fast reactor, the high-energy neutrons emitted by the plutonium are caught by other atoms of plutonium before being slowed down by collision with any other material. There is no mixing of the nuclear fuel — plutonium — with other substances for dilution. The fast reactor thus resembles the bomb in that it uses the neutrons from fission of the fuel almost as soon as they are emitted.

A critical mass of plutonium contained in a small vessel is the heart of the fast reactor. Paradoxically, the energy generated is declared to produce no more heat in the core of the device than an ordinary kitchen oven gives off. The heat is generated in a comparatively small area, however, so that overheating of the center of the reactor must be prevented by special cooling means.

Nuclear reactors hitherto conventional, such as the chain-reacting piles at Hanford, using as fuel a mixture of the uranium isotopes U-238 and U-235, are affected in dimension by the fact that fissionable U-235 occurs in roughly the ratio of 1 to 140 to U-238. Substantial amounts of inert material for every pound of actually utilizable atomic fuel must hence be included in them. Some reduction in overall dimension may be expected to result from the fast reactor's use of plutonium as fuel.

Man-made plutonium

The element plutonium does not occur in nature, but was discovered in 1940. Because of its utility in atomic bombs, the great installation at Hanford was designed solely to produce it. It is formed as a result of two successive transformations from the uranium isotope U-239. This is manufactured when, in an atomic pile, an atom of U-238 captures a neutron and becomes radioactive U-239, which in turn emits a beta particle and becomes neptunium, Np-239, which, radioactive, in turn emits another beta particle, becoming plutonium.

This is a considerable advance, from nonexistence to potential application in seven years. But one need not look for ships or locomotives thus powered tomorrow; the Los Alamos announcement cautiously referred to the fast reactor as another step toward finding the best type of chain reactor for the production of useful power.

Obviously, much remains to be done. A very large quantity of neutrons and other radiations is produced by the fast reactor in operation, and experiments are under way to determine their effects, properties, formation, and consumption. Even so, to some commentators, the announcement of the fast reactor appeared the most important of its kind since Hiroshima.

The Commission reports to the country

Suggestion of another, decidedly different reason not to anticipate nuclear-powered transportation in short order comes from thoughtful reading of another document: the second semiannual report submitted to the Congress by the United States Atomic Energy Commission.

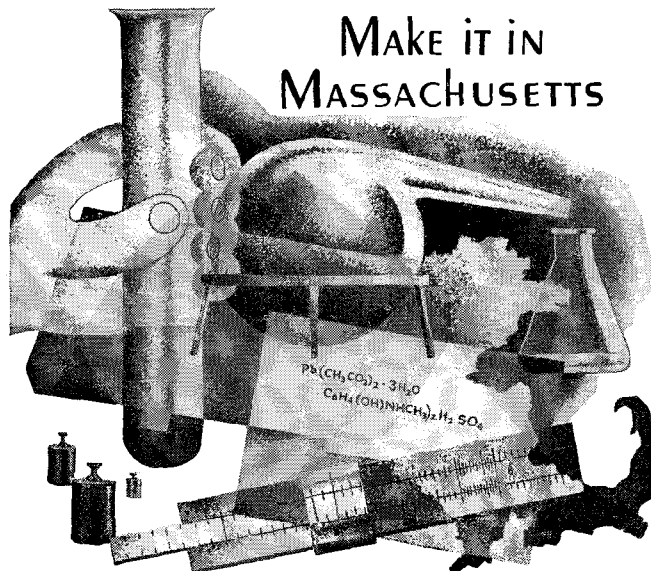
Declaring candidly at the outset that a number of important phases of the atomic energy program cannot be presented in a public report of this character, the Commission speaks thereafter with equal candor on such subject matter as is discussible. It repeats the earlier determination to maintain and increase the present pre-eminence of the United States in atomic weapons until such time as the Congress affirms that acceptable international agreements have been reached and the appropriate machinery has been established to ensure that this activity can be relaxed without endangering the national security.

To carry out this determination, which is an important facet of the Commission's larger purpose of increasing "this Nation's present pre-eminence in the field of atomic energy," the report asserts, will require active work by many persons and industries now otherwise engaged. It is thus that goals that are unattainable today may in future be achieved. Among these goals, one may assume, are the more effective production methods which must be developed. Production, the report states, has been uninterrupted, continues to be the Commission's largest activity, and represents the largest single item in its annual expenses. The materials produced are basic both to weapons and to power production.

In the present state of the world, the maintenance of leadership in the field of weapons is an obvious responsibility. Equally obviously, atomic bombs require fissionable materials. Insistence that more effective production must be attained emphasizes that these materials are not in too lavish supply. It should be recalled that Mr. Stimson's revelation that in August, 1945, there were but two atomic bombs available came as rather a shock, even long after Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

The bomb and the target

For the world a decade or a generation hence, it would appear that there may be a third possibility in addition to the two already so widely heralded: no atomic bombs at all because of working agreements and control systems, or a multiplicity of bombs for a multiplicity of targets. The third possibility is that of a relatively small number of bombs — small, that is, in terms of the number of targets.



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Such speculations as these bear on the impasse in the United Nations, the crux of which, between Russia and the United States, is international control of atomic energy. For more than a year since the presentation of the United States proposals for an international control authority, debate had gone on in the working committees, the control committee, and the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission itself, to reach its bluntest division in Mr. Gromyko's speech of September 10.

Here the plan whereby the United States would by sensible degrees divest itself of its monopoly of knowledge, materials, and applications of atomic energy was itself denounced as an attempt to ensure monopoly in the field.

To many this seemed the paradox of paradoxes, and the strain was but little relieved when, with the Soviet Union opposing and Poland abstaining, the remaining ten nations voted for the report outlining a powerful international control agency. Nor did Mr. Vishinsky's bitter attack on the United States position, as he replied to Secretary of State Marshall before the General Assembly a week later, do more than sharpen the lines of dissent.

What hope?

Yet some who looked beyond the mood of distrust and disappointment over the situation of the United Nations, beyond the obduracy and intransigence on this most vital of issues, found in the history of that issue itself no inconsiderable cause for further faith in the organization. They recalled that Mr. Osborn for the United States, in an American newspaper, had analyzed and condemned the Russian position, and that Mr. Gromyko a week later had replied in equally vigorous terms.

They recalled also that in its short history the United Nations had already produced a situation wherein the representatives of most powerful nations could seek appeal to the public mind in the midst of vigorous dissension, and could return from that appeal to resume their work in a continuing body, not an *ad hoc* congress of a few states that once would meet and then dissolve, but an agency that, no matter how balked in the immediate present, was designed to endure and was the gathering place of nearly every sovereignty in the world.

Reviewing these facts, they could take heart and could echo the confidence of Mr. Conant. Speaking at San Francisco in September, he could foresee a real chance of uniting the world sufficiently to achieve "the abolition of the present nightmare of a global war" when agreement on international control of atomic energy had been attained. And this, he thought, might come about, once the Kremlin minds were made up that they really want a solution.

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Europe

FOR several months the United States has been pursuing two policies concerning the reconstruction of Europe's economy. At Geneva, between April and September, we tried to persuade most of the nations of the world that the new Charter of International Commercial Practices must be patterned on Cordell Hull's ideal of free, multilateral trade. That is one way of saying that the United States favors a system under which the industry and agriculture of every country will find their own levels in a world of free, capitalist competition.

On the other hand, in Paris during August and September, we said something very different to the sixteen nations which were framing their answer to Secretary Marshall's offer of American aid. There, we used our powerful influence in favor of a Western European planned economy. We told these impoverished European countries to get together and pool their production.

Our attitude in Paris meant that we should like to see a European customs union. A customs union, however, involves even more than the abolition of all tariff barriers. It also implies the ironing out of differences in efficiency among nations and a trend towards uniform taxation, social services, and wage standards; for if big differences in these fields persist inside the customs union, some member nations will be at a great disadvantage compared with others.

Our sponsorship in Paris of a planned economy for Western Europe also meant that we want Britain, France, the Ruhr, Belgium, Italy, and lesser manufacturing countries to harmonize their steel production. This aim seems to suggest the creation of a new international steel cartel on a governmental plane, a proposal which collides head-on with the Geneva Charter relating to restrictive business practices.

Free trade or collectivism?

How can one reconcile these contradictory American policies? One explanation may lie in the different purposes behind the two conferences. In Geneva we set out to attain an open field for United States trade throughout the world. Our resources, ad-

vanced technology, ability, and energy spared us any fears which less efficient countries might feel concerning survival on a highly competitive planet. But in Paris, by offering them generous economic and financial help, we were organizing in the American camp a group of nations which could serve as a counterweight against Russia. Some of these sixteen countries — Greece, Turkey, and Portugal for example — needed no American coaxing to move further away from the Soviet Union and nearer to the United States. Others — like France, the three Scandinavian nations, and Switzerland — were reluctant to impair their relations with Russia.

None of these lands, however, could afford to spurn the prospect of Marshall aid. As the price for financing their recovery, we pressed some or all of the sixteen to integrate their economies, thus improving their value as our allies in the American-Russian struggle for power.

The balance sheet at Paris

The conference on the Marshall Plan produced a report to the United States in which the most gifted economic experts in Europe present a highly informative collection of facts regarding Europe's economy in 1947. This report sheds light on the causes of economic chaos in Europe; and it illustrates very ably the general nature of the problems which Europe faces in trying to get its economic system moving in high gear again.

The national ambitions and fears of each of the sixteen countries prevented any real unification of the various economies even of a rump Europe. Several groups — France-Italy, Scandinavia, and Greece-Turkey — are on the road towards setting up customs unions, and Benelux (Belgium, the Netherlands, and Luxembourg) has already achieved one. But the great tariff-free union of Western Europe is simply to be "studied" and is likely to remain an object of philosophic contemplation.

The Paris conference's report reveals clearly how the devastation of war wrecked agricultural and industrial output in each of the sixteen nations and in Western Germany. It tells of the decline in Europe's production of cereals, meat, milk, sugar,



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potatoes, coal, coke, steel, and almost every other essential. It describes how the war shattered inland and maritime transport, how electric generating plant has fallen far behind public requirement.

Europe's dollar shortage

The report shows how the dollar shortage was created partly by the breakdown of normal trade between Western and Eastern Europe. Food for which the sixteen nations and Western Germany must now look to the Western Hemisphere normally came from the east and southeast of Europe; Western Europe paid for it by exporting manufactured articles to Eastern Europe and the Balkans. This healthy flow of goods between East and West has been blocked by the division of Europe.

Western Europe's normal commerce with the Middle East and with East Asia has also been interrupted. Those regions used to import a large volume of Western Europe's industrial output and, in turn, supplied petroleum, fats, tin, cotton, copra, coffee, rice, tea, jute, hemp, and many other commodities. Europe's sale of its produce to the non-American world provided currencies which could be converted into dollars or pesos for necessary purchases on the American continent. All these reasons, and more, for the dollar crisis are made plain in the report of the sixteen nations to Washington.

Varnishing the truth

When it came to writing about the effects of this crisis upon the economy of the sixteen countries between now and the end of 1951, the report was sweetened to make it more palatable to American opinion. It was rewritten twice on the demand of William L. Clayton, the top-ranking American government official then in Europe, who repeatedly shook a finger at the Paris conference leaders.

The first revision of the report under United States pressure resulted in the merciless slashing of several figures. In mid-July the Paris conference provisionally estimated the dollar deficit of the sixteen nations and Western Germany during the four years of the Marshall Plan at 29.2 billion dollars. Mr. Clayton indicated that such a sum would scare the daylights out of the American people, who were being asked to foot almost this entire bill. The figure was cut to 22.5 billion dollars.

The conference experts had also assessed the participating countries' dollar deficit for the year 1951 — after three years of American blood transfusion — at 5.8 billion dollars. This distressed Mr. Clayton even more. Were all these billions of dollars to plug only part of the leak? Was the multibillion-dollar Marshall program, after four years, still to see Western Europe grappling with a deficit economy? Was there to be a repetition of the sad experience of the American loan to Britain, which — instead of making Britain a going concern after three years — was drained after one year?

Mr. Clayton's displeasure put the chiefs of the sixteen-nation conference in an awkward quandary.

They could either follow the United States "suggestion" and draw a less disquieting picture, or they could decide, if they honestly believed that Europe would still be running a large deficit economy in 1951 despite Marshall aid, that they ought to disregard Mr. Clayton's chagrin and tell the truth as they saw it.

The acting chairman of the Paris conference was a talented Englishman, Sir Oliver Franks, 46-year-old professor of moral philosophy at Oxford. And what would one expect from a gifted Englishman, and a moral philosopher to boot?

The Paris conference compromised with Mr. Clayton. It cut its estimate of the 1951 deficit from 5.8 billion dollars to 3.45 billion. The new estimate fell short of prophesying complete equilibrium in the participating nations' balance-of-payments after four years of American help. But it enabled Mr. Clayton and the Administration to present a less ugly forecast to Congress.

Just how much any such prediction is worth, even when made by honest specialists, is extremely doubtful. It presupposes a Delphic insight into such obscure events as the trend of world prices during the next four years and into the world's cereal harvests in 1949, 1950, and 1951. What if the inflationary movement persists in the United States and if the crops are middling or poor?

Wanted: more determination

The Paris conference rewrote its report a second time following another intervention by Mr. Clayton. On this occasion, he demanded a more convincing presentation of Europe's own recovery program. Individual European governments, instead of proposing "to consult one another," were to pledge themselves to carry out the production increases and financial and monetary reforms recommended in their report to Mr. Marshall.

But these pledges, which have now been given, are promissory notes which most of the signatories will meet if they can, but which they may prove incapable of honoring, even with the best intentions.

On the self-help side of the recovery program, an impressive plan has been published. By 1951 the participating nations are to increase their coal output by one third above the 1947 level; they are to produce 40 per cent more electricity, 80 per cent more steel. Their farms are to yield as much cereals and milk as before the war, and achieve large advances over pre-war sugar and potato crops. This four-year production program may come true, and it would be a fine performance. But it is postulated on the return of financial stability in all these countries. To aim at a target is not necessarily to hit the bull's-eye, though it's better to have aimed and missed than never to have aimed at all.

Coördination or self-protection

It is unhappily evident that fear of a third world war is likely to prevent the Marshall Plan from

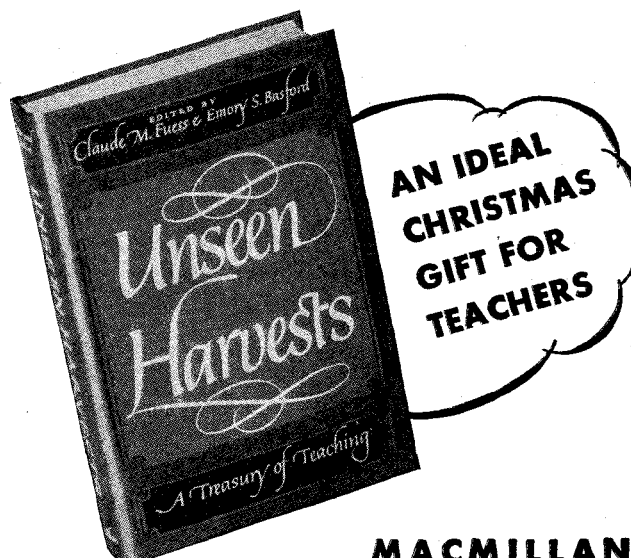
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attaining one of its major objectives: creation of a coordinated, planned economy in Europe. This purpose suffered its greatest setback when Russia and her satellites refused to join the Marshall Club. Failure to harmonize production in Western Europe has further bedeviled the project of the State Department planners. This fiasco was predictable. It was foreshadowed earlier this year by the unsuccessful effort of Britain and France to dovetail their two production systems.

Britain proposed that France should concentrate on her agriculture and let the British help meet the French need for more tractors and other farm implements. The French declined to reduce their tractor industry, because they must rely on such factories for building tanks. When the French amiably suggested that Britain should let France manufacture enough watches and clocks to satisfy both the British and French markets, it was the British who insisted on maintaining this industry as a source of precision instruments in wartime.

Each European nation, besides clutching its own war potential, is tending to expand it. Nationalism is enjoying a field day in Europe, as elsewhere. While statesmen continue to say the right thing, the governments are encouraging the familiar striving for national self-sufficiency which was exemplified by Germany under Hitler and Schacht.

It is the same old fear and distrust of people on one side of a frontier towards those across the border, of those with one ideology towards those with another, which has jammed a political spoke into the wheels of the Marshall Plan.

What will Congress do?

All the plans and hopes of the sixteen European nations will soon undergo a searching scrutiny in Congress. They will be changed substantially by the findings of President Truman's committees on American capacity to help and on the volume of supplies that will be available to meet Europe's needs. They will pass through another metamorphosis when adapted to the work of the Herter Committee, the mission of Congressmen who have been ably investigating the situation in the principal European countries asking American aid.

If the Marshall Plan is intended for rehabilitation, that is, to get the wheels turning, to improve the food and housing of the 270 million inhabitants of the sixteen countries and Western Germany, to break many of the temporary jams that are impeding trade—if the plan is designed to contribute towards these ends, it is likely to be an important success.

If, on the other hand, the Marshall Plan was conceived as a project to achieve more lasting results, to reshape the economy of Western Europe and build a roof under which the sixteen nations and Western Germany would live as one economic family, it is likely—at least in this observer's view—to fail. Nationalism is still too strong.

ATLANTIC

Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"Are Americans Polygamous?"

SIR:

I have read with keen interest David L. Cohn's "Are Americans Polygamous?" in the August *Atlantic*. Nothing serves better to underscore the timeliness of the article than the joke on page 40 of the same issue, in Walter L. Pate's article on the Davis Cup: "A wife at forty reminds me of a bank note. One should be able to exchange her for two twenties." If the shoe fits, put it on.

HENNING LARSEN
Urbana, Ill.

SIR:

David Cohn's articles on the man-woman subject have been so interesting, one wishes he might explore the matter further and discuss the *reason* for the romantic and unreal attitude toward marriage he seems to deplore. Why is the West romantic about matrimony but not the East? People are people whether European or Asiatics.

Recently I reread the *Medea* of Euripides. If, after twenty-five hundred years, the argument is still going on, the probability of a solution seems somewhat problematical, doesn't it? But it is fun to have Mr. Cohn try.

EDNA R. BACON
Dividing Creek, N.J.

SIR:

Our increasing divorce rate results from the flabby philosophy of education under which many young people now reaching maturity have been reared.

This philosophy decrees that a child must not be taught to obey orders or to pursue a required course of

study. In fact he must not at any time do anything he does not feel like doing, lest he develop inhibitions and frustrations.

We have been told that a child must at all times be kept "happy," forgetting that happiness is not an end in itself but a by-product. It comes in adult life not to those who have had every whim gratified, but to those who are equal to what life may demand.

PAULA HENZE
Detroit, Mich.

SIR:

There was no need of a footnote stating that the author of "Are Americans Polygamous?" is a bachelor. Who but a bachelor would have the temerity to write on the institution of marriage with such profound authority and so dismal an outlook? Like the maiden aunt who tells us how to train our children, he views the situation with pure objectivity, his mind uncluttered by subjective emotion.

Mr. Cohn writes very interesting and scholarly essays. Let us hope he will some day have the opportunity of marrying the right woman.

MRS. R. H. LESTER
Morristown, Ill.

Poland Speaks

The following letter from a distinguished Polish author came to the *Atlantic* through the courtesy of William Ernest Hocking, Professor Emeritus, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts. — THE EDITOR

By a singular luck I came across the January number of the *Atlantic* on Easter Day, 1947, and I have read

the very interesting and well-written article of Bernard Iddings Bell on "Perennial Adolescence." The author accuses his countrymen of being a people declining to grow, as Barrie's Peter Pan, and remaining eternal adolescents, having no higher aims than wealth, pleasure, power, and erudition.

I have had unique opportunities to penetrate the very soul of America and I have a different tale to tell about it. Some years ago, I received many invitations to lecture at colleges, universities, and public gatherings of all kinds in the United States, from Massachusetts to California. After each lecture I challenged the audience to ask questions and I answered these questions, dealing not only with Poland, but with all the world in general, chiefly about the meaning of life, the explanation of evil and pain, the prospects of mankind, the attempts to understand reality and the final destiny of man on earth. Thousands of such questions by students and elderly people gave me a unique view of the spirit of America, even better than the writing of humorists and jesters to which Bernard Iddings Bell refers.

The United States appears to me as a continuation and expansion of the mission of Poland during several centuries (1386-1717). Poland in these times was the only great free country in despotic Europe, apart from Switzerland and Holland. It received the persecuted refugees of many countries—the Jews, the Armenians, the Russian peasants, the Bohemian Hussites, the English Unitarians, and granted to all the right to act according to their convictions



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Now the Easter message of Mr. Truman manifests the same tendency against despotism. If there were not a majority among Democrats and Republicans in favor of such a policy of helping threatened countries, the President could not have obtained four hundred millions for saving Greece and Turkey from aggression.

This is not a task for adolescents. It is a serious affair for grown-up people, conscious of their duty towards others and desiring to help them. When Bernard Iddings Bell says, "we who cannot solve our own riddles must decide the issues facing humanity at large," he refers to local difficulties in some cities, like Tammany in New York, not to national issues. Four years of civil war for maintaining the unity of the United States and abolishing slavery is a fact of unique importance in history.

It seems to be a professional bias of preachers to denounce sins rather than to enhance virtues. Bernard Iddings Bell judges his country too harshly. Let him accept in defense of America the testimony of a Pole, for the Poles are experts in liberty and know what it means, as they have suffered the greatest oppressions since 1717, the famous silent Diet, held under the pressure of a foreign army.

To judge a single person or a whole nation it is more essential to consider its virtues and merits than to brand its sins or failures. The craving for wealth is a juvenile failing but the fulfillment of this desire has furnished the means for an unprecedented generosity. The Americans are known all over the world as wealthy, but at the same time as exceptionally generous towards those who are in need. The fame of American generosity exceeds the fame of their wealth. It is therefore not fair to say that Americans are "increasingly ready to take refuge from the ignobility of greed and the boredom of pleasure in pursuit of power, disguised as fulfillment of a romantic destiny but in reality the escapist device of a disappointed folk." To call ironically "romantic destiny" what is a great and noble national mission leading to a better future of mankind seems to imply that the author does not believe in American generosity, which is the only hope of all nations.

It is also unfair to call the longing for knowledge and wisdom, which is a peculiar trait of American youth according to my personal experience, "pursuing erudition for its own sake,

pure scholarship, learning divorced from life." Only very few young Americans care for erudition or scholarship, while the great majority seek knowledge and wisdom in order to solve the practical riddles of life.

(Name Withheld)
Warsaw, Poland

SIR:

In the August Atlantic Repartee I note several letters in regard to "What Price Preparedness?" by Cord Meyer, Jr.

Frankly, the type of thinking evident from most of those letters is rather dismaying, after what we have gone through; and in particular that displayed in a letter from Gilbert Cope, of West Chester, Pennsylvania. In his letter, Mr. Cope states in substance that by remaining disarmed we could gradually absorb all our so-called enemies, "as China has done in the past with attackers."

A reading of Chinese history should inform anybody that this so-called "absorption" has been a rather painful process for the Chinese people at times, and ordinarily has not been a matter of choice on their part. I fear that Mr. Cope and the rest of our population would not enjoy the procedure very much. I happened to have been closely present when the Japanese were being "absorbed" by the Chinese in 1937 and 1938; moreover I had what amounted to a ring-side seat when the unfortunate city of Nanking was "absorbing" them.

I can assure any reader that the hapless Chinese people were not much in favor of the "absorption" process at the time; would have laughed the idea to scorn, had they been able to laugh; and would have given much for the means to spread the kindly gentlemen of Japan all over the landscape — for absorption by the good earth.

J. M. SHEEHAN
Hyannis, Mass.

SIR:

I read with interest "Tourist in France" by Carl de Suze in the Accent on Living section of your September number.

After the past three years spent largely in that country, I can underwrite to the full Mr. de Suze's statements about the magnificence of the cuisine — if you know where to go and can pay for it. It is certainly possible to eat copiously and fairly well (depending on the part of the coun-

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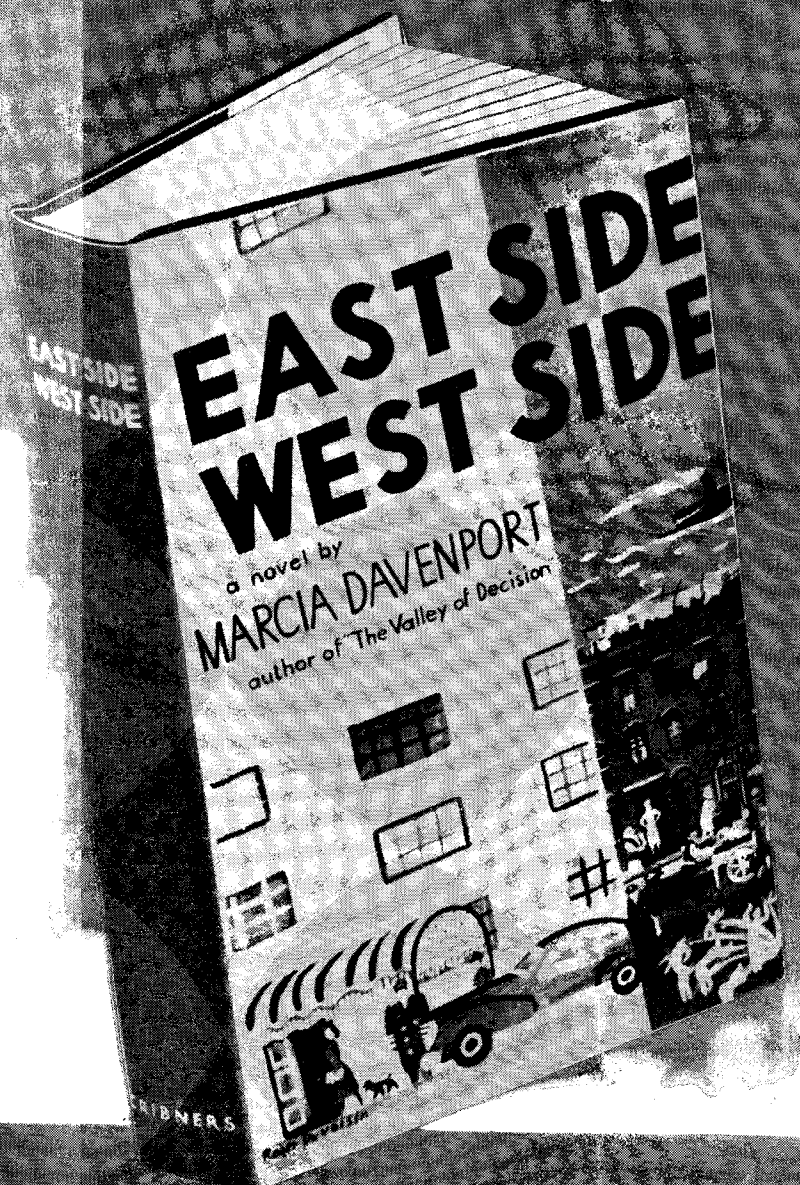
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ty) for 200 francs a head, if you do not drink wine.

But the innocent traveler should really be careful about following the seductive suggestions contained in Mr. de Suze's third paragraph. If he dabbles in black-market currency transactions, he will very likely find himself in hot water.

All money brought into France must be marked on the passport. All exchanges must be made in legally accredited banks and the operations must be recorded on the travelers' passports. Little private operations such as the suggested deposit of dollars in an American bank to the credit of a Frenchman who will give francs at a black-market rate in Paris) are forbidden. Passports are carefully checked when travelers are leaving the country, for evidence that the money declared on arrival has been exchanged legally.

All tourists should get complete information about currency restrictions from the French Consulate or the French National Tourist Office. Otherwise their holiday may be spoiled by officials who ask searchingly embarrassing questions and impose fines.

J. L. BROWN
Boston, Mass.

SIR:

Here is some low-down on earthworms for the waxing tide of fishermen (including Edward Weeks himself) which little by little is taking over your spare columns and some you can hardly spare.

To gather earthworms without digging, you take a strong straight spade and sink it into the earth with the good hind foot straight up and down (that is, the spade; the hind foot can be in any position). Then you wobble the spade back and forth rather efficiently for about a minute or two in direction perpendicular to the plane of the spade and the earthworms will rush out to see what is going on, or to see what happened, or how to prevent it, or because they are uncomfortable, or any other reason why." I presume that this movement of the spade compacts the earth or at least pushes it for a considerable distance in front and behind the blade so that the worms are slightly compressed, and this stirs them into action. At all events, in a good wormy place, with a sort of clay soil, more or less compact, naturally considerably humid, put in your spade, wiggle it, wait a few sec-

onds, and, as the French say, "vous me direz des nouvelles."

HARRY L. PARKER
Rueil-Malmaison, Seine et Oise, France

Pemmican

SIR:

Permit me first of all to express my pleasure over Edwin O'Connor's story, "The Gentle Perfect Knight," in the September *Atlantic*. Carl Carmer read it aloud at a dinner party, and I share his high opinion of its charm, humor, and general quality.

Since I feel personally involved in the story, I want secondly to state here that I write you now out of curiosity as well as appreciation. To put it in the bluntest and most direct possible way, I have no intention of suing him or making any trouble; but I hope that you will satisfy my natural curiosity about where he got the material.

As far as I am aware, I am the only man in the United States who ever brought his own pemmican to a dinner party and became the center of conversation for eating it and nothing else. That was during the war, while Stefansson and I were trying our best to convince the Army that pemmican is a good emergency ration. We failed to convince the Army, but I was privileged to eat pemmican exclusively for some nine weeks. I feel identified with the story not only for that reason, but also because it reproduces perfectly a number of my enthusiasms, attitudes, and arguments.

Will you satisfy my curiosity and let me know if I actually am the hero (or villain) of the story, and also give me a hint of how Mr. O'Connor obtained the information? Any time he is near Hastings, I hope he will drop in for a chitchat, a drink, and a bite of pemmican.

EARL P. HANSON
Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y.

I assure Mr. Hanson that he is neither the hero nor the villain of my story. When I wrote it, I did not dream that there actually *was* a man in the United States who brought his own pemmican to dinner parties, much less that the man was Mr. Hanson. I am delighted to learn that such things really happen, and any time I am near Hastings, I shall be happy to drop in for a chitchat and a drink with Mr. Hanson. At the bite of pemmican, however, I draw the line. — EDWIN O'CONNOR



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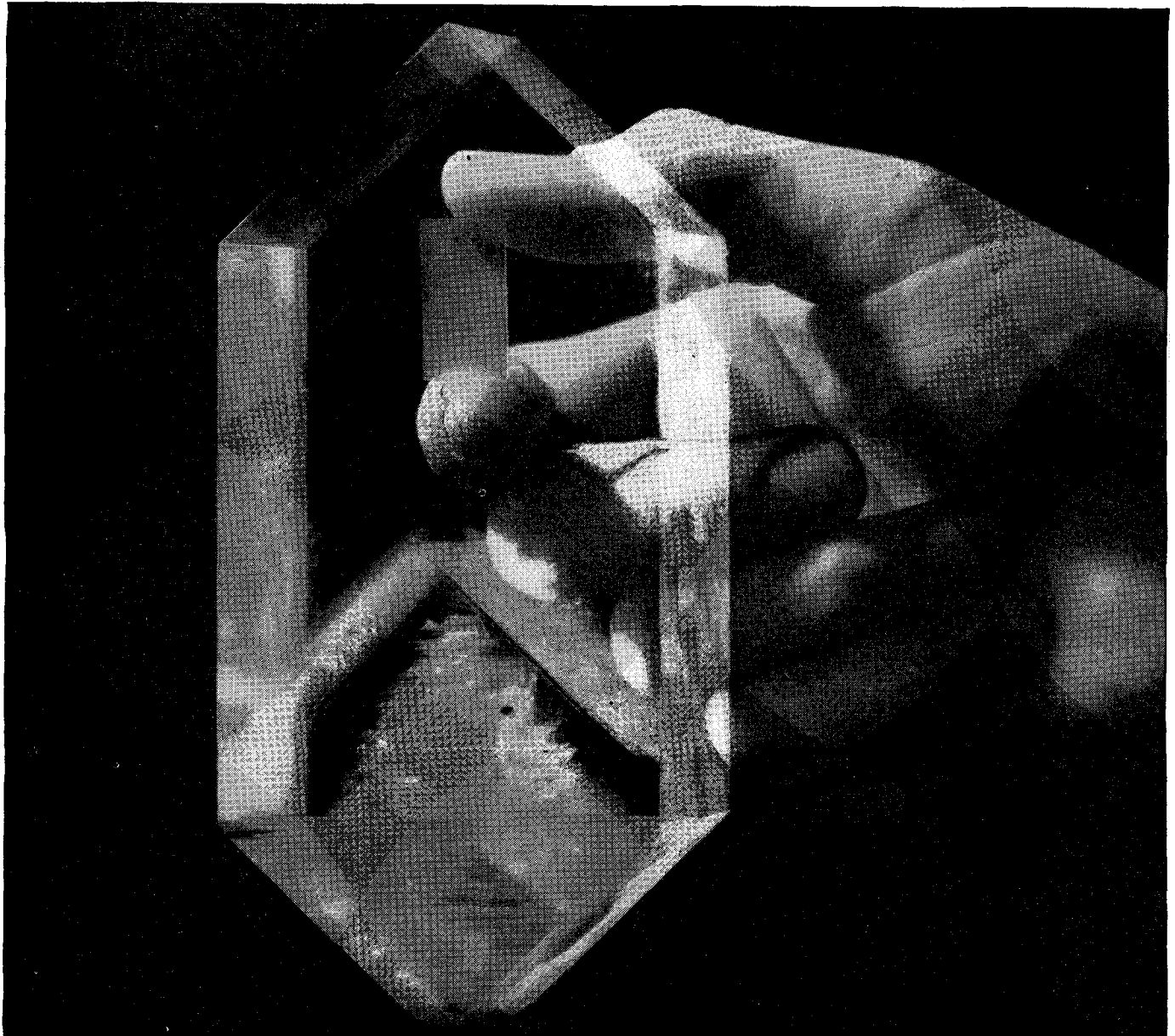
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ALBERT EINSTEIN, the ranking physicist of our century, now commits himself unequivocally on the crisis which involves the atomic bomb, the United Nations, Russia, and ourselves. Winner of the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1921, Dr. Einstein was driven into exile by Hitler. He sought refuge in this country in 1933, became a life member of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, and an American citizen. His daring formula, E equals mc^2 , led to the belief that atomic energy could be unlocked.

ATOMIC WAR OR PEACE

by ALBERT EINSTEIN as told to RAYMOND SWING

SINCE the completion of the first atomic bomb nothing has been accomplished to make the world more safe from war, while much has been done to increase the destructiveness of war. I am not able to speak from any firsthand knowledge about the development of the atomic bomb, since I do not work in this field. But enough has been said by those who do to indicate that the bomb has been made more effective. Certainly the possibility can be envisaged of building a bomb of far greater size, capable of producing destruction over a larger area. It also is credible that an extensive use could be made of radioactivated gases which would spread over a wide region, causing heavy loss of life without damage to buildings.

I do not believe it is necessary to go on beyond these possibilities to contemplate a vast extension of bacteriological warfare. I am skeptical that this form presents dangers comparable with those of atomic warfare. Nor do I take into account a danger of starting a chain reaction of a scope great enough to destroy part or all of this planet. I dismiss this on the ground that if it could happen from a man-made atomic explosion it would already have happened from the action of the cosmic rays which are continually reaching the earth's surface.

But it is not necessary to imagine the earth being destroyed like a nova by a stellar explosion to understand vividly the growing scope of atomic war and to recognize that unless another war is prevented it

is likely to bring destruction on a scale never before held possible and even now hardly conceived, and that little civilization would survive it.

In the first two years of the atomic era another phenomenon is to be noted. The public, having been warned of the horrible nature of atomic warfare, has done nothing about it, and to a large extent has dismissed the warning from its consciousness. A danger that cannot be averted had perhaps better be forgotten; or a danger against which every possible precaution has been taken also had probably better be forgotten. That is, if the United States had dispersed its industries and decentralized its cities, it might be reasonable for people to forget the peril they face.

I should say parenthetically that it is well that this country has not taken these precautions, for to have done so would make atomic war still more probable, since it would convince the rest of the world that we are resigned to it and are preparing for it. But nothing has been done to avert war, while much has been done to make atomic war more horrible; so there is no excuse for ignoring the danger.

I say that nothing has been done to avert war since the completion of the atomic bomb, despite the proposal for supranational control of atomic energy put forward by the United States in the United Nations. This country has made only a conditional proposal, and on conditions which the Soviet Union

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is now determined not to accept. This makes it possible to blame the failure on the Russians.

But in blaming the Russians the Americans should not ignore the fact that they themselves have not voluntarily renounced the use of the bomb as an ordinary weapon in the time before the achievement of supranational control, or if supranational control is not achieved. Thus they have fed the fear of other countries that they consider the bomb a legitimate part of their arsenal so long as other countries decline to accept their terms for supranational control.

Americans may be convinced of their determination not to launch an aggressive or preventive war. So they may believe it is superfluous to announce publicly that they will not a second time be the first to use the atomic bomb. But this country has been solemnly invited to renounce the use of the bomb — that is, to outlaw it — and has declined to do so unless its terms for supranational control are accepted.

I believe this policy is a mistake. I see a certain military gain from not renouncing the use of the bomb in that this may be deemed to restrain another country from starting a war in which the United States might use it. But what is gained in one way is lost in another. For an understanding over the supranational control of atomic energy has been made more remote. That may be no military drawback so long as the United States has the exclusive use of the bomb. But the moment another country is able to make it in substantial quantities, the United States loses greatly through the absence of an international agreement, because of the vulnerability of its concentrated industries and its highly developed urban life.

In refusing to outlaw the bomb while having the monopoly of it, this country suffers in another respect, in that it fails to return publicly to the ethical standards of warfare formally accepted previous to the last war. It should not be forgotten that the atomic bomb was made in this country as a preventive measure; it was to head off its use by the Germans, if they discovered it. The bombing of civilian centers was initiated by the Germans and adopted by the Japanese. To it the Allies responded in kind — as it turned out, with greater effectiveness — and they were morally justified in doing so. But now, without any provocation, and without the justification of reprisal or retaliation, a refusal to outlaw the use of the bomb save in reprisal is making a political purpose of its possession. This is hardly pardonable.

I am not saying that the United States should not manufacture and stockpile the bomb, for I believe that it must do so; it must be able to deter another nation from making an atomic attack when it also has the bomb. But deterrence should be the only purpose of the stockpile of bombs. In the same way I believe that the United Nations should

have the atomic bomb when it is supplied with its own armed forces and weapons. But it too should have the bomb for the sole purpose of deterring an aggressor or rebellious nations from making an atomic attack. It should not use the atomic bomb on its own initiative any more than the United States or any other power should do so. To keep a stockpile of atomic bombs without promising not to initiate its use is exploiting the possession of the bombs for political ends. It may be that the United States hopes in this way to frighten the Soviet Union into accepting supranational control of atomic energy. But the creation of fear only heightens antagonism and increases the danger of war. I am of the opinion that this policy has detracted from the very real virtue in the offer of supranational control of atomic energy.

We have emerged from a war in which we had to accept the degradingly low ethical standards of the enemy. But instead of feeling liberated from his standards, and set free to restore the sanctity of human life and the safety of noncombatants, we are in effect making the low standards of the enemy in the last war our own for the present. Thus we are starting toward another war degraded by our own choice.

It may be that the public is not fully aware that in another war atomic bombs will be available in large quantities. It may measure the dangers in the terms of the three bombs exploded before the end of the last war. The public also may not appreciate that, in relation to the damage inflicted, atomic bombs already have become the most economical form of destruction that can be used on the offensive. In another war the bombs will be plentiful and they will be comparatively cheap. Unless there is a determination not to use them that is far stronger than can be noted today among American political and military leaders, and on the part of the public itself, atomic warfare will be hard to avoid. Unless Americans come to recognize that they are not stronger in the world because they have the bomb, but weaker because of their vulnerability to atomic attack, they are not likely to conduct their policy at Lake Success or in their relations with Russia in a spirit that furthers the arrival at an understanding.

2

BUT I do not suggest that the American failure to outlaw the use of the bomb except in retaliation is the only cause of the absence of an agreement with the Soviet Union over atomic control. The Russians have made it clear that they will do everything in their power to prevent a supranational regime from coming into existence. They not only reject it in the range of atomic energy: they reject it sharply on principle, and thus have spurned in advance any overture to join a limited world government.

Mr. Gromyko has rightly said that the essence of the American atomic proposal is that national sovereignty is not compatible with the atomic era. He declares that the Soviet Union cannot accept this thesis. The reasons he gives are obscure, for they quite obviously are pretexts. But what seems to be true is that the Soviet leaders believe they cannot preserve the social structure of the Soviet state in a supranational regime. The Soviet government is determined to maintain its present social structure, and the leaders of Russia, who hold their great power through the nature of that structure, will spare no effort to prevent a supranational regime from coming into existence, to control atomic energy or anything else.

The Russians may be partly right about the difficulty of retaining their present social structure in a supranational regime, though in time they may be brought to see that this is a far lesser loss than remaining isolated from a world of law. But at present they appear to be guided by their fears, and one must admit that the United States has made ample contributions to these fears, not only as to atomic energy but in many other respects. Indeed this country has conducted its Russian policy as though it were convinced that fear is the greatest of all diplomatic instruments.

That the Russians are striving to prevent the formation of a supranational security system is no reason why the rest of the world should not work to create one. It has been pointed out that the Russians have a way of resisting with all their arts what they do not wish to have happen; but once it happens, they can be flexible and accommodate themselves to it. So it would be well for the United States and other powers not to permit the Russians to veto an attempt to create supranational security. They can proceed with some hope that once the Russians see they cannot prevent such a regime they may join it.

So far the United States has shown no interest in preserving the security of the Soviet Union. It has been interested in its own security, which is characteristic of the competition which marks the conflict for power between sovereign states. But one cannot know in advance what would be the effect on Russian fears if the American people forced their leaders to pursue a policy of substituting law for the present anarchy of international relations. In a world of law, Russian security would be equal to our own, and for the American people to espouse this wholeheartedly, something that should be possible under the workings of democracy, might work a kind of miracle in Russian thinking.

At present the Russians have no evidence to convince them that the American people are not contentedly supporting a policy of military preparedness which they regard as a policy of deliberate intimidation. If they had evidences of a passionate desire by Americans to preserve peace in the one

way it can be maintained, by a supranational regime of law, this would upset Russian calculations about the peril to Russian security in current trends of American thought. Not until a genuine, convincing offer is made to the Soviet Union, backed by an aroused American public, will one be entitled to say what the Russian response would be.

It may be that the first response would be to reject the world of law. But if from that moment it began to be clear to the Russians that such a world was coming into existence without them, and that their own security was being increased, their ideas necessarily would change.

I am in favor of inviting the Russians to join a world government authorized to provide security, and if they are unwilling to join, to proceed to establish supranational security without them. Let me admit quickly that I see great peril in such a course. If it is adopted it must be done in a way to make it utterly clear that the new regime is not a combination of power against Russia. It must be a combination that by its composite nature will greatly reduce the chances of war. It will be more diverse in its interests than any single state, thus less likely to resort to aggressive or preventive war. It will be larger, hence stronger than any single nation. It will be geographically much more extensive, and thus more difficult to defeat by military means. It will be dedicated to supranational security, and thus escape the emphasis on national supremacy which is so strong a factor in war.

If a supranational regime is set up without Russia, its service to peace will depend on the skill and sincerity with which it is done. Emphasis should always be apparent on the desire to have Russia take part. It must be clear to Russia, and no less so to the nations comprising the organization, that no penalty is incurred or implied because a nation declines to join. If the Russians do not join at the outset, they must be sure of a welcome when they do decide to join. Those who create the organization must understand that they are building with the final objective of obtaining Russian adherence.

These are abstractions, and it is not easy to outline the specific lines a partial world government must follow to induce the Russians to join. But two conditions are clear to me: the new organization must have no military secrets; and the Russians must be free to have observers at every session of the organization, where its new laws are drafted, discussed, and adopted, and where its policies are decided. That would destroy the great factory of secrecy where so many of the world's suspicions are manufactured.

It may affront the military-minded person to suggest a regime that does not maintain any military secrets. He has been taught to believe that secrets thus divulged would enable a war-minded nation to seek to conquer the earth. (As to the so-called secret of the atomic bomb, I am assuming the Rus-

sians will have this through their own efforts within a short time.) I grant there is a risk in not maintaining military secrets. If a sufficient number of nations have pooled their strength they can take this risk, for their security will be greatly increased. And it can be done with greater assurance because of the decrease of fear, suspicion, and distrust that will result. The tensions of the increasing likelihood of war in a world based on sovereignty would be replaced by the relaxation of the growing confidence in peace. In time this might so allure the Russian people that their leaders would mellow in their attitude toward the West.

3

MEMBERSHIP in a supranational security system should not, in my opinion, be based on any arbitrary democratic standards. The one requirement from all should be that the representatives to supranational organization — assembly and council — must be elected by the people in each member country through a secret ballot. These representatives must represent the people rather than any government — which would enhance the pacific nature of the organization.

To require that other democratic criteria be met is, I believe, inadvisable. Democratic institutions and standards are the result of historic developments to an extent not always appreciated in the lands which enjoy them. Setting arbitrary standards sharpens the ideological differences between the Western and Soviet systems.

But it is not the ideological differences which now are pushing the world in the direction of war. Indeed, if all the Western nations were to adopt socialism, while maintaining their national sovereignty, it is quite likely that the conflict for power between East and West would continue. The passion expressed over the economic systems of the present seems to me quite irrational. Whether the economic life of America should be dominated by relatively few individuals, as it is, or these individuals should be controlled by the state, may be important, but it is not important enough to justify all the feelings that are stirred up over it.

I should wish to see all the nations forming the supranational state pool all their military forces, keeping for themselves only local police. Then I should like to see these forces commingled and distributed as were the regiments of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire. There it was appreciated that

the men and officers of one region would serve the purposes of empire better by not being stationed exclusively in their own provinces, subject to local and racial pulls.

I should like to see the authority of the supranational regime restricted altogether to the field of security. Whether this would be possible I am not sure. Experience may point to the desirability of adding some authority over economic matters, since under modern conditions these are capable of causing national upsets that have in them the seeds of violent conflict. But I should prefer to see the function of the organization altogether limited to the tasks of security. I also should like to see this regime established through the strengthening of the United Nations, so as not to sacrifice continuity in the search for peace.

I do not hide from myself the great difficulties of establishing a world government, either a beginning without Russia or one with Russia. I am aware of the risks. Since I should not wish it to be permissible for any country that has joined the supranational organization to secede, one of these risks is a possible civil war. But I also believe that world government is certain to come in time, and that the question is how much it is to be permitted to cost. It will come, I believe, even if there is another world war, though after such a war, if it is won, it would be world government established by the victor, resting on the victor's military power, and thus to be maintained permanently only through the permanent militarization of the human race.

But I also believe it can come through agreement and through the force of persuasion alone, hence at low cost. But if it is to come in this way it will not be enough to appeal to reason. One strength of the communist system of the East is that it has some of the character of a religion and inspires the emotions of a religion. Unless the cause of peace based on law gathers behind it the force and zeal of a religion, it hardly can hope to succeed. Those to whom the moral teaching of the human race is entrusted surely have a great duty and a great opportunity. The atomic scientists, I think, have become convinced that they cannot arouse the American people to the truths of the atomic era by logic alone. There must be added that deep power of emotion which is a basic ingredient of religion. It is to be hoped that not only the churches but the schools, the colleges, and the leading organs of opinion will acquit themselves well of their unique responsibility in this regard.



DIXON WECTER has recently been appointed *Literary Executor of the Mark Twain estate*. In August of this year he made the trip by riverboat down the Mississippi with Mark's pilot book to help him pick out the old landmarks. Now Mr. Wecter has returned to the Huntington Library, where as Chairman of the Research Group he will edit the unpublished letters of Mark Twain, of which the most endearing are these to his fiancée, Olivia Langdon.

THE LOVE LETTERS OF MARK TWAIN

Edited by Dixon Wecter

EXCEPT for Lincoln, no nineteenth-century American is more familiar to the world than Mark Twain. His physical traits — the shock of russet hair frosted by time to pure white, the hawk nose and piercing eye, the white clothes and the Missouri drawl which dominated lecture platforms and after-dinner tables — were as unforgettable as the savor of his personality, its drollery and corrosive wit. All his best books are in a manner autobiography. *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* are Sam Clemens's boyhood; *Life on the Mississippi* his pilot days; *Roughing It* his fling at mining, which led to his luckier strike in literature; *The Innocents Abroad* and *A Tramp Abroad* the rambles in space of an incorrigible American, and *A Connecticut Yankee*, in time.

Mark Twain the suitor and lover is an unknown by the light of his literary works, since he has curiously little to say about the relation of the sexes, beyond the calf love of Tom Sawyer and Becky, the oblique study of miscegenation in *Pudd'nhead Wilson*, and a few Rabelaisian trifles never intended for the public. How, explicitly, did Samuel Clemens woo for a year and a half and wed — when he was thirty-five and she twenty-five — the only girl with whom he was ever deeply and incurably in love? Recalling forty years later, after her death, how he had first seen her face in a miniature carried

by her brother on the *Quaker City* cruise, he told a friend, "From that day to this she has never been out of my mind."

The soul side that a man "shows a woman when he loves her" — to quote from the Browning whose poetry Mark and Livy so often read together — is best disclosed by the letters which follow. A few of them were quoted some years ago by Clara Clemens in her charming memoir *My Father Mark Twain*; by her consent the remainder are now made available for publication.*

"The wild humorist from the Pacific slope" had been sent by a Sacramento newspaper in 1867 on what was in effect the first modern pleasure cruise, to Europe and the Holy Land. Among this company he found a boon companion in Charles Langdon, a boy of eighteen, whose father, Jervis Langdon, was a self-made coal magnate of Elmira, New York. Another shipboard friend was Mary Mason Fairbanks, posting travel letters to her husband's Cleveland *Herald*: although only seven years Sam Clemens's senior, she became "Mother" Fairbanks to him, who "sewed my buttons on, kept my clothing in presentable trim, fed me on Egyptian jam (when I behaved) . . . and cured me of several bad habits," as he wrote his family. She undertook the "civilizing" process which Sam Clemens, son of frontier and mining camp, felt to be the predestined

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role of good and refined women — respecting matters like slang, profanity, tobacco, and liquor — which his future wife was soon solicited to continue. Mrs. Fairbanks also became the confidante of his impending courtship, together with Charley Langdon, brother of the girl in question.

Olivia Langdon was a charming, sweet-faced, conventionally reared and overserious girl whose delicate health — after a fall on the ice, at the age of sixteen, resulted in two bedridden years which were ended by the ministrations of an osteopath with a streak of faith-healing — increased the protectiveness which her father and all the family had built around her. The whirlwind suit which the fiery-haired humorist began to pay her, following the return of the *Quaker City*, astonished and at first disconcerted the Langdons. They found his company diverting, but knowing nothing of his antecedents beyond his tales of pilothouse and mining camp, and his reputation as a “phunny phellow,” wondered whether he was a suitable mate for their only daughter. Nevertheless, Clemens was nothing if not persistent. On December 27, 1867, he first saw the original of the romantic face in the miniature; they met at the St. Nicholas Hotel in New York, where the Langdons were stopping; their first date was an expedition to Steinway Hall to hear Dickens read from *David Copperfield*. On New Year’s Day, 1868, Clemens called upon her in the custom proper to that day, at the home of her friends, the Berrys, and (somewhat less conventionally) prolonged the call from noon till midnight.

A business trip to California delayed Mark Twain’s suit of Livy Langdon, but upon his return in the late summer of 1868 he managed to coax an invitation to Elmira from her brother.

Another visit in September showed that prolonging his sojourn was still a Twain specialty, with aid of an accident such as befell the man who came to dinner. In old age Mark told this incident with some inaccuracies; one legend says he bribed the coachman to contrive it. The most reliable account, with all its comic exaggeration, appears in an unpublished letter, now in the Huntington Library, which he wrote Mrs. Fairbanks shortly after the event: “After I had been a night and a day at Mr. Langdon’s, Charley and I got into the wagon at 8 P.M. to leave for New York, and just as we sat down on the aftermost seat the horse suddenly started, the seat broke loose, and we went over backwards, Charley falling in all sorts of ways and I lighting exactly on my head in the gutter and breaking my neck in eleven different places. . . . The seat followed Charley out and split his head wide open, so that you could look through it just as if you were looking through a gorge in a mountain. There wasn’t anything to intercept the view — which was curious, because his brains hadn’t been knocked out. . . . But seriously, it came very near being a fatal mishap to both of us. . . .”

Livy’s nursing was his heaven-sent opportunity, but his proposal just before leaving met with a rather frightened refusal. In all, she rejected him three times within as many months, meanwhile giving him permission to write to her as his “sister,” and promising to remember him in her prayers. Never a conventional Christian believer, he invited her, probably with full sincerity, to convert him. With this gambit he drew from her a steady stream of answers to his soul-searching letters. This he then lured the earnest little missionary, equipped with tracts and Beecher’s sermons, deeper and deeper into the forest, his designs being connubial rather than cannibal. (By an irony beyond the scope of these early letters, he ended by converting her to many of his own doubts.)

In late November, 1868, in the midst of a lecture tour whose glowing press notices went not without effect upon the Langdons, the humorist suddenly reappeared at Elmira one morning with the words, “The calf has returned; may the prodigal have some breakfast?” At this time he won her shy acceptance, and her parents’ consent, to a secret trial engagement. Victorian subterfuges were adopted. When Clemens was in Elmira, Hattie Lewis, Livy’s cousin, accompanied the pair on their walks and rides together, fostering the impression that she was the object of the celebrated young lecturer’s suit. And the sealed letters intended for Livy’s eyes alone always arrived in an outer envelope addressed to her brother Charley, usually with a word of banter.

The first letter here was written as the jubilant suitor followed his lecture itinerary along the Great Lakes towns, a month after his acceptance.

TECUMSEH, [MICH.] Dec. 27, [1868]

I got your letter at Charlotte, my dear, dear Livy, and I rather hoped to get one here, but it did not come. However, if one *should* come, it will be mailed to me at Cleveland. I find I shall be there at noon tomorrow, which is much sooner than I expected.

Yes, Livy, I *do* like to have you give me synopses of Mr. Beecher’s sermons — and you need not suppose that I read them over once and then lay them aside for good, for I do not. I read them over and over again and try to profit by them. I got the printed sermon also, and have read that several times. Everything convicts me — so does this sermon. “A Christian is a fruit-bearer — a moral man is a vine that does not bear fruit.” That is me, exactly. I do not swear, I do not steal, I do not murder, I do not drink. My “whole life is *not*.” I am “*not* all over.” “Piety is the right performance of a common duty, *as well as the experience of a special moral emotion*.” I now perform all my duties as well as I can, but see what I lack! — I lack the *chief* ingredient of piety — for I lack (almost always) the “special moral emotion” — that inner sense which tells me that what I do I am doing

for love of the Savior. I can be a Christian — I shall be a Christian — but when I feel as I feel today, it seems a far journey away. . . . I am glad you marked the sermon, Livy — why didn't you put in the margin what you and your father and mother said about the prominent passages? Yes, my little dear, I shall be glad to receive the *Plymouth Pulpit* as often as you will send it — and I shan't care to have an opinion of my own in the matter, notwithstanding your quiet sarcasm upon yourself, but I shall certainly like what you like — in jest or earnest you are right about *that*. Mark them, Livy.

As to the social drinking, give yourself no more uneasiness about it, O, my loved, my honored, my darling little Mentor! — for it had bothered my conscience so much ever since it seemed to me that day in the drawing-room that you gave your consent to it *with a little reluctance*, that I have hardly taken a glass of ale or wine since but it seemed to me your kind eyes were upon me with a sort of gentle reproach in them — and so — well, I don't drink *anything*, now, dear, and so your darling noble old heart has been troubling itself all for nothing! But please don't let my *motive* distress you, Livy. You know the child must crawl before it walks — and I must do right for love of you while I am in the infancy of Christianity; and then I can do right for love of the Savior when I shall have gotten my growth. And especially don't give *this* instance any importance, for it is *no sacrifice*, because I have not now, and *never had*, any love for any kind of liquors, and not even a passable *liking* for any but champagne and ale, and only for these *at intervals*. I ought to be ever so grateful to you, Livy, for your brave confidence in me, and for the consideration you show for me in simply *suggesting* reforms when you could be such an absolute little tyrant if you chose. I do not know of anything I could refuse to do if you wanted it done. I am reasonably afraid that you'll stop me from smoking, some day, but if ever you do, you will do it with such a happy grace that I shall be swindled into the notion that I didn't *want* to smoke any more, anyhow! . . .

Livy, I do wish you were here, for it is very lonely in this solemn room on this solemn cloudy Sabbath. If I could only take you to my heart, now, and talk to you and hear your voice, I could want no other company, no other music. *This* letter of yours isn't cold, Livy — it couldn't be, when you say that the better you know me the better you love me. That is pleasant to hear from your lips. I do hope you may not cease to be able to speak those words until you shall have given me *all* your love and so shall have no more to give. I do *love* you, Livy! And don't you worry because you do not love me as well as I love you, Livy. It isn't strange at all, that you can't do it — because I am not as lovable as you are — I lack a great deal of being as lovable as you, Livy. . . .

Of course I now think of many things that ought

to have been said when I was with you, dear, but couldn't think of them then. I think I shall have to make out a *list*, against my next visit. Some of them I *did* think of — they were confessions — but they seemed of such trifling import that it appeared not worth while to waste priceless time upon them — and I think so yet. Still, I shall always be ready and willing to confess *anything* and *everything* to you, Livy, that you could possibly wish to know.

The supper bell has rung. . . .

Good-bye darling — over these leagues of weary distance I cast a loving kiss.

SAML L. C.

[P.S.] It is too bad, Livy, that I have to write so much in pencil.

Jervis Langdon, a cautious father, asked Sam Clemens for character references before the engagement could be announced. As the latter remembered it years later in his *Autobiography*, he offered six names from the Pacific Coast, including two clergymen but omitting his very best friends out of scruple that they might lie loyally on his behalf. On his own hook Langdon wrote also to a former Elmira Sunday-school superintendent now clerking in a bank out west. All, it seems, leaned over backwards in their pious criticism, one clergyman and the former Sunday-school teacher adding "to their black testimony the conviction that I would fill a drunkard's grave," Mark recalled. Those sessions with newspaper cronies and *bon vivants* like Artemus Ward at the midnight bars of Virginia City and San Francisco arose from the buried years to threaten Mark's courtship with blight. In a mood of alarm mingled with unsparing honesty and a characteristic glint of grim humor, Clemens replied for the defense.

CLEVELAND, Dec. 29, [1868]

DEAR MR. LANGDON: —

I wrote to the Metropolitan Hotel for your letter (of Dec. 8,) and it overtook me two or three days ago at Charlotte, Mich. I will not deny that the first paragraph hurt me a little — hurt me a good deal — for when you speak of what I said of the drawing-room, I see that you mistook the harmless overflow of a happy frame of mind for criminal frivolity. This is a little unjust — for although what I said may have been unbecoming, it surely was no worse. The subject of the drawing-room cannot be more serious to you than it is to me. But I accept the rebuke, freely and without offer of defence, and am as sorry I offended as if I had *intended* offense.

All the rest of your letter is just as it should be. The language is as plain as ever language was in the world, but I like it all the better for that. I don't like to mince matters myself or have them minced for me. I think I am safely past that tender age when one cannot take his food save that it be masticated for him beforehand — and I would much pre-

fer to suffer from the clean incision of an honest lancet than from a sweetened poison. Therefore it is even as you say: I have "too much good sense" to blame you for that part of the letter. Plain speaking does not hurt one.

I am not hurrying my love — it is my love that is hurrying *me* — and surely no one is better able to comprehend that than you. I fancy that Mrs. Langdon was the counterpart of her daughter at the age of twenty-three — and so I refer you to the past for explanation and for pardon of my conduct. At your time of life, and being, like you, the object of an assured regard, I shall be able to urge moderation upon younger people, and shall do it relentlessly — but now I feel a larger charity for such. Your heart is big enough to feel all the force of that remark — and so believing, you will not be surprised to find me thus boldly knocking at it. It does not seem to me that I am otherwise than moderate — it cannot seem so from my point of view — and so while I continue as moderate as I am now and have been, I think it is fair to hope that you will not turn away from me your countenance or deny me your friendly toleration, even though it be under a mild protest.

It is my desire as truly as yours, that sufficient time shall elapse to show you, beyond all possible question, what I *have been*, what I *am*, and what I *am likely to be*. Otherwise you could not be satisfied with me, nor I with myself. I think that much of my conduct on the Pacific Coast was not of a character to recommend me to the respectful regard of a high eastern civilization, but it was not considered blameworthy there, perhaps. We go according to our lights. I was just what Charlie would have been, similarly circumstanced, and deprived of home influences. I think all my references can say I never did anything mean, false, or criminal. They can say that the same doors that were open to me seven years ago are open to me yet; that *all* the friends I made in seven years are still my friends; that wherever I have been I can go again — and enter in the light of day and hold my head up; that I never deceived or defrauded anybody, and don't owe a cent. And they can say that I attended to my business with due diligence, and made my own living, and never asked anybody to help me do it, either. All the rest they can say about me will be *bad*. I can tell the whole story myself, without mincing it, and will if they refuse.

I wish to add to the references I gave Mrs. Langdon, the following: Hon. J. Neely Johnson, Carson City, Nevada. He was Governor of California some ten years ago, and is now Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Nevada, if my memory serves me. He has known me about seven years — he and his wife — we were next door neighbors — and his house is always my home, now-a-days when I am in Carson, and has been for a year or two past. Then there is the present Governor of Nevada, H. G.

Blaisdel — he has known me four or five years — don't know whether he has known any good of me or not. He is a thoroughly pure and upright man, and a most excellent. And I give you, also, Joseph T. Goodman (reared in Elmira, I believe,) proprietor and chief editor of the *Daily Enterprise*, Virginia City, Nevada, and C. A. V. Putnam, his News-editor — the first of whom has known me six years (I was his City editor 3 years without losing a day,) and the latter five years, and neither of whom would say a damaging word against me for love or money or hesitate to throttle anybody else who ventured to do it — and so you will perceive at once that they are not the most promising sources to refer you to for information. Those two fellows are just the salt of the earth, in my estimation. Now, however, being appealed to seriously, in so grave a matter as this, it is very possible — even likely — that they would override their ancient friendship for me, and speak the whole truth. I shall not write to them — or to any of these references, of course — and so their testimony will be unbiased. Then there is A. J. Marsh, who is a Phonographic Reporter, in San Francisco, my close friend for five or six years — he and his wife and family are utterly without reproach, and would be in *any* community. And Frank Gross. . . . And R. B. Swain and family, San Francisco. Mr. Swain is Superintendent of the U.S. mint, and is also one of the "merchant princes" there. He is the Schuyler Colfax of the Pacific Coast — being regarded by high and low, rich and poor, Tom, Dick, and Harry, as a man against whose pure reputation *nothing* can be said. He don't know much about me, *himself* maybe, though we were pretty intimate latterly, but he ought to know a good deal through his Secretary Frank B. Harte¹ (editor of the *Overland Monthly* and the finest writer out there) for *we* have been very intimate for several years. This morning I received from Mr. Swain a letter which has been following me some time. I think a great deal of him else I wouldn't write to him. You have no antipathy to thoroughly good men, and so I beg that you will give his picture a place on the mantelpiece.

As to what I am *going to be*, henceforth, it is a thing which must be *proven* and established. I am upon the right path — I shall succeed, I hope. Men as lost as I, have found a Savior, and why not I? I have hope — an earnest hope — a long-lived hope.

I wrote you and Mrs. Langdon a letter from Lansing, which will offend again, I fear — and yet, no harm was meant, no undue levity, no disrespect, no lack of reverence. The intent was blameless — and it is the *intent*, and not the *act* that should be judged, after all. Even men who take life are judged by this rule only.

They say the desire is so general, here, to have this public distressed again by a repetition of my lecture, that Mr. Fairbanks offers me \$150 to repeat it the

¹Better known, of course, as Bret Harte.

third week in January, and Mrs. Fairbanks offers to let me repeat it for the benefit of the Orphan's Home at a dollar a head and pay me nothing for it. I have accepted the latter proposition. I have received a second invitation from the Association I lectured for in Pittsburgh to come there and talk again. They have gotten up some little feeling there because of an unjust and angry criticism upon the lecture (it appeared in the *Dispatch*,) and I think maybe that is the cause of these calls. I shall try to go, though really I am not disposed to quarrel with the *Dispatch*'s opinion or make myself sad about it, either. I always liked to express my opinions freely in print, and I suppose the *Dispatch* people have a taste that runs in a similar direction.² . . .

I believe I have nothing further to say, except to ask pardon for past offenses against yourself, they having been heedless, and not deliberate; and that you will —

(Mrs. Fairbanks has just come in and she says: "For shame! cut that letter short — do you want to wear out what endurance the poor man has left after his siege of illness?" This is a woman, Sir, whose commands are not to be trifled with — and so I desist.)

With reverent love and respect

I am

Sincerely

SAML. L. CLEMENS

According to Clemens's recollections, the upshot came later when they stood face to face. After reviewing these letters, his prospective father-in-law gravely asked, "Haven't you a friend in the world?" Clemens replied, "Apparently not." And then the shrewd old coal operator said, "I'll be your friend, myself. Take the girl. I know you better than they do."

[Probably DECATUR, ILL.] Jan. 6, 1869

MY DEAREST LIVY: —

. . . Make some more pictures of our own wedded happiness, Livy — with the bay window (which you shall have) and the grate in the living-room — (which you shall have, likewise,) and flowers, and pictures and books (which we will read together,) — pictures of our future home — a home whose patron saint shall be love — a home with a tranquil "home atmosphere" about it — such a home as "our hearts and our God shall approve." And Livy, don't say at the bottom of it, "How absurd, perhaps wrong, I am to write of these things which are so uncertain." Don't, Livy, it spoils everything — and sounds so chilly. . . .

When I get starved and find that I have a little wife that knows nothing about cooking, and — Oh, my prophetic soul! *you* know anything about cookery! I would as soon think of your knowing the

²The next paragraph, here omitted, contains business details concerning Clemens's proposal to buy a share in Fairbanks's *Cleveland Herald*.

science of sawing wood! We shall have some peculiarly and particularly awful dinners, I make no manner of doubt, but I guess *we* can eat them, and other people who don't like them need not favor us with their company. That is a fair and proper way to look at it, I think.

You are such a darling faithful little correspondent, Livy. I can depend on you all the time, and I do enjoy your letters so much. And every time I come to the last page and find a blank area on it I want to take you in my arms and kiss you and wheedle you into sitting down and filling it up — and right away my conscience pricks me for wanting to make you go to work again when you have already patiently and faithfully wrought more than I deserve, and until your hand is cramped and tired, no doubt, and your body weary of its one position. . . .

I am all impatience to see the picture — and I do hope it will be a good one, this time. I want it to be *more* than a painted iron plate — I want it to be yourself, Livy — I want the eyes to tell me what is passing in the heart, and the hair and the vesture and the attitude to bring to me the vivid presentment of the grace that now is only vaguely glimpsed to me in dreams of you at night when I and the world sleep.

I shudder to think what time it may be! All the sounds are such *late* sounds! But though you were *here* to scold me, darling, I would *not* put this pen down till I had written *I love you, Livy!*

Good-bye — Lovingly now and forever and forever

SAML. L. C.

P.S. Can't stop to correct the letter, Livy.

EL PASO, ILL., Jan. 12, [1869]

MY DEAREST LIVY: —

. . . Why bless your darling heart I *do* love to hear you scold! — and rather than have you stop, Livy, I *will* be distressed when you do it. It *does* make an impression, Livy — it makes a deep impression, it does indeed — it makes me just as happy as I can be. Now I *know* you won't stop scolding, since it makes me happy, you precious little philosopher. And besides, whenever it is "something that really troubles you," I will try honestly to listen and behave better, even if I do seem to talk so jestingly about it. — But to tell the truth, I love you so well that I *am* capable of misbehaving, just for the pleasure of hearing you scold. I used to surreptitiously provoke Charlie into uttering outrageous speeches simply that I might see you look astounded and hear you say "O Charlie!" Forgive me, darling.

I remember the cribbage right well, and how I used to swindle you into the notion that I had sixteen in my hand when I hadn't a point, you innocent! And I remember how I used to prevent your putting in your pegs at the beginning of the game

— and did it merely because it gave me a chance to touch your hand — and for no other reason in the world. I always thought the cribbage was profitable, because I could sit there and look into your eyes all the time — it was much better than reading any *other* book, Livy! I wish I could have a chapter now. But when we are serene and happy old married folk, we will sit together and con other books all the long pleasant evenings, and let the great world toil and struggle and nurse its pet ambitions and glorify its poor vanities beyond the boundaries of our royalty — we will let it lighten and thunder, and blow its gusty wrath about our windows and our doors, but never cross our sacred threshold. Only Love and Peace shall inhabit there, with you and I, their willing vassals. And I will read: —

The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story —

and worship Tennyson, and you will translate Aurora Leigh and be gentle and patient with me and do all you can to help me understand what the mischief it is all about. And we will follow the solemn drumbeat of Milton's stately sentences; and the glittering pageantry of Macaulay's, and the shuddering phantoms that come and go in the grim march of Poe's unearthly verses; and bye and bye drift dreamily into fairy-land with the magician laureate and hear "the horns of elfland faintly blowing." And out of the Book of Life you shall cull the wisdom that shall make our lives an anthem void of discord and our deeds a living worship of the God that gave them. . . .

The time will drag, drag, drag, until I see you again — but I am thankful that your letters come so often. I wish they came *every* day. They so fill me with pleasure that I have not the heart to harbor an unkind sentiment toward any creature after I have read one of them.

I *want* to write more, but I suppose I ought to lie down a while. Please give my love to the good household. Good-bye, and happy dreams to you, Livy, darling, — and a loving kiss, and all thanks for yours.

Always and devotedly
SAML. L. C.

Note to Charlie:

You didn't answer my last dozen, Charlie. Why is this thus?

SAM.

[CHICAGO] Sunday, Jan. 16, 1869

MY DEAREST LIVY: —

I am uncomfortably lame this morning. I slipped on the ice and fell, yesterday, in Iowa City, just as I was stepping into an omnibus. I landed with all my weight on my left hip, and so the joint is rather stiff and sore this morning.

I have just been doing that thing which is some times so hard to do — making an apology. Yester-

day morning, at the hotel in Iowa City, the landlord called me at 9 o'clock, and it made me so mad I stormed at him with some little violence. I tried for an hour to go to sleep again and couldn't — I wanted that sleep particularly, because I wanted to write a certain thing that would require a clear head and choice language. Finally I thought a cup of coffee might help the matter, and was going to ring for it — no *bell*. I was mad again. When I *did* get the landlord up there at last, by slamming the door till I annoyed everybody on my floor, I showed temper again — *and he didn't*. See the advantage it gave him. His mild replies shamed me into silence, but I was still too obstinate, too proud, to ask his pardon. But last night, in the cars, the more I thought of it the more I repented and the more ashamed I was; and so resolved to make the repentance good by apologizing — which I have done, in the most ample and unmincing form, by letter, this morning. I feel satisfied and jolly, now.

"Sicisiors" don't spell *scissors*, you funny little orthographist. But *I* don't care how you spell, Livy darling — your words are always dear to me, no matter how they are spelt. And if I fancied you were taking pains, or putting yourself to trouble to spell them right, I shouldn't like it at all. If your spelling is never criticised till *I* criticise it, it will never be criticised at all. . . .

It was just like Mr. Langdon in his most facetious mood, to say he would kill me if I wasn't good to you — and it was just like you, you dear true girl, to say you'd never tell — for I believe you *would* go bravely on, suffering in secret from ill-treatment, till your great heart broke. But we shall circumvent Mr. Langdon, utterly — he never will have the satisfaction of killing me — because you and I will live together always in closest love and harmony, and I shall be *always* good to you, Livy dear — *always*. And whenever he needs a model married couple to copy after, he will only have to come and spend a few weeks at our home and we will educate him. He will see me honor you above all women, and he will also see us love each other to the utmost of human capability. So he can just put up his tomahawk and wash off his war-paint. He won't have to kill me — *will* he, Livy? . . .

Have you got a good picture, yet, Livy? — because I want it so badly. Good-bye. Reverently and lovingly I kiss your forehead and your lips, my darling Livy, and wish you rest, and peace, and happy dreams.

For all time, devotedly,
SAML. L. C.

TOLEDO, Jan. 20, [1869]

MY DEAREST LIVY: —

. . . I am most handsomely housed here, with friends — John B. Carson and family. Pleasant folks, and their home is most elegantly appointed. They are as bright and happy as they can be. He is

35 and she is 31 and looks 25. They have a son 14 years old and a daughter 13. The editors of the newspapers, and some other gentlemen and ladies have been up to call on me since the lecture, and sat till midnight. They thought it funny that I would taste neither champagne nor hot whisky punches with them, but Mrs. Carson said they needn't mind urging me, as she had provided for me — and she had — a pot of excellent coffee and a lot of cigars. This reminds me of that Chicago newspaper notice. — It was exquisitely lubberly and ill-written all the way through, and made me feel absurd at every other sentence — but then it was written in the kindest spirit, Livy, and the reporter had honestly done his very best, and so we must judge him by his good intent, Livy, and not his performance.

And this naturally reminds me of the California letter you speak of (what you had previously said of it — or *them*, if there was more than one,) has gone to Sparta, Wis., I guess, and I haven't received it yet. I don't mind anything bad those friends have written your father about me, provided it was only true, but I *am* ashamed of the friend whose friendship was so weak and so unworthy that he shrank from coming out openly and aboveboard and saying *all* he knew about me, good or bad — for there is nothing generous in his grieving insinuation — it is a covert stab, nothing better. We didn't want innuendoes — we wanted the *truth*. And I am honestly sorry he did not come out like a man and *tell* it. I am glad and proud that you resent the innuendo, my noble Livy. It was just like you. It fills me with courage and with confidence. And I know that howsoever black they may have painted me, you will steadfastly believe that I am not so black now, and never *will* be, any more. And I know that you are satisfied that whatever honest endeavor can do to make my character what it ought to be, I will faithfully do. The most degraded sinner is accepted and made clean on high when his repentance is sincere — his *past* life is forgiven and forgotten — and men should not pursue a less magnanimous course toward those who honestly struggle to retrieve their past lives and become good. But what I *do* grieve over, Livy, is that those letters have pained *you*. Oh, when I knew that your kind heart had suffered for two days for what I had done in past years, it cut me more than if *all* my friends had abused me. Livy I can't bear to think of *you* suffering pain — I had rather feel a thousand pangs than that you should suffer one. I am so glad to know that this pain has spent its force and that you are more at peace, now. *Do* try to banish these things from your mind, Livy, please. You are so ready and so generously willing to do whatever will please me — now *this*

will please me above all things. Think Livy darling, how passionately I love you, how I idolize you, and so how distressed I cannot but feel to know that acts of *mine* are causing you pain — think how wretched such a reflection as that *must* make me, and summon back your vanished happiness, Livy. And reflect, in its place, that I *will* be just as good as ever I *can* be, and will never cause you sorrow any more. You *will* do this, won't you, Livy? Oh, Livy, I *dread* the Sparta letter — for I know I shall find in it the evidence of your suffering — a letter, too, which I have watched the mails so closely for. And those California letters made your father and mother unhappy. But I knew they would — I knew they *must*. How wrong and how unfair, it seems, that they should be caused unhappiness for things which I alone should suffer for. I am sorry — I will atone for it, if the leading a blameless life henceforward *can* atone for it. . . .

Yes, Livy, I guess it is right for you to attend the sociables and do what you can, but I fancy *you* introducing yourself to a stranger and opening a conversation calculated to make him feel comfortable and at home! You couldn't do it — and I am wicked enough to say I am glad of it, too. Let them introduce the strangers to *you* — that is the proper way, and the safest. — Some homely woman would be sure to repulse your advances, and I wouldn't blame her — that is just the style of those homely women. And if you made advances to the men, you know perfectly well they would fall in love with you — and if you don't, *I* do — and I couldn't blame *them*, either. *I* can't keep from falling in love with you — and nobody else. Well, I do love you — I do love you, darling, away beyond all expression. Just kiss me once, Livy, please.

"Letters shall go to you as often as possible, but I cannot lock myself up to them." Why you blessed little spitfire, you almost got mad, that time, didn't you! But when you say in the next sentence, "with a kiss, lovingly, Livy," I want to take you in my arms and bless you and soothe your impatience all away; and tell you that howsoever foolishly I talk, I love and honor you away down in my heart, and that its every pulse-beat is a prayer for you and my every breath a supplication that all your days may be filled with the ineffable peace of God.

Livy, *don't* talk about my "crying out against long letters." Just write them, dear, and I shall be only too glad to read them. You cannot make them too long, and you *can't* make them uninteresting, for that is simply impossible. Child, I take an interest in even the blots you make! Make them as long as you can, Livy, please. . . .

Good-bye, with a loving kiss and a blessing —
For all time

SAML. L. C.

(To be continued)



The Atlantic Serial



A native of Newburyport and a graduate of Harvard, JOHN MARQUAND began writing fiction in 1921. The novel was his first love, but in time his stories, particularly those about Mr. Moto, earned him wide popularity in the Saturday Evening Post. In 1936 he turned away from short fiction to write a satirical novel of contemporary New England. The Late George Apley won the Pulitzer Prize for 1938; Apley and the four novels which followed have established Mr. Marquand as a painter of the contemporary scene, a novelist keen, mature, and always entertaining. In this and the next two issues the Atlantic presents a major theme culled from the first half of Mr. Marquand's new novel. The reader should remember that this is a portion of the first draft and that the wording may be changed slightly in the final version.

"BANKING IS AN ART"

by JOHN P. MARQUAND

HE did not feel the way he should have felt that morning. He had not felt well but he had been sound asleep when Nancy woke him up. He realized that he had a slight headache — nothing that would not pass, of course, when he had some coffee.

"Are you awake now?" Nancy asked.

"Yes," he answered. "Naturally I'm awake. It's a hell of a morning, isn't it?"

"If you'd only remember," Nancy said, "not to take anything to drink after dinner. I've learned it long ago and I don't see why you can't."

It always annoyed him when Nancy got on the subject of alcohol, because she always made it seem as though alcohol were a problem, and it wasn't. Nancy knew as well as he did that they never drank anything as a rule, except when they went out to dinner or had people in. He would always think of Nancy saying, as she did so often, that she and Charles, when they were just quietly at home, enjoyed each other's company so much that they did not need a cocktail. It sounded well enough but it was not always true, particularly when Nancy got started on the household bills.

"I only had one drink," he said, "and if I hadn't, I'd have gone to sleep."

"Yes," Nancy said, "I saw you, darling."

"Saw me what?" he asked.

"Saw you almost go to sleep," Nancy said. "You

had a glazed look. You couldn't keep your eyes open."

"It would have been all right if we'd played bridge," he said. "I hate sitting around with a lot of people, just talking after dinner. My God, four hours of steady conversation after talking all day."

"Now, darling," Nancy said, "who was it who wanted to go to the Cliffords'?"

"All right," Charles said, "who was it?"

"I told you," Nancy said, "that we didn't have to go to the Cliffords'. They had us in January and we had them, and everything was square, and now we'll have to have them again."

"Well, we don't have to have them right away," Charles said. "Let's try not to think about it now at half past seven in the morning. She's the one who gets me down. You know, when I see the whole picture I can't help feeling sorry for Bradley Clifford."

"I wish you'd stop feeling sorry for Bradley Clifford," Nancy said. "Everybody's sorry for him. I wish you'd start feeling sorry for yourself."

"I do," Charles said, "right at this moment."

"And I wish you'd feel sorry for me," Nancy said.

"I do," Charles said. "I do feel sorry for you, and for everybody else who lives in this bedroom town, and in fact for everyone else in the world. That's the way I feel, at the moment."

"Darling," Nancy said, "don't be so broad-minded. You'll make me cry."

"Well, don't say I'm narrow-minded then," Charles said. "Is Bill awake?"

"Yes," Nancy said. "He doesn't have your troubles."

"He doesn't have to stay up all night," Charles said. "Is he out of the bathroom?"

"Yes, dear," Nancy said. "There's no excuse for you to stay lying there. You'd better get up or there'll be the usual morning marathon."

"Is Evelyn up?" Charles asked.

"She's up and she's studying her geography. And besides, she doesn't use your bathroom."

"All right," Charles said. "All right."

"And don't go to sleep again," Nancy said. "I have to go down to cope with the coffee."

"What?" Charles asked.

"You heard me," Nancy said. "You're always better when you have your coffee. Now don't go to sleep again."

"Where's Mary?" Charles asked. "Isn't she down there getting breakfast?"

"Mary went to spend the night with her sister in Harlem," Nancy said. "She won't be back until this afternoon."

"All right," Charles said. "All right. Is it raining?"

"Yes," Nancy said. "It's raining hard, and we've never had the windshield wipers on the Buick fixed."

"Well, that makes it swell," Charles said. "It's nice it's come to our attention."

"I thought that might wake you up," Nancy said. "You'd better wear your herringbone suit. It came back from the cleaners yesterday. I've put your ruptured duck on it."

Although he made a conscious effort not to be annoyed, he felt a distinct sense of irritation for two reasons. She was, of course, referring to that gold emblem which had been issued to ex-soldiers and sailors, but there was no reason why she had to refer to it by what might be called its GI name as though she had been in the service, too. Also there was no reason why she should keep getting it in his buttonhole before he took the train. He was already beginning to think that there was something juvenile about the emblem that placed him in a youth category to which he did not belong. He was not sure how well it looked at the bank, either, at his desk near the older officers.

"Never mind it," Charles said. "I'm not running for any office."

Then he checked himself because he knew exactly what she would say before she said it.

"Oh, yes," she said, "you are, and don't you keep forgetting it. You're right in there polishing apples."

"All right," he said, "I'm not forgetting." It

occurred to him that there was no way to forget, that most of his life had been spent polishing some apple or other. If you had to earn your living, life was a series of apples.

"And don't forget," and Nancy gave his shoulder a pat, "to put two hundred into the housekeeping account. There isn't anything there and I'm going to draw on it today."

"What," Charles asked, "again?"

"Yes," Nancy said, "again and again and again. I thought you'd like some cheerful news, darling."

"All right," Charles said. "It's a hell of a morning, isn't it?"

"And don't forget that herringbone," Nancy said, "or your golden order either. You know how well Roger Blakesley always looks, but he hasn't got a duck."

"No," Charles said, "that's right. He was too damned bright to get one."

"And remember we're going to the Burtons' Friday night," Nancy said. "Don't forget to tell Mr. Burton you're looking forward to it when you see him at the bank."

Nancy was good at things like that. In fact she hardly ever forgot things like that.

2

His herringbone suit had a slight benzine odor which showed it as just fresh from the cleaners. He had worn it very little though it was four years old and now it was tight in the waist and shoulders, but not too tight. It was not a bad-looking suit at all and in fact it made him look like one of those suburban husbands that you saw in advertising illustrations, one of those whimsically comical men who peeked naïvely out of the corners of his eyes at his jolly and amazed little wife who was making that new kind of beaten biscuits.

Actually he had first seen Nancy outside the vice-president's office in a downtown bank. He could remember the exact, uncompromising way that she sat behind her typewriter and the exact amount of attention she had given him, not a bit more than was necessary and that was not much.

"He'll be free in about five minutes," Nancy had said. Nancy could always keep track of time as readily as a railroad conductor. That was the way he and Nancy had met, and that had been all there was to it, no furtive smiles, no light chatter, no argument or anything.

"You needed a haircut," Nancy told him later, "but not very badly, and the way you held your brief case showed you weren't one of those bond boys. You weren't bothered about your brief case, and you didn't have a handkerchief in your breast pocket."

"Well," he had told her later, "you didn't look so lovable either."

"Darling," Nancy said, "that's one of the nicest

things you've ever told me. I spent a long time cultivating just that look."

When he came down to the dining room, Nancy was sitting in much the same posture, very straight in her bleached oak chair. Instead of a typewriter she was manipulating a toaster and an electric percolator, and there was a child on either side of her — their children.

"Don't trip over the extension cords," Nancy said. "Billy."

His son Bill rose from the table and pulled out his chair for him, a gesture which Nancy had taught him and which always made Charles nervous.

"Well, well," Charles said. "Good morning, everybody. Hasn't the school bus come by yet?"

"It's not the school bus," his daughter Evelyn said. "It's the school car. Why do you always call it a bus?"

"It ought to be a bus," Charles said. "You kids ought to be going to a public school."

Nancy was looking at him critically as she always did before he went to town.

"You've forgotten your handkerchief," she said.

That idea of hers that every well-dressed man should have a corner of a handkerchief peeking from his breast pocket, he often thought must have been a hangover from Nancy's earlier days, when she still read books of etiquette. But then perhaps every woman had her own peculiar ideas about male dress.

"Now listen, Nancy," he said, "never mind about the handkerchief."

It surprised him that she gave up easily.

"Evelyn, pass your father his coffee," she said.

"And don't look cute when you're doing it," Bill said.

"Mother," Evelyn said, "won't you tell Bill to stop that, please?"

"Yes," said Nancy. "Stop, Bill. And go out in the kitchen. Put the eggs in and watch the clock."

There was no necessity for listening carefully to the voices of Nancy and the children.

"You've got to leave in five minutes," Nancy said. "The roads will be slippery."

Charles pulled his watch from his vest pocket, the Swiss watch he had bought at a ship's store in 1943. "You must be fast," he said. But there was never any use arguing about time with Nancy.

"And remember," Nancy said, "you'll have to go and get the Buick out. It always chokes when it's raining."

"Didn't you send it down to be fixed?" Charles asked.

"Yes," Nancy answered, "but you know what they're like at that service station. They just look at the carburetor and don't do anything. I wish you'd go to that new Acme place."

"Acme. What does acme mean?" Charles asked. "You hear new words all the time now and you don't know what they mean."

"Why, Daddy," Evelyn said. "Don't you know what acme means? It means the top of everything."

He did not know why it startled him to have Evelyn tell him something which he should have known himself, and of course he would have known if he'd put his mind on it. The trouble was that he had not been there enough because there had been that interval when he had been away, and then the chain of habit had been broken. That must have been why everything seemed ready-made. There was something in Berkeley's theory of philosophy — he still could remember that course at Dartmouth — that there was no proof that anything existed except in the radius of one's consciousness.

Before the war, Bill had been ten and Evelyn had been seven, and now he was in a ready-made dining room, though he had had it made himself in 1940. The house had been a thirty-thousand-dollar house not including extras and there had been a number of extras, and he and Nancy had bought the bleached chairs and table and sideboard and had ordered the walls done in pickled pine because they had wanted it to look light and modern. It still looked new and the glazed chintz draperies still had their original glitter, and the begonias and ivy and geraniums in the bow window looked as though they had just come from the florist, because Nancy had made an intensive study of the care and feeding of household plants. There were no finger marks or smudges on the table or the chairs and the light carpet was just back from the cleaners without a smudge on it either. It was amazing how beautifully Nancy could keep a house with only one maid to help her.

"You'd better get the Buick now," Nancy said. "There's no use killing ourselves getting to the train."

3

THE rain gave the blue gravel near the garage a metallic sheen. The water on the lightly whitened brick on the house — he believed it had been called Southern brick — made the variegated color look like new plastic, and the leaves of the rhododendrons and the firs near the front door glittered like dark cold water.

"Move over," Nancy said. "I'll drive down."

She adjusted a little cushion against the small of her back and took the wheel. She had on one of those transparent, greenish raincoats over her gray tweed suit. She pulled on her gloves carefully over her engagement and wedding rings, but then she had fixed it so there was plenty of time. She had always said that she was never going to have any man of hers get ulcers running for the train.

When they were out of the drive and safely through the gates marked Sycamore Park, he glanced at her profile. The rain had made her hair, where it showed at the edges of her gray felt hat, moist and curly. They always seemed much more

alone when she took him to the station than any other time and for some reason it was always the friendliest moment of the day. He could feel that he and Nancy were alone together with all the rest of the world outside.

"You didn't forget your reports, did you?" Nancy asked.

"No," he said. "I've got them."

"Have you still got that headache? There's an aspirin in the glove compartment."

"It's all right," he said. "It's gone."

"Well, that's good," she said. "Darling."

"What?" he asked.

"It's nice driving you to the train again. It's sort of like coming back to where we started."

He looked at her again. She was glancing straight ahead of her, but she was smiling.

"Yes," he said, "I know what you mean. When I came down there to breakfast this morning it all seemed ready-made."

"Ready-made?" she repeated.

"Yes," he said. "Just as though I hadn't done anything about it."

"I know," she said. "I'm too efficient."

"That isn't what I mean," he said.

"It's all right," she answered, "as long as you don't mind."

He was never nervous when she was driving. Her mind was always on what she was doing, but she had a most peculiar gift of being able to divide her concentration, which permitted her to drive and at the same time balance the household budget or quarrel artistically or give intelligent answers to the children's questions about God and the life hereafter. She was giving her full attention to what she was doing, but at the same time the casual way in which she spoke told him that she was thinking very carefully about what she was saying.

"I wish I could help coaching from the sidelines, but I can't help it, can I?"

There was no use answering because of course she knew what he would say, but still he answered.

"Hell, no," he said. "Of course you can't."

"Some day you're going to say you don't like it. I'm afraid of that."

It was, of course, the absolute truth, and it was just the time when they told each other the truth.

There were drawbacks, he was thinking, about knowing anyone too well, and yet there was no way to help it. There was no actual chance of decent concealment when you knew someone's voice as well as he did hers. It was probably the relationship that was known as love, which was quite different from being in love, because love had a larger and more embracing connotation. Love was a vast abstraction that was made by time, a shadowy, subconscious sort of edifice without any very good architecture, but still occasionally you could stand away from it and get enough impression of its form to wonder how it had been built.

"Darling," she was saying, and her voice broke briskly into his thoughts, and that indescribably lonely moment when two people were close together was over. "Why don't you ask Burton what the score is? Aren't you tired of waiting?"

The question made him edgy because that phrase about the score was as out of place as her allusion to the ruptured duck. She might just as well have said, Why not go and ask Burton what's cooking, and he was very glad she hadn't. The car had stopped at the Post Road waiting for the green light. They were nearly at the station.

"That would be stupid," he said. "Naturally he knows I want to know."

"Well, can't we get it over with?"

"It will get over," Charles said. "Everything does."

"Well, if we just had the cards on the table," Nancy said. "If you just said to him —"

"Now don't tell me what to say to him," Charles said, "because I'm not going to tell him anything."

The light turned green and the car moved forward. "Well, I hope Roger Blakesley likes it. Do you know what Molly told me yesterday?" Nancy asked.

Charles moved uneasily. They were going down the main street. A gift shop had opened there and also a new antique shop on the corner and he wondered why he had not noticed them before.

"She said Roger's so glad you're back."

"Well, that's swell," Charles said. He was very glad they were getting to the station. "If the directors want him, they'll take him."

"And you'll have to resign," Nancy said.

"The next thing," Charles said, "you'll be asking me to think of the children." Charles began to laugh.

"All right, what's so funny?" Nancy asked.

"Well, isn't it kind of funny?" Charles said. "The little woman kissing her husband good-bye. Everything depends on this moment. He must get the big job or junior can't go to boarding school. And what about the payments on the new car? Good-bye, darling, and don't come back to me without being vice-president of the trust company. That's all I mean."

Nancy threw the car into gear.

"Don't say that," Nancy said.

"Why not?" Charles asked.

"Don't say it," Nancy said, and her voice was louder, "because maybe you're right."

The last thing he expected was to have her hurt when he had only meant to be amusing.

"Now wait a minute," he began, but she did not let him finish.

"Because if you say that," she said, "if you mean that, maybe it isn't much, but it's all we have. Maybe it isn't much, but then maybe we aren't much and if you feel that way there won't be anything any more."

He had never thought until that moment that anything about the day might be particularly serious and he still put the seriousness away from him. He was only aware at the time of a discordant instant of revelation that broke unpleasantly into the morning. Nevertheless, he wished she had not said it.

"Now listen, Nance," he said, and then for some reason he felt deeply moved. He could almost think that he was saying good-bye to her, for good. "Let's not get so emotionally involved."

"Involved with what?" Nancy asked.

"With each other," he said. "Let's get some sense of proportion."

"Don't talk about proportion," Nancy said.

"The train's due in two minutes."

It was true, there was no time. There was only time to move from one thing into something else. It was only one of those minor partings, but he was leaving her again.

"If you're not taking the five-thirty," she said, "call me up. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," he said. "I'll make the five-thirty all right."

4

THERE had been a time, it must have been before the outbreak of the European war, when Charles had realized that taking the eight-thirty was a distinct step ahead and one indicating that he had a certain amount of promise. It raised him above the ruck of younger men and of shopworn older ones who had to take the eight-two. It indicated to everyone that his business life had finally permitted him a certain margin of leisure. It meant that he was no longer the salaried type who had to be at his desk at nine.

The eight-thirty train was designed for the aristocracy, and once Mr. Guthrie Mayhew, not one of the Mayhews who lived on South Street, not George Mayhew, but Guthrie Mayhew who was president of the Green River Club and also president of Mayhew Brothers at 86 Broadway, had even spoken of getting an eight-thirty crowd together who would arrange to occupy one of those club cars with wicker chairs inside and card tables and a porter to be attached to the eight-thirty in the morning and again to the five-thirty in the afternoon. Mr. Mayhew was always a public-spirited man who enjoyed getting little congenial groups together. He had suggested the idea first to Tony Burton and they both had decided that they did not want just an old man's car. They wanted some of the younger fellows, too, who were coming along, and they wanted it informal.

You could play bridge or backgammon if you wanted to in that car, or else you could merely sit and read, but the hope was, if you got a congenial group aboard, representing men young and old,

coming not from all walks of life, because there was only about one walk of life on the eight-thirty, but coming from different business atmospheres — brokers, lawyers, doctors, architects, civil engineers, and maybe even a writer or two from as far away as Westport, if you could get one — it was the hope that if you could get such a crowd together, you could have some good conversation going to and from the city, you could have an interchange of ideas on all sorts of subjects, and goodness knows there was a lot to talk about in those days, a whale of a lot Mr. Mayhew said. There was the New Deal, and Mr. Mayhew was broad-minded about the New Deal. He wanted some New Dealers aboard that car, if you could get them, who would stand right up on their hind legs and fight and tell what the New Deal was about.

That car would be a sort of open forum, Mr. Mayhew said. They might even find some newspaperman. They could talk about the Chinese war and about Hitler and Mussolini and the whole European mess. It ought to make the ride to New York a real occasion to which everyone could look forward because there were a lot of interesting people going to New York if you only got to know them, and in Mr. Mayhew's experience about everything came down to just one thing — knowing and understanding people, and somehow you kept being shut away from people. That, roughly, was Mr. Mayhew's idea. But it never worked out, because of Mussolini and Hitler. Charles remembered Mr. Mayhew's idea, because it had all started about the time that Mr. Burton had suggested to Charles that he call him Tony.

Charles could still recall the glow he felt in that sudden moment of defenseless warmth, and Mr. Burton had been shy about it in a very nice way, as an older man is sometimes shy. He remembered that Mr. Burton had fidgeted with his onyx pen stand, and that first Mr. Burton had called him "feller." It had happened one evening when they had all stayed late to talk over details in connection with the Catlin estate.

Mr. Burton had just made one of his favorite remarks which Charles had heard often before. It had happened, Mr. Burton had said, that when he was a sophomore at Yale he had studied Greek. He never knew just why, but he had selected it and it showed that a concentration on any subject trained the mind.

"Now you'd think, wouldn't you," Mr. Burton said, "that the order of Greek verbs would be a long way from banking. Well, I can only tell you that Greek verbs have taught me more about corporate figures than any other course I ever took at Yale."

Though Charles had heard this before, he had been pleased that Mr. Burton had got on the subject of his Greek studies, for it showed that everything was going smoothly with the Catlin estate

which was one of the largest accounts in the trust department.

"Yes, sir," Charles had said. "I'm just beginning to see that everything fits into banking somewhere."

"Everything," Mr. Burton had said. "Everything. You see it's only knowing how to use extraneous knowledge. I like to think of banking as being not only the oldest, but, well, the most basically human business that there is in the world, for it deals with all the basic hopes and aspirations of human beings. In fact, I don't like, honestly I don't, to think of banking as a business or even as a profession. Banking — it may startle you a little that I say this, but I'm right, I know I'm right — banking, for a good banker, is an art. The last of the arts, perhaps, but the oldest of the professions."

Charles had heard Mr. Burton advance the idea several times before and it showed that he was satisfied on the whole with the way things were going.

"Now you may remember," Mr. Burton had said, "that Mrs. Burton and I took a little trip in 1933. I don't believe that you or anyone else around here will forget how tense things were in 1933, and now and then I found I was getting a little taut, so when things eased up I wanted to go away somewhere to get a sense of perspective. That was when Mrs. Burton and I went to Bagdad. You ought to go there sometime."

This was the first time that Charles had been surprised by the conversation. He could not imagine what had ever made Mr. Burton want to go to such a place, unless it had something to do with Burton's *Arabian Nights*. Though he knew nothing about Bagdad himself and had not the slightest desire to go there, he wondered what connection it had with all the reports that lay on Mr. Burton's mahogany desk. Mr. Burton had placed his elbows on the desk, had linked his fingers together and was resting his narrow chin on them, and there had been nothing for Charles to do but listen.

Well, it appeared that it had been a very interesting trip to Bagdad. The cruise ship had stopped at Beirut, and from there everyone who wanted to take the side trip, including Mr. and Mrs. Burton, had embarked on buses that were as comfortable as the Greyhound buses in America, and after a night in quite a nice French hotel in Damascus where Mrs. Burton had bought the rare rug that was now in Mr. Burton's study, they had proceeded in these buses at dawn right across the desert. It had been hot, but there was plenty of ice water and the seats were comfortable. Toward evening the buses had stopped at a place called Rutba Wells right out in the middle of nowhere. It was a mud-walled fort like something in that story of *Beau Geste*, except fortunately it was run by the British and so was sanitary.

After a very good meal of soup and fried chicken, Mr. and Mrs. Burton had played a game of darts, that British game, right in that mud-walled fort. And then in the cool of the evening they had proceeded right across the desert to Bagdad, and there it was at dawn — a city on a muddy river, spanned by a bridge of boats. They had stopped at the Tigris Hotel, right on the river, large and not uncomfortable, though one strange thing about it was that the water from the bathtub came right out on the bathroom floor and then drained through a hole in the corner.

The first morning he and Mrs. Burton had gone to the museum to see the treasure from Ur, parts of which looked like something in a case at Cartier's. You got a lot out of travel if you kept your eyes open. There had been a man in the museum, a queer sort of British archaeologist, who showed him some mud bricks that were actually parts of an account book. When you got used to them, you could see how they balanced their figures, and on one brick, believe it or not, there was even a mistake in addition, preserved there through the centuries. This had meant a great deal to Mr. Burton.

That clerical error in mud had given him an idea for one of the best speeches he had ever written, his speech before the Association of American Bank Presidents in 1936 at the Waldorf-Astoria. Mr. Burton had opened a drawer and had pulled out a deckle-edged pamphlet.

"Take it home and read it if you have the time," he said. "I dashed it off rather hurriedly but it has a few ideas. It starts with that mistake in addition."

"Why, thanks very much, sir," Charles had said. "I certainly will read it." It was not the time to say that he had read the speech already or that for years he had made a point of reading all Mr. Burton's speeches.

"Look here, feller," Mr. Burton said, and he had blushed when he said "feller," "why not cut out this sir business? Why not just call me Tony?"

That was in 1941 but the time still seemed very close and Charles still found it hard to unsnarl the tangle of his reactions. His main reaction must have been one of great joy and relief, with the relief uppermost, and he remembered thinking that he could hardly wait to hear what Nancy would say. His mind was so mixed up that he never could remember exactly what he said to Mr. Burton but it must have been all right.

"You know, Charles," Mr. Burton had said, "Guthrie Mayhew and I have quite an idea. We're going to get hold of Tommy Mapes on the New Haven and see if he can't get us a special car on the eight-thirty. How about getting aboard? My idea is to call it the Crackerbarrel Special."

"Why thanks," Charles had said. "I'd like to very much, Tony."

He could not remember what train he had taken

home, but he remembered that Nancy had been asleep when he got there.

"Nance," he was saying, "wake up. I've got something to tell you. Burton's asked me to call him Tony," and Nancy had sat bolt upright in her twin bed.

"Start at the beginning," Nancy had said. "Exactly how did it happen, darling?"

They must have talked for a long while, there in the middle of the night, but Nancy had known what it meant because she had worked downtown herself.

"Now wait," Nancy had said, "let's not get too excited. Who else calls him Tony?"

"I don't think anyone else does," Charles had told her, "except the officers and old Jake."

"Who's old Jake?" Nancy asked.

It surprised him that Nancy did not know, for she usually kept everything straight, but when he told her that old Jake was the day watchman in the vault who had been there when Mr. Burton started, Nancy had remembered.

"Darling, we ought to have a drink of something, shouldn't we?" she said. But it was pretty late for a drink. "Darling, I knew it would happen sometime. It just had to happen. Oh, Charlie, I'm so proud."

It was only a week later that they found out that Mr. Burton had also asked Roger Blakesley to call him Tony and they never could find out whom Mr. Burton had asked first.

5

TONY BURTON always boarded the eight-thirty at Stamford and it occurred to Charles that it might be a good idea to walk through the cars and to sit by him if the seat beside him should be vacant. He had nothing particular to say to him, but it might be a good idea. He even went so far as to think of a suitable conversational subject and he decided on the action of the market. He knew it would be a risky subject to be approached cautiously because Tony Burton was always careful to say that he was only interested in the long-swing implications. The Board was convinced, and Charles was too, that the general situation predicated a long-term rise and that the present drastic slump was a temporary adjustment and not the beginning of a bear market, no matter what the statisticians might conclude.

The station was crowded and damp, but in spite of the crowd the atmosphere was restful. You had a feeling that the rush of commuters was nearly over for the day and that only the rear guard was left of the whole army that had marched to the city. The men in the station gave an atmosphere of executive leisure, implying that they did not have to arrive anywhere at any particular time, but that nothing actually could happen until they did arrive.

Their mail would be open and waiting and everything else would be waiting. In the meanwhile, they gathered about the radiator near the ticket windows, talking about the weather, and the room was almost like a club, where everyone was on a first-name basis.

He saw that Mr. Mayhew had a new gabardine raincoat and as he moved to the newsstand to buy the *New York Times* he nodded to Courtney Jeffers of the *New York Life* and to Rodney Bishop in the General Foods Sales Department and to Bill Wardwell in Eckert and Stokes. Curiously enough, it was all more familiar than home because it was all a part of the city to which they all were going, a part of something more important than any suburb, a part of life that was somehow genuine. There was a sort of preoccupation today, almost a feeling of suspense. He had just bought the *New York Times* and had turned away from the newsstand when he saw that he was face to face with Roger Blakesley.

Roger was wearing a blue, pin-striped suit, double-breasted and carefully pressed, in the Brooks Brothers most conservative tradition. His dark-brown hat went very nicely with his tweed overcoat. He was polishing his rimless glasses with a fresh handkerchief, and his face, which had grown plumper and more rotund lately, was fresh and shining.

"Why, hello, Chas," Roger said.

"Hello, Roke," Charles answered, and then he went on because you had to say something. "Are you still using that electric razor?" It must have been the smoothness of Roger's cheeks that made him say it.

"Frankly no, Chas," Roger said. "I think I've got too much of a beard for it, and besides," Roger put on his glasses and laughed, "it makes me feel like a putting green."

It was just the sort of thing that Roger would say and his smile grew broader as he waited.

"Or a bowling green," Charles said.

"All right," Roger said, "a bowling green, as long as you don't cut it too fine. That was a swell party last night, wasn't it? I couldn't tear myself away."

"Neither could I," said Charles, and they both smiled.

"Listen, feller," Roger asked, "what sort of a schedule have you got today?"

"Nothing much," Charles said. "How about lunch?"

"I can't make it," Roger said. "I have a date with Tony at the University Club. After that, Mapes is coming in, and after that I'll be down in the vault. But we've got to check up on the Catlin thing before we meet the attorneys."

There was a roaring sound outside and everyone was moving. The eight-thirty was coming in.

"We can go over it on the train if you want to," Charles said. "I've got the papers here."

Roger Blakesley patted his shoulder.

"I can't, feller," he said, close to Charles's ear because of the roaring of the train. "Tony wants me. He's saving me a seat."

Charles also raised his voice.

"There's a lot more to banking than you think, isn't there, feller?" he said. "It's an art, isn't it?"

Roger smiled again and linked his arm through Charles's.

"Now don't get sore, feller," he said.

"I'm not sore," Charles said. "I'm just saying banking's an art."

"That's so," Roger said. "It is. Well, I'll see you in church, feller."

"All right," Charles said. "Don't pray too hard." But Roger had not heard him. He was bounding up the steps of the third coach already and Charles could not blame him. Roger was always quick on his feet and they did not actively dislike each other. That sort of thing had been going on long enough so that Charles could understand it and they both had been very busy lately. He was even reasonably sure that Tony Burton had not asked Roger to sit with him, but then Roger had thought of it first. He was not even entirely sure that Tony Burton had asked Roger to lunch at the University Club, even though that was where Tony Burton went to luncheon every Wednesday.

Charles found a seat by a window and opened the New York Times to the financial page. There was nothing like competition. His mind was working more quickly since he had met Roger Blakesley and everything seemed worth while. Roger was working on loans now and he was in the trust department, but they had been all through the mill together. Either of them could handle customers. They both were very bright boys, though he had never worried about Roger much. There would be no reason to worry about Roger if Roger had gone to the war. The financial page was dull but Charles put his mind on it. Roger had a quick way at jumping at facts without examining them first. Charles's memory was more retentive than Roger's. He could have gone through the Catlin account, for instance, without looking at a single paper, and Tony Burton knew it. But memory was not personality. Smith Chemical, he saw, had dropped a point, and he made a mental note to do some reading on Smith. His mind was working very well and everything was worth while.

6

WHEN the train pulled into the lower level of the Grand Central, habit made Charles move instinctively, oblivious to his surroundings; yet without consciously noticing the shining marble of the lower level or the starry vault of the concourse of the upper level, he was aware of the spaciousness

and aware that he was back in a part of his life that he could completely understand, for habit had made him a proprietor of that station and all the streets around it. Habit made him move instinctively to the broad stairs on the right up which he ran gently and easily, for no good reason except that he had always taken them at a run. On the upper level he turned sharp right again, walking past the parcel checkroom to the ramp on the left and past the heaps of newspapers by the doors out to the corner of 42nd Street and Vanderbilt Avenue.

Whenever he emerged from the station and set foot on 42nd Street he always experienced in varying degrees a sense of coming home. He always knew, whether he thought of it or not, that he belonged to New York City more than he did to any other part of the world, whenever he reached 42nd Street. His mind was in tune with the traffic, with the drugstores and the haberdasheries, with the Lincoln Building and the Park Avenue ramp, and with the marble corner of the Public Library up the street. He belonged to New York, and conversely New York belonged to him, if only because so much of his life and energy and thought had been spent in it. It did not matter that he had not been born and raised there. New York belonged to people who had come from other places. New York was only the result of living in it, a strange indefinable combination of triumph and discouragement and of memories. He only thought of this vaguely, when he thought of it at all, and nothing that other people had said about it had ever impressed him. It did not matter what the weather was there, or the season of the year, or whether there was war or peace. He always had that same impression of coming back, and something always made him step more briskly through the crowd.

He was aware that the place was changing without his being able one jot to influence that change, but still the place belonged to him. There were new stores, new façades, new plastics, but there was always the same result. The only institution in the neighborhood that had not changed much was the Stuyvesant Bank, a name which had been given to it when Murchison Brothers had first started the business on lower Broadway in the early 1800's. It had moved uptown since then, but even that move had been a long while ago, and almost from the beginning the Stuyvesant had been what it still was, a family bank.

It was essentially the same, Charles often thought, as it had been when he had first entered it with his father on a trip to New York when he was twelve years old. He could not recollect the circumstances which had surrounded that trip and now it was too late to find them out. It must have been one of those rare times when some transaction in Boston, probably in textiles, had put his father in a

genial and opulent mood or they never would have come to New York or stopped at the Hotel Belmont. Things must have gone well with his father because he had filled his cigar case, and what Charles could remember most clearly about the trip was the opulent smell of good Havana tobacco.

When things were going well it was his father's habit always to get out his cigar case from the back of his upper bureau drawer. Charles remembered very clearly the oak woodwork in the downstairs room of the Belmont where they had breakfasted after driving in a taxicab from the Fall River Line Pier downtown. There was no need, his father had said, to bother about taking the elevated or the subway. They had breakfasted on grapefruit, with a red cherry in the center, oatmeal and cream, kippered herrings and scrambled eggs, and after consuming a pot of coffee, his father had lighted a cigar.

"It's a great town, New York, when you get to know it," he had said, "and everyone ought to get to know New York."

It was pathetic, Charles sometimes thought, that desire of his father's to be a man of the world. It was not unlike Tony Burton's desire to be a great cosmopolitan and their efforts achieved about the same success. His father's remark, that it was a great town, New York, had about the same ring as the Burton statement on Bagdad and approximately the same conviction.

"They tell me there's a very good show in town, a musical comedy called *Very Good, Eddie*," his father had said. "You and I will go to see it tonight, Charlie, and we'll ride in a bus up Fifth Avenue this afternoon, and we'll look in at the Museum of Natural History. Now straighten your tie. No, the other way. I don't know why you can't learn to tie a four-in-hand. We're going to the bank to cash a check, and pull your stockings up."

It was God's truth, and not a very palatable one, that Charles wore black ribbed stockings and knickerbockers, purchased for that first visit to New York. He was old enough to be painfully embarrassed at the way his stockings kept coming down and he tried to change the subject.

"What bank?" he asked.

"Let's see," his father said, and he pulled a letter from his pocket. "The Stuyvesant Bank. It's just a few blocks from here."

Even in 1916, banks were beginning to be imposing, and Charles was disappointed when he first saw the Stuyvesant, for anyone could see that it was in a remodeled house, a big New York corner house, with brick and brownstone, with a somewhat grimy façade. A doorman in gray opened what had been the front door, and once they were inside, that impression of being in a house still remained, though all the ground floor had been remodeled to make room for the paying tellers. One side was for ladies and a little fire was burning in a

grate. There was the same desk near it with a white-haired gentleman there to help the ladies, just as Mr. Cheseborough did now, but it was not Mr. Cheseborough. There were the same mahogany roll-top desks by the windows, and other desks in the distance under electric lights. Charles could remember the flight of stairs leading to the vaults in the old house cellar. He stood there by the teller's window while the teller read his father's letter and asked his father whether he wanted it in fives or tens.

"That's a good bank," his father had said when they were out on the street again. "A family bank, without any funny business. It stood up through the panic of '93."

7

THAT old house of the Stuyvesant was still an asset. It was still a family bank whose doorman could greet depositors like the doorman of a club and where there was always a sense of leisure. You had a feeling, as you entered, that the Stuyvesant had handled the same family accounts for generations, and this was absolutely true. An effort had always been made to think of personalities as much as money, and employees had always been hired because of their ability to get on with people. Year after year there had been talk about a new building, not necessarily a modern one but something colonial and new like that brick effort of the Bank of Manhattan on Madison Avenue, but the directors had always turned down such proposals.

It paid to keep the Stuyvesant in that ugly old brownstone mansion with its floor plan about the way it had been when the Stuyvesant had first moved there. It paid to keep the open fire burning and to keep tellers and investment counselors who were kind to confused old ladies and genial with arthritic old gentlemen. It paid to have a travel service which could take great pains about letters of credit. It paid to have kindly tax experts who would seemingly waste hours over minor problems of bewildered depositors.

Other banks, larger ones, were constantly advertising their friendly services, pointing out the horrible complications faced by anyone who owned property in this period of economic change and regulation, but the Stuyvesant seldom advertised. It was a matter of words rather than deeds, a matter of personal service at the Stuyvesant, and it paid. The wills of deceased depositors were proof enough that the Stuyvesant had been a reliable, friendly bank. The Stuyvesant had been named as executor and trustee in hundreds of wills. The employees of the Stuyvesant had to be sympathetic men who understood rich clients and who knew all the complications of being rich, although they were not rich men themselves. They had to deal familiarly

and almost jovially, but always scrupulously, with huge sums of money, although most of them lived on comparatively modest salaries.

If you were good at things like that you developed a priestly, untouchable, ascetic attitude. You had to think of your own financial life and your own problems as something apart from those greater financial complications. If you did well enough to become an executive in the Stuyvesant, and this took a lot of time and an arduous apprenticeship, you found yourself solving the problems of individuals who had difficulty in living on incomes of several hundred thousand dollars a year while you yourself contrived to worry along with a salary minute by comparison. You found yourself spending the working day discussing the investment of huge sums of money, only to get home yourself and to worry because the butcher's bill had risen some forty dollars above the month before. You had to debate the purchase or the sale of controls in business enterprises and then return home yourself to decide whether or not you could afford to buy a new car or a ready-made or a tailor-made suit.

In time this gave you a strangely split sort of personality. You had to toss your own problems completely aside and never to allow them to mingle in any way with problems of clients and depositors when you reached your desk at the Stuyvesant Bank. When you reached your desk you had to be a friend and confidant, as professional as a doctor or a lawyer, ready for almost anything with an intelligent perspective. Anthony Burton had once said that this was your responsibility toward society. Though personally Charles had never felt like a social worker, he realized it was a responsibility. He was already forgetting Nancy and the children, already becoming a different person, when he said good morning to Gus, the doorman on the sidewalk outside the Stuyvesant.

"Is it wet enough for you, Mr. Gray?" Gus asked.

"It has to rain sometimes," Charles said. "Are you a grandfather yet?"

"No, not yet," Gus said, "but any minute now."

Then Charles said good morning to Joe inside the door. The bank was very neat and cleared for action. He could hear the click of the adding machines in back and he could see the new pens and blotters on the tables as he walked past the tellers behind their gold wickets and turned to the right past the foreign department to the coatroom. When he had hung up his coat and hat, he looked at himself in the mirror. Though his herringbone suit was a little tight, it still fitted well but he straightened his coat carefully and straightened his gray tie. His slightly freckled face was moist from the rain and his sandy hair, though it was carefully trimmed, was disheveled and so he went to the washroom to dry his face and brush his hair because he had learned long ago that it did not pay

to look sloppy when you sat out there by the officers' desks by the front window.

Though you seldom talked of salaries at the Stuyvesant, your social status was obvious, depending on where you sat. Charles occupied one of the two flat mahogany desks that stood in a sort of no man's land between the three roll-top desks of the officers and all the smaller desks of smaller executives and secretaries that stretched the whole length of the bank outside the cages. A green carpet extended from the officers' desks in a neat exclusive area that just included Charles's desk and the one beside it, which was Roger Blakesley's. Charles could see their names, Mr. Blakesley and Mr. Gray, in silver letters, and he was pleased to see that he had got there first from the eight-thirty, a minute or two ahead of Roger and Mr. Burton, ahead of everyone near the windows.

Mr. Burton's desk, which had the best light, was opened already and so was Mr. Steven Merry's, the first vice-president. Though he made a conscious effort not to look at it, he noticed the roll-top desk which was still closed, Arthur Slade's desk, the fifth vice-president of the Stuyvesant, who had died in a plane accident when returning from the West Coast two weeks before. The closed desk still gave him a curious feeling of incompleteness and a strange mixed sense of personal gain and loss because he had been more friendly with Arthur Slade than anyone else in the Stuyvesant, but then you had to die sometime. Once Arthur Slade had occupied Charles's own desk and then Mr. Walter Harry, who had been president when Charles had first come to the bank, had died of an embolism and everyone had moved like players on bases — Burton to Harry, Merry to Burton, Slade to vice-president — and so on down to Charles himself in Arthur's place. The Stuyvesant was decorously accustomed to accident and death and it was so plain which one of two persons might be moving next that it was embarrassing.

8

ANY depositor must know and certainly everyone else in the bank did right up to the third floor that either Mr. Blakesley or Mr. Gray would move to Arthur Slade's desk by the window. Undoubtedly they were making side bets out in back as Charles used to himself in the late twenties when he had first come there from Boston. Undoubtedly the clerks and the secretaries and the watchmen had started some sort of pool. Charles pulled back his mahogany chair and sat down, glancing coolly at all the desks in front of him.

Miss Marble, his secretary, had seen him already. She had already arranged his engagement pad and now she was standing beside him with his pile of morning mail. When she said good morning, she reminded him of Nancy as she had looked when

he had first known her—a front-office girl, an executive's private secretary, as neat as a trained nurse, whose private life, like his own, was pushed behind her. In spite of that rather crowded room, for a few hours he and Miss Marble would be alone in it, dependent on each other in a strange, impersonal, but almost intimate relationship that had very little to do with living. As soon as he said good morning to Miss Marble, his whole mind set itself into a brisk, efficient pattern.

"Mr. Joyce wants to see you," Miss Marble said, "before the eleven o'clock meeting. There's nothing on your calendar except the meeting, but Mrs. Whitaker has been calling you."

"You mean she called this morning?"

"Well, not Mrs. Whitaker," Miss Marble said, and she smiled. "The butler called. She's very anxious to speak with you."

"All right," Charles said. "Get her for me in five minutes," and he picked up the letters.

Then Roger Blakesley and Anthony Burton came in and Charles nodded at them and smiled. Roger walked to his own desk at once, and Miss Fallon, his secretary, was there, but Anthony Burton stopped for a moment. As he did so, it seemed to Charles that the whole bank was watching them, and Mr. Burton must have been aware of it but he was more used than Charles to being watched. He stood straight, white-headed and smiling, dressed in a pearl-gray double-breasted suit with an expensive heavy gray checked necktie. He had that air of measured deliberation which eventually always covered the features and the postures of bank officers and corporation lawyers. He was straight, gray, and mature, almost young-looking, considering his sixty-five years, though Charles could never think of him as having been a young man. He always thought of him as an unchanging, a measured, deliberate, constant quantity, like a Greek letter in a mathematical formula.

"I didn't see you on the train," Mr. Burton said.

Charles glanced at Roger Blakesley's desk. It was an opportunity but it was also a time to be careful.

"I didn't see you either," Charles said. "Mrs. Whitaker's butler is after me."

It was better to do it that way. It did no harm at all to have him know about Mrs. Whitaker.

"Well, as long as she's after you and not me," Mr. Burton said, but they could hardly talk about Mrs. Whitaker with everyone watching. "We'll see you at dinner Friday, won't we?"

"You can count on it," Charles said. "Absolutely." And he laughed and Anthony Burton laughed.

"Yes," Mr. Burton said, "I suppose we can, Charlie. How are Nancy and the children?"

"They're wonderful," Charles said. "They're a steadying influence."

"Nancy's a great girl," Mr. Burton said. "You

boys are getting together at eleven, aren't you? I'm going to drop in myself."

"I don't believe there's any need to make any changes," Charles said.

"That's good," Mr. Burton said. "There's that Catlin business. We'll have to get together on that Catlin thing."

"You mean the new money?" Charles asked.

"That's it," Mr. Burton said. "I want to check on the recommendations. Well, see you at eleven."

He smiled and nodded and walked over to his desk in the corner.

9

CHARLES could not help but wonder whether Mr. Burton had weighed every word of that conversation as carefully as he had. For a second he thought whether there was some implication between the lines, but he could not think of any. It had simply been a bland routine conversation, friendly and nothing more. Still, there could not have been any more with Roger's desk right beside him. Tony Burton was gone and Miss Marble was back.

"Mrs. Whitaker's on the telephone now," Miss Marble said, and Charles picked up the desk telephone, speaking softly as one always did in the bank.

"Good morning, Mrs. Whitaker. This is Mr. Gray."

He could recognize the tone of her voice exactly. It was her gracious informal tone that she was in the habit of using when she wanted to make a pleasant impression on people who handled her affairs. It kept one at arm's length, though at the same time giving a pretty little picture of her capacities for universal understanding, democracy, and kindness.

"Oh, Mr. Gray," he heard her say, "it's so nice to hear your voice."

It was difficult for Charles to respond properly to this remark because he was not at all glad to hear Mrs. Whitaker's, and he had heard it a great deal lately, yet he had learned long ago never to be brief with a large depositor, particularly when everybody knew that the Chase, the Guaranty, and the National City had all been making overtures for the Whitaker account.

"You sound well and happy, Mrs. Whitaker," Charles said.

Sometimes he was astonished at his own adroitness. He never sounded like himself when he spoke in those hushed tones at his desk. He sounded like a doctor or a diplomat, and now he was a loyal friend of the Whitaker family who could allow himself the least bit of jovial familiarity.

"Hubert and I are so dreadfully worried, Mr. Gray," Mrs. Whitaker said. "That's why it's so nice to hear your voice."

He could not tell whether it was a further act of

graciousness or a lapse of memory that made her refer to Mr. Whitaker as Hubert and he could not recall that she had ever done such a thing before.

"Why, I'm sorry," Charles said. "What have you to be worried about?"

That was it. What did she have to be worried about?

"We have to sell something," Mrs. Whitaker said. "We have to sell something right away. We literally haven't got a cent of money."

At least he was able to smile since Mrs. Whitaker was not there, and the strange thing about it was that her tone of desperation was completely genuine, as genuine as though she had to sell some piece of furniture to pay the grocer. One part of him could smile but another part was completely sympathetic. That was one of the things that the business had taught him.

"Oh," Charles said, and he was about to add that he was sorry but he checked himself because he had learned that it made depositors angry if you became too actively sorry.

"And we simply don't know what to sell," Mrs. Whitaker said. "We've been going over it and over it."

"I know," Charles said. "It's always difficult to make up one's mind."

"We would like to sell something that has a loss to it," Mrs. Whitaker said, "but there literally isn't anything. Everything shows a profit. Why don't you ever leave us anything with losses?"

Charles drummed his fingers softly on the desk and raised his eyes to the baroque ceiling with its new indirect lighting. It was a wonderful conversation and he wished he could tell Nancy about it but he knew enough not to gossip about clients, particularly large clients.

"Well," he said, "I see what you mean, but the object usually is to show a profit. Most of our friends like it better that way. There are still advantages to having a profit rather than a loss."

"Are there?" asked Mrs. Whitaker. "I know it's so if you say so, but you've simply got to help us, Mr. Gray. Anything you decide on, you will help us, won't you?"

"Of course I will," Charles said, and his voice was gently reassuring. "That's what I'm here for. Let me see, there are a number of short-term governments."

"I know Mr. Whitaker doesn't want to sell those. He refuses, absolutely."

"Oh," Charles said. "Why does he?"

"Because his father always said that you mustn't be a bear on the United States," Mrs. Whitaker said. "He says that we must back up the government no matter what it does. If we don't back up the government where will we be? I believe that, don't you?"

"I wouldn't say it would be disloyal," Charles

said. "Short-term governments are about the same as cash. That's the way they're generally used."

"Suppose we try to think of something else," Mrs. Whitaker said. "There must be something else."

"Yes," Charles said. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'd better get a picture of the whole situation. I'll send Mr. Joyce over right away."

"I don't think Mr. Joyce has the experience for that, do you?" Mrs. Whitaker said. "I know he's a charming young man, but he's really not much older than Albert, and he's always so, well, so indefinite, and Mr. Thingamajig, what's his name? The one Mr. Burton sent over the last time. He was so indefinite, too, and besides I thought he was a little like a pussycat."

"Whom do you mean?" Charles asked. "I can't exactly place him from your description."

"That round-faced, pussycat man with glasses," Mrs. Whitaker said.

"You don't mean Mr. Blakesley, do you?" Charles asked.

"That's it," said Mrs. Whitaker. "Mr. Blakesley."

Charles glanced across at Roger Blakesley. Roger was busy with his letters.

"I know him pretty well," Charles said. "I wouldn't say he was a pussycat."

"It's a compliment," Mrs. Whitaker said. "Hubert and I want you, and we simply have to find a hundred thousand dollars somewhere. It isn't asking too much for you to come over, is it?"

"Oh no," Charles said. "Not at all."

"You see, we've decided after all to buy that ranch," Mrs. Whitaker said. "Albert's fallen in love with it, and I think Mr. Whitaker has too, a little. You'll come at five-thirty, won't you, when we can all be quiet at teatime, and tell us how unwise it is."

"I suppose it depends on the ranch," Charles said. "Why yes, I can come at five-thirty."

"But don't say it's too unwise," Mrs. Whitaker said. "You're so New England, sometimes, Mr. Gray. Don't be too uncompromising, will you? Just say it's a little bit unwise."

"All right," Charles said. "At five-thirty. I'll remember. A little bit unwise."

"And Mr. Gray."

"Yes," Charles said.

"I adore New Englanders. Father came from Maine."

"Maine's chief export is character," Charles said.

"Do you know," Mrs. Whitaker said, "your voice sounds just like Father's when he was in a disapproving mood. You won't be too Olympian, too disapproving, will you?"

"Oh no," Charles said. "Only a little disapproving. I'll see you at five-thirty, Mrs. Whitaker."

(To be continued)

Buy British

"The Kansas farmer," says N. R. DANIELIAN, "wishing to sell his wheat to Britain had better develop a taste for British fabrics." Here is the inescapable choice which American taxpayers must make: either to buy British goods or to keep feeding Britain on non-returnable dollars. The high-tariff boys will do well to listen to this American economist who has been associated for a number of years with the Departments of Commerce and State, and who is today the President of the American International Service Company in Washington.

THE FUTURE OF BRITAIN

by N. R. DANIELIAN

1

IT TOOK three centuries to bring the British Empire to its apogee, from the reign of Queen Elizabeth to that of Queen Victoria. The greatest advance occurred between the Battle of Waterloo in 1815 and the end of Victoria's reign; and the glittering climax of empire was the Diamond Jubilee in 1897, when all her subjects paid homage to Victoria's power and poured their wealth into London. Britain then truly ruled a world of free trade. The sun never set on her possessions, spread over a quarter of the earth's land area. Commerce on the high seas moved by the grace of the Royal Navy. Industry grew and prospered by the calculated self-interest of London financiers. Governments in Europe rose and fell by the power of the British Exchequer. From India to South Africa, from Afghanistan to Egypt and all through Europe, from Australia to Canada, the British flag was respected and revered, the British pound sterling coveted as gold.

It is a swift reversal in less than two generations for Britain to owe the world 20 billion dollars, a debt contracted for the privilege of living as free men; to drop the crown of India; to be told in the discussions of the United Nations to get out of Egypt, and quick; to urge others to care for her wards, such as Greece; to equivocate, tragically, between Arab and Jew at the sacrifice of life and prestige; and to admit that she cannot carry the burdens of a victor nation in Germany.

What were the foundations upon which the British people built their supremacy over so long a period? What are the causes of its decline? Is there any hope that the British Isles will regain some of their economic strength, at least enough for their own self-sufficiency? What is the fundamental American interest in the welfare of the British Isles? The last is the most crucial question of all to those on this side of the Atlantic, for since the burden of world order falls upon us, we must chart a course true and effective. There is too much at stake for us

to be carried away by crisis psychology, blended of propaganda and sentimentalism.

Four factors made Britain the major power of the nineteenth century: her industrial primacy, her colonial empire, her navy, and her domination of the European balance of power. The Industrial Revolution of the eighteenth century, later fertilized by the principles of free competition and *laissez faire*, gave rise to a multitude of factories from London to Edinburgh, whose products reached all the ports of the world where ships could carry the Union Jack. Without particular natural advantages, except coal, Britain was able to secure and hold markets because she was ahead of the game in her industrial development. After 1850, when the era of free trade began, her progress continued until the end of the century.

The expansion and consolidation of the colonial empire during the interval from Waterloo to the Boer War gave the mother country prosperous manufacturing, dependable sources of cheap raw materials, and ready markets for her products. From the profits of her industries, from the cotton of Egypt, the hemp of India, the tea of China and Ceylon, the tin and rubber of the Malay Peninsula, the gold and diamonds of South Africa, and the oil of Arabia, from *buying cheap and selling dear*, a system maintained within the Empire by political control, Britain developed capital which she invested abroad in railroads, in soap factories, oil refineries, chemical plants, and power systems, in banking and insurance, and most important of all, in an international network of cable communications and shipping lines girdling the globe. In 1938, the Brookings Institution estimated British long-term investments abroad, not counting liquid balances and gold, at 22.9 billion dollars, of which 11.6 billions were in Empire countries, 7.5 billions in the United States and in Central and South America, with the rest scattered over Europe and Asia. These investments brought back earnings of nearly a bil-

lion dollars a year as dividends and interest. This covered 25 per cent of all imports and constituted 5 per cent of the total national income. Exports of goods paid for only 60 per cent of imports.

It has been a long, long time indeed since Britain has paid for her imports by her exports. In 1900, British exports amounted to approximately 1.8 billion dollars as against imports of 2.6 billion dollars. In 1938, the corresponding figures were: exports, 1.9 billions; imports, 3.7 billions. Between 17 and 20 per cent of the British national income is imported from abroad; but of food, the British people must import 60 per cent. There just is not land enough in the British Isles — the size of Oregon — to produce the necessary food for 48 million people.

During the war, Britain requisitioned and sold 4.5 billion dollars of foreign investments. At the same time, she had to borrow, over and above Lend-Lease aid, about 14 billion dollars, held in blocked sterling (which cannot be spent until released by the British Government) as credits in London, owed to India, Egypt, Argentina, Canada, and many other countries. Add to this the new and almost depleted United States and Canadian credits of 5 billions, and Britain emerges, as a result of the war, 23.5 billion dollars poorer in her international accounts. She has sold 4.5 billion dollars in investments and contracted 19 billion dollars in debts.

The debts contracted abroad on account of the war pretty well balance off the remainder of her overseas long-term investments. Payment of interest and principal on her debts would effectively eliminate investment income as a factor in meeting her import requirements. Hugh Dalton, Chancellor of the Exchequer, summarized the situation pointedly before Parliament: "The period of living on our nineteenth-century investments is over, and that chapter in our history has come to an end."

While Britain's means of payment are being curtailed, her obligations have increased. This is the second major reason for Britain's plight. The Government spent almost 1.2 billion dollars in 1946 for occupation forces and diplomatic and other activities. The estimate for 1947 is 700 million dollars — the British zone of Germany alone is estimated to eat up 300 million dollars a year. There are other heavy expenditures in Italy, Palestine, Arabia, and Egypt.

Prime Minister Attlee has announced that the defense forces will be reduced by 400,000 men to one million by March, 1948. Britain is in no position to support armies abroad that require either dollar expenditures or uncompensated exports of British goods.

It is because the obligations of Britain abroad have increased, and her assets and invisible revenues have diminished, that an increase in the export of physical goods is so important. The Labor Government set 140 per cent of 1938 exports as a goal

to be reached by the end of 1947. Handicapped by cold, drought, old equipment, and strikes, all that the British accomplished by December, 1946, was parity with 1938; and by the summer of 1947, exports were only at 111 per cent of 1938. The new target for 1948 is at least 150 per cent of 1938.

2

CAN Britain expand exports sufficiently to recoup the loss of her investment income and to meet defense commitments? The historical trend is not encouraging. From the high point of 4 billion dollars in exports in 1924, the trend has been continually downward. Even in the prosperous year 1929, it was 10 per cent less than in 1924. In 1937, allowing for the devaluation of the pound, it was lower by 50 per cent. There are two basic reasons for this condition. England has lost technical priority in the principal exports — coal and textiles — which gave her an initial advantage, and other countries have been developing their own industries.

Even before World War II, Britain was losing out in coal production and exports. In 1913, production had risen to 287 million tons. But in 1946, only 189 million tons were produced and the target for 1947 is set at a modest 200 million tons. In 1913, 73 million tons of coal were exported, producing 250 million dollars in revenue. By contrast the 1947 target is not even enough to meet domestic requirements. The Trades Union Council called the target "trifling with the facts," and demanded a target of 250 million tons to meet the nation's "reasonable needs." But the British Government is having difficulty in meeting its own modest target.

Technology in British mines is archaic and the cost of production high. Instead of keeping pace with advancing technology by using machine cutting and mechanical loading and conveying, the British mine operators took advantage of the defeat of labor in the 1926 coal strike and lowered wages. The financial embarrassment of the coal mining industry in Britain also prevented major investments in new machinery. Another reason for the limited performance of British coal mines is in the physical characteristics of their coal seams — narrow, steep, and deep — making the use of machinery difficult.

Productivity of labor had gone down in 1946 to 259 tons per year per man, as compared with 308 tons in 1937, a reduction of 15 per cent. There were 695,000 miners at work in 1946 to produce a meager 189 million tons. Compare that with total bituminous production of 590 million tons by 416,000 miners in the United States — an average annual output per man of 1419 tons, six times as much as in Britain.

Britain's early supremacy in industry and commerce was founded upon textile manufactures. Textile exports, all forms, constituted the largest

item in the foreign trade of Britain. In this field, too, the trend, ever since World War I, has been running steadily against Britain. Take the cotton and rayon industry: export of piece goods had declined from nearly 7 billion square yards in 1913 to 1.5 billion square yards in 1938. The same condition prevailed in woolen and worsted exports and heavy clothing.

That this was no temporary condition is admitted by the experts of the British Board of Trade. In 1946, a Working Party (Committee) composed of representatives of employers, workers, and Government experts in the cotton industry reported that before the last war, "roughly speaking, two thirds of [Britain's] export losses were due to development by her former customers of their own industries, and one third was captured by Japan. Right up to 1939 the industry was fighting a *retreating rear-guard action*." (Italics supplied)

Immediately after World War I there was a spurt in exports to satisfy delayed demands, and profits in the industry were high. But after 1924, conditions steadily deteriorated. Here is what the industry did during that breathing spell, in the words of the Working Party: "The profits were used, not for strengthening the industry to meet the new competitive conditions, but mainly to pay high dividends and support share gambles. (An examination of 150 companies shows that the average paid by dividend-paying spinning firms in 1920 was 40.2 per cent.)"

The Platt Mission, which came to the United States in 1944 to study American textile-industry methods, concluded that a substantial portion of the cotton-textile machinery now in place in Britain is not only old but *beyond its efficient working life*. And here is an amazing fact. Before World War II, British manufacturers were making modern automatic spinning machines, *but 95 per cent of them went to export markets*. While Lancashire producers dawdled, other countries went heavily into the development of home industry to meet local demand. India, the largest cotton piece goods market in the world, increased home production from 1.1 billion square yards in 1913 to 4.2 billions in 1938, and diminished its imports by 75 per cent. This trend was accelerated by the Government's tariff policy after World War I.

Japanese competition licked not only Great Britain but also the Dutch, the Italians, and the Americans in the low-grade cotton goods markets everywhere. The only markets in which the British held their own were in the Dominions and quota colonies. No wonder that the British look askance at Assistant Secretary William L. Clayton's proposals to eliminate Empire preferences.

Many countries have plans for expansion of home industries. It is literally true that the only thing that stands in the way of the permanent ruin of the British cotton export market is the inability

of American equipment manufacturers to supply machinery or promise delivery in less than four or five years. Delegations from Persia, Egypt, India, Brazil, and China have repeatedly come to the United States begging for textile machinery but have gone home empty-handed. Sometime in the next five years they will succeed, and then the only hope of British industry will be in Empire preferences and the home market.

The story is the same in woolens, worsteds, heavy clothing, hosiery (except woolen): British exports declined catastrophically between World War I and World War II. The reasons are the same: other countries were developing more efficient industries behind walls of tariff protection. In woolens as in cotton, British reports indicate that equipment in Britain is old and outdated.

The real future of British exports would seem to lie in the more modern industries — aircraft manufactures, durable household goods, electrical machinery. These industries were re-equipped during the war, and they attract young and vigorous talent. The question is: Can they expand the market in these new industries sufficiently to overcome the handicap of the older industries and make up some of the deficit from the loss of their investment income? Other countries want to develop these industries, and when they do they are going to have the advantage over Britain in labor costs, and perhaps also in the use of more up-to-date equipment.

3

WHILE the bonds of political interest still exist, the economic ties that have held the Empire together have continually weakened. Ever since the Imperial Conferences were initiated during Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee in 1887, it has been clear that though the hearts and the allegiances of the colonies and Dominions belonged to the mother country, their heads and their pocketbooks have been their own. This has led to greater self-government and greater economic self-sufficiency in the Dominions. As the component parts of the Commonwealth became stronger, the mother country suffered economically. This process is continuing. The Dominions learned enough in the common war effort to project their own secondary industries as soon as hostilities ceased — radio and electrical manufacturing in Australia, machine shops and metalworking industries in India, and coal mining and metalworking in South Africa.

The centrifugal force of political and economic independence in the Empire has a serious effect upon Britain's military strength, for there never has been any formal understanding with other members of the Commonwealth as to their relative responsibilities in common defense. Britain has had to carry the major burdens of defense, war, and occupation for the Empire.

The result is that the military position of Great Britain expresses her economic weakness rather than the strength of the Empire. The British Cabinet does not call in the Empire countries and say, "Look here, we won the war together, and we should occupy Greece and Germany until stable conditions are established. How about contributing to the costs of occupation?" No, all it can do is to warn the United States that Britain must pull out. No one has stressed the responsibilities of the Empire, rather than the British Isles, in these common economic commitments. One must conclude, therefore, that unless there is a new and practical recognition by the Dominions of their responsibilities, the capacity of the British Isles as a bastion of protection of Western values will be limited as long as the British economic position remains weak.

What the value of the colonies and dependencies, as distinct from the Dominions, will be in the balance of world forces is uncertain. The last war revealed an unmistakable indifference to Empire interests in places like Malaya and Burma. And the interest in British success was less than enthusiastic in India. This problem involves the whole orientation of Western colonial policy. Can Britain exact tribute from colonies, protectorates, and mandated territories to defend the Four Freedoms, via London, when they are in revolt against the colonial philosophy of the imperial system?

One must conclude, strictly from the American point of view, that the decline in the economic situation of Britain and her tenuous hold upon the far-flung Empire seriously reduce her potency in the international arena. This does not deny the potential value of the Empire if rightly organized and integrated into the common purpose.

Britain's balance-of-power politics, as exercised before World War I, had the effect of keeping various nations in their places. Used alternately against the Ottoman Empire, Russia, Germany, Austro-Hungary, or the French Empire or Republic, it achieved one purpose, even at the expense of a few local wars: it stopped any one nation from getting strong enough to challenge British power. A collateral effect of this was, of course, our ability to conquer and develop the resources of the North American continent without fear of encroachment from Europe.

In World War I, France and Britain could not defeat the Kaiser's armies without American assistance. In World War II, the relative economic and military position of France and Britain together was so much weaker that Hitler could not be defeated except by the combined help of Russia and America. The resultant aggrandizement of Russian power and its geographical spread, and the impoverishment and contraction of the area west of the Iron Curtain, do not give Britain many political assets to play off against the overriding influence of

Russia. As a result, Britain is really at the mercy of the military power of the Soviet Union, except to the extent that she can command United States alliance and coöperation. Not since the days of the Holy Roman Empire has the European world been in danger of one-power domination as it is now.

On the assumption that our interest is identical with that of Great Britain in not allowing one power to dominate the Eurasian continent, we have the task of stabilizing the balance of power in Europe. Any mistake in weighing our assets in Europe, such as relying solely upon British revival, as we have done during the two and a half years since V-E Day, will be disastrous. We must take the long view in evaluating the populations, the geographical, natural, and technological resources of all Western Europe, not of Britain alone. In considering the contributions Britain can make to this system, we must give weight to such vital imponderables as her spiritual affinity with Western civilization, her trustworthiness as an ally, her political traditions of freedom. All these factors have weight even in the cold balance sheet of economic and military assets.

But it is no longer possible for 48 million freedom-loving people living on an exposed archipelago to stop a juggernaut of 300 million or more people armed with bombers, rockets, bacterial missiles, and atomic weapons. Britain held the fort in 1940, but the advances of military science since then would make it too risky to count on her doing it again.

The protection of the Western Hemisphere requires the full coöperation of all the free people of Western Europe and the Americas. We must carefully consider where we can obtain the quickest and largest results. What would it avail us to finance the rehabilitation of British coal, textile, and steel industries if, by neglect, Western Germany, France, and Italy were to go Communist, carrying with them all their latent resources? To make decisions on such a hard-boiled, realistic basis, devoid of sentimentalism, will require uncommon understanding of facts, clarity of vision concerning ultimate national interest, and a moral fortitude and decisiveness in bold action which is challenging both to the State Department and to Congress.

4

WE ARE now witnessing one of the epochal shifts in the currents of world history, as momentous as the crumbling of the Roman Empire under the onslaught of the Vandals in the fifth century, as serious in its implications as the elimination of the Byzantine Empire by the Ottoman hordes in the fifteenth century. The Roman Empire in the Mediterranean basin, and Byzantium at the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, had stood guard at the gates of Europe protecting the established values of Western civilization, its legal codes, its Christian and humanistic

values inherited from the ancient world, against the attacks of the Persians, the Tatars, the Turks, the Mongols, and the Moors. Once they went down, it took centuries of serfdom throughout the Dark Ages, and countless bloody struggles over five hundred years, for Europe to regain a semblance of order and to establish respect for the individual and his spiritual values.

The British people played a decisive role in the establishment of this order, and made vital contributions to the progress of human freedom. They also stood guard at the gates of Europe, at the Bosphorus and Suez and Gibraltar. One need not grant them an accolade of purity in all their purposes, nor commend all their methods, to admit that in the larger movements of history they have played the role of Rome and Byzantium in defense of Western values against the dangers of Oriental penetration of Western Europe, and against the militarism of Napoleon and the barbarities of Hitler. The dark blemishes of Britain's colonial policy must be cleansed somewhat in the judgment of history by her contribution to the development of free institutions.

Britain's difficulties have made the European front fluid, and no "fraternal association" will change that instability. Only a wider European concert, with Britain an honored member, can fix the frontiers long enough to permit a negotiated settlement, and make the United Nations a working organization. In such a working concert, with Britain, Italy, France, Western Germany, Belgium, and Holland, there would be over 200 million people, with the highest aptitudes and a potentially large productive capacity. It is the leadership of this group, under democratic sponsorship, to higher plateaus of economic achievement that promises stability of the European front. In the long run this will prove to be for the security and well-being of Britain also.

What should Britain do to help herself? One thing is certain: her primary problem now is self-support. Having lost about a quarter of the means of payment for foreign purchases, Britain must produce more and sell more abroad than ever before. To achieve this, she must modernize much of her productive resources. It will take a long period of self-abnegation, large investments, and probably twenty years of intensive application.

The basic fact is that Britain is overpopulated for her present resources in agriculture and industry. Complaints about shortage of labor must not be misconstrued. That is a symptom rather than a cause of Britain's plight. There is a shortage of labor because the productivity in both agriculture and industry is so low that it takes three, four, or five times more labor to produce a given quantity of goods than in the technologically up-to-date countries.

Once Britain has modernized her productive

plant, she will be confronted with unemployment, and not shortage of labor. It is the part of wisdom, if her standard of living is not to be depressed, to plan a program of emigration to the Dominions, to Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. Better this than let the specter of Malthus wield the wand. There is evidence that British emigration may be just as welcome as British manufactures in some of the Dominions.

The British Isles are better able to support 30 million people with modern equipment than 48 millions. This has its political advantages too. If Britain's strategic position is weakened, larger British populations in the periphery of the Eurasian heartland may be a help to the United States and to Britain's own security. And industry located in those faraway places would be safer.

What should be our policy relative to Britain's needs? It is obvious that we have erred in our evaluation of the British economic position, or else we could not have expected 3.75 billion dollars (whose purchasing power is diminished by our inflation) to last four years and accomplish regeneration of British industry and liberalization of foreign trade.

We must be more tolerant of British economic policy, therefore, and allow a generous time interval during which Britain can make preferential agreements and work out a scheme whereby such preferment may be terminated as costs of production go down to a competitive basis. As of today, Britain could not survive in a free-trade world.

It will cost us less to allow Britain the foibles of Empire preference than to subsidize the inefficiency of present British industry or the unemployment that may result because of British inability to compete in open markets.

One further remedy we could offer the British: a unilateral reduction of tariffs on some of their commodities which we could well absorb, such as woolen clothing and pottery. The Kansas farmer, wishing to sell his wheat to Britain, had better develop a taste for British fabrics. The most direct way of putting dollars into British hands to buy our wheat, meat, cheese, eggs, and canned goods is to "Buy British." As a creditor nation, we must learn this lesson. The only alternative is to give our wealth away, at the expense of the taxpayer.

Lest there be a misconception that the principal concern here is to line up with Britain, or Germany, or any other country against the U.S.S.R., it must be emphasized that the United States wants first, the preservation of peace, and second, the security of the Western Hemisphere. All the suggestions with regard to the stabilization of the present lines in Europe, and the role that Britain can play in it, are made with the conviction that they will prevent universal explosion. That, I submit, is in the interest of Russia and England and the United States and of all humanity.



When GEORGE S. PATTON, JR., graduated from West Point in 1909, he was Adjutant of his class and a leading athlete in track, horsemanship, swimming, and target shooting. He was our tank expert in 1917-1918 and despite a serious wound proved the leadership which was to make him the most feared army commander in the Second World War. These letters, written to Frederick Ayer, are the affectionate record of a commander who was eager, audacious, proud of his men, wryly humorous, and implacable towards the enemy.

GENERAL PATTON'S WAR LETTERS

From Africa, Sicily, France, and Germany

[War Department, Washington, D.C.]

Oct. 20, 1942

For reasons of official secrecy, this will not be mailed for some time. Probably by the time you get it you will have read in the papers where I am and if I still AM.

In spite of my faults you have always treated me as a real brother and I have felt that way towards you. I do appreciate all you have been and done to and for me. My admiration for you as a man is without limit. You also have my devoted love as have all your family.

The job I am going on is about as desperate a venture as has ever been undertaken by any force in the world's history. We will have to meet and defeat superior numbers on a coast where one can only land 60 per cent of the time. So my proverbial luck will have to be working all out. However, I have a convinced belief that I will succeed. If I don't I shall not survive a second Donquixote (if that is how you spell it). Of course there is the off-chance that political interests may help and we shall have, at least initially, a pushover. Personally I would rather have to fight—it would be good practice. However, in any event we will eventually have to fight and fight hard and probably for years. Those of us who come back will have had some interesting experiences.

And further, when we get back we will have a hell of a job on our hands. I should like to have a crack at the latter part. So far as Bea and the children are concerned, I know that under your supervision they could not be better off.

I am enclosing a sealed letter to Bea which you are only to give her when and if I am definitely reported dead. I expect you to keep it a long time. Letters even to me will probably be censored, so avoid political and financial statements you don't want others to read.

This all sounds very gloomy, but is not really so

bad. All my life I have wanted to lead a lot of men in a desperate battle; I am going to do it; and at fifty-six one can go with equanimity—there is nothing much one has not done. Thanks to you and Bea, I have had an exceptionally happy life. "Death is as light as a feather; reputation for valor is as heavy as a mountain."

Very affectionately,

G. S. PATTON, JR.

[Headquarters Western Task Force,
Office of Commanding General, Casablanca]

Dec. 16, 1942

After the gloomy letter I wrote you upon leaving, this is somewhat of a comedown; that is, nothing very violent happened. We did have some very nice fighting while it lasted, although personally I was much safer during the fighting than I am in an airplane. In fact the night before last I nearly ended my career in one.

We got caught in a very violent storm, could not find the ground, and the radio went out, and we could not locate a place to land. After flying around for about an hour and a half, shooting off flares, we finally saw the airport through a hole in the clouds and practically dived into it. However, the boy piloting the plane made a perfect landing in mud up to the hubs of the wheels.

Last week I went up to the Tunisian Front for a day's shooting or being shot at. I saw Johnny Waters [his son-in-law], who has done the outstanding job of any young officer, but I fear he is in a position where his career is not apt to continue. Even his luck cannot hold forever.

This is great country for photography as everything is queer. You meet camels, burros, horses, and Arabs on the same road with tanks and self-propelled artillery. You see palaces and hovels side by side. Everywhere there are violent contrasts, even in the cloud effects.

[Headquarters I Armored Corps,
Office of Commanding General, Casablanca]

Feb. 21, 1943

I had five days with the British 8th Army [in Tripoli] and learned a lot, both of what to do and what to avoid. We flew for several hours over the true desert — just a sea of dusty brown sand — not any vegetation at all. I got pretty sleepy and had just dozed off when all the machine guns in the plane let go at once. It scared the life out of me. I found out that they do it from time to time to see that all guns function.

Coming back [they flew over the German lines] we got caught in a storm and just missed a mountain. Actually, the tip of our right wing made the trees wave. The only consolation is that at 200 miles an hour it would not have hurt much or long.

I killed a huge pig recently. He was within 20 feet of me, coming straight on when I hit him. He fell on my right foot, but was stone-dead. These expanding slugs are bad stuff. I should like to hit a man with one.

[Headquarters I Armored Corps,
Office of Commanding General, Rabat]

March 2, 1943

By the time you get this you will have probably heard that John Waters is missing in action. His battalion was cut off during the German attack of February 16. They were holding a small hill. John stayed back with 150 men to cover their withdrawal and has not been heard of since. However, there is still a chance that he may have escaped as from time to time a few men of this detachment get back.

General Eisenhower, with whom I just talked on the telephone, considered his action one of the finest performed in this war and has given him the Distinguished Service Cross for it. He is further going to speak about John in his broadcast on March 14, on the occasion of the Annual West Point Dinner, so if you get this letter in time, which is highly doubtful, you had better listen in.

General Eisenhower did speak about Johnny Waters, and in ringing words, which were broadcast from General Headquarters in Algiers, he said: —

One month ago tonight an American detachment held a high hill above the Faïd Pass in Central Tunisia. It was commanded by Johnny Waters, a West Pointer of the Class of '31. He was ordered to hold that hill.

He then had been engaged for three months in almost continuous battle, in every hour of which he lived up to the glowing prophecies made concerning him from the first day that he began his career at West Point.

At first light on February 14, the enemy poured in around his flanks and quickly he was surrounded by hostile mechanized forces. Undismayed, he carried on. For two nights and days he repulsed every attempt of the Hun to dent his position. Then

the Corps Commander directed Waters to bring his troops back through the darkness to join the main American force. Efficiently and rapidly he organized for the withdrawal. His troops came out with 150 prisoners and joined the main body, while Johnny Waters — as you would expect — stayed with a small detachment to cover the retirement. His devoted men wanted all to stay until he himself could depart, but he had made them soldiers that obeyed orders instantly.

Since that moment we have not heard of Johnny Waters and his men. Wherever he is, whatever his fate, his example and his whole career typify the kind of service that West Point has a right to expect of her graduates. He knew his job and he devoted his full energies and his whole spirit to its execution.

If that spirit and example are characteristic today of West Pointers in every duty to which assigned, then our Alma Mater is a shining symbol of that Americanism that will win this war — definitely and conclusively. If there could be granted to me now an answer to just one prayer, it would be this: "God, let me, in my post, do my duty to my country as well as Johnny Waters did in his".

On the same broadcast General Patton made this salient comment about the need for discipline: —

Of all the things West Point gives us, nothing is so important as the training we get in discipline, because discipline demands and produces alertness, instant obedience, and self-confidence. At the terrific tempo of mechanized war, lackadaisical men, lacking in self-confidence and slow to obey, are lost. And we, who lead in battle and fail to demand and secure the type of discipline we learned at West Point, are both murderers and suicides.

[Headquarters II Corps in the Field
Tunisian Front, Gafsa]

April 1, 1943

We have been in a hell of a battle now since the 17th. This morning I lost Dick Jenson, whom you know, by way of an air bomb. Last night they bombed us here and expect to get worse tonight. On the other hand, our anti-aircraft shot down six JU-88s today, which is always a great help. So far, we have taken better than 2500 prisoners and between 25 and 30 cannon, and have also accounted for 30 tanks. Of course, we have paid for this. Every day we expect the situation to change materially and every day it gets back into a dog-fight.

I have not yet heard from either of the Bea's, about the disappearance of Johnny, nor about the fact that he is definitely reported a prisoner.

This is the dirtiest place I have ever been. It was built by the Arabs and occupied by the French and then by the Italians. Every part of it smells like a very old toilet and most of it is. You cannot drink any of the water, eat any of the fruit; or use any of the latrines. If and when I get back to America, I am going to build myself a large bathroom and live in it.

[*Headquarters II Corps in the Field
Tunisian Front, Gafsa*]

April 10, 1943

I had a nice legal question this afternoon: Is a nurse guilty of conduct prejudicial to good order of military discipline if she has a baby in the theater of war, said baby appearing in a time insufficient to have been developed outside the continental limits of the U.S.? My point is that being in such a condition, she had no business coming to war and I am going to try her. This may be as important as the Dred Scott case in jurisprudence.

We have just terminated, or rather did on the 7th, a 23-day battle in which we were completely successful and inflicted really grueling losses on the enemy together with the capture of some 4000 prisoners, 70 guns, and about 100 machine guns. It was quite a show while it lasted and our soldiers displayed a truly remarkable fortitude. It makes you proud to be an American. This morning I went over the battlefield from the enemy's viewpoint and I am not surprised that it took so long, but I am truly astonished that we could do it at all. The effect of our artillery, of which we had 30 batteries, was really appalling, but the fact that the whole area is covered with contact mines makes walking over it very irksome.

[*Casablanca*]

April 21, 1943

In this last show, my car got hit while I was in it. A 155 shell hit the spot I had been sitting on two minutes after I had left it, and another salvo threw mud all over me. An Arab just missed me [he was fired at by an Arab on the Sidi-bou-Zid road] — unfortunately, I missed him, etc. I also forgot to say that on two occasions, enemy planes pursued me down the road, which is a form of sport I am not interested in. Also, in going through a mine field, I got through all right, but the next vehicle blew up. I was in the first vehicle. This is enough of self-advertisement.

[*Headquarters Gen. Patton's Sicilian Task
Force, later the 7th Army, Mostaganem*]

May 5, 1943

Your letter of April 6 reached me just a month after mailing. In it you say, "I expect before this reaches you, you and Montgomery will have joined forces." As a matter of fact, we did link up with Montgomery about 4.00 o'clock in the afternoon of the 7th, which is the day after you wrote.

I was two vehicles from the head of the advanced guard when we were within a mile of Montgomery's left flank group but did not know it, and so many people were telling me how dangerous it was to be up there and urging me to go back that I finally stopped. If I had kept on half an hour more, I would have run into the 12th Lancers which were his left unit.

We had a little more fighting but finally cleaned up the whole situation on the 12th. Since that time I have been connected with something bigger and

better which will not materialize for a while yet, and about which I cannot talk. However, if you remember the remark of Peter Pan, you will have to believe in the same thing when it does happen.

From what I hear of the German treatment of American prisoners, Johnny will not have too bad a time, but he will get even thinner than he was when I last saw him.

I think that the publicity I have been getting, a good deal of which is untrue and the rest of it ill-considered, has done me more harm than good. The only way you get on in this profession is to have the reputation of doing what you are told as thoroughly as possible. So far I have been able to accomplish that, and I believe have gotten quite a reputation from not kicking at peculiar assignments.

In this last show I was put in command of more thousand men than your Father was old at his death [Mr. Ayer lived to be 95], ten days before moving into battle under circumstances very unfavorable to both me and them. However, by the use of very violent and somewhat brutal methods, everything came out all right.

One thing which was tremendously impressed on me was the magnificent optimism and ability to live under horrible circumstances possessed by the American soldier. The only quality which he does not have is that of being a fanatic. This is a big disadvantage to us as we are fighting fanatics.

I am trying to think of some method analogous to the one Cromwell used when he created the new model army, of making our men more fanatical.

As an example, some of our engineers brought me in an Arab and a burro. The burro had panniers full of German mines and covered with a little grass. I asked them why they hadn't buried him. They said that he was still alive. I said, "Well, go ahead and bury him," but they said, "General, he is alive." "Well," I said, "that can be corrected." It probably was. But when you think these men were being blown up by a dirty skunk like that and they showed no animosity against him, it is very interesting.

You mention the fact that the bomb that got Jensen might have been close to me. As a matter of fact, it wasn't. We had to put on a tank attack in nothing flat, and in order to create a staff for it on the spur of the moment, I had to pick up officers from anywhere. Jensen was one of these.

They had gone up the road about 20 miles of difficult fighting and had established command posts under a cut bank. They had three big radio sets working and made the mistake of not moving the command post about every four hours. The result was, in my opinion, that the Germans intercepted on the three radios and figured that it must be something big and so deliberately sent 12 bombers — I believe they were JU-88s — to wipe it out.

They dropped about thirty-six 500-pound bombs

and only killed three men and wounded several others.

The bomb that caught Jenson was within a foot of his slit trench and the concussion killed him. There wasn't a hole in him, but he was perfectly dead. He never knew what hit him.

General Bradley, the Deputy Corps Commander, was in the next trench, not five yards away, and wasn't hurt.

Another man sitting in a tank was killed by concussion, and the tank was somewhat damaged in its electrical appliances, but was not materially injured.

It is rather interesting how you get used to death. I have had to go to inspect the troops every day, in which case you run a very good chance—or I should say a reasonable chance—of being bombed or shot at from the air, and shelled or shot at from the ground.

I had the same experience every day, which is for the first half hour the palms of my hands sweat and I feel very depressed. Then, if one hits near you, it seems to break the spell and you don't notice them any more. Going back in the evenings over the same ground and at a time when the shelling and bombing is usually heavier, you become so used to it you never think about it.

It is about the same mental attitude that I have in the New York Horseshow. The first time I ride over the jumps, I am scared. By the end of the week, it is simply routine.

I think this is the reason that veteran troops have such an advantage over green ones. They think more clearly under fire. In fact, the green ones do not think at all, but our troops are getting to be considerable veterans. I think the battle of El Guettar, in which the same troops attacked continuously for 22 days, is the longest battle in history—at least in which the same troops continuously participated. It is so far as my reading goes anyway.

I have appointed your friend Charlie Codman as Aide in place of Jenson. He possesses many qualities desirable in an Aide, including his ability with languages. In one of these big headquarters, and this is getting pretty big and will be almost three times bigger in the next show, one has to have a person of literary accomplishments to look after incoming and outgoing dispatches and see that the right things are done.

I think I wrote Bea about our medical service, which is really wonderful. In one hospital, which I inspected daily, 3900 cases passed through with only 25 deaths. Four of these died before they got to the hospital and most of the others died under operation. One man who survived was given 24 raw blood transfusions in 12 hours. The soldiers in the rear areas were really fine about donating blood. At this particular hospital, 20 men volunteered to go up every day and be tapped.

[Headquarters Gen. Patton's Sicilian Task Force, Mostaganem]

June 9, 1943

I don't remember Lieutenant Marshall, but any artillery observer usually has a front seat. The picture of me that came out in the papers, sitting on top of a hill with a telephone near me, was from an artillery observer's position, and from that place we actually watched the enemy get within about 350 yards, at which point we got him with artillery and destroyed him.

Your suspicions as to my future activities are probably correct, but you are very wise to only mention them as suspicions, and I have to observe the same lack of candor in commenting on them.

It is a strange thing that when the fellow told me as a Cadet that I should be hung for rape at 84, the thought has always been rather reassuring—not so much the cause of the death as the length of time to which it was postponed.

In any of these fights, a general officer who does his duty has got to expose himself. Otherwise, he cannot look himself in the face and order men to do things that he is afraid to do himself. I am sure that whatever success I have had has resulted from my adherence to this belief, and if you will study history, you will find that with the exception of the War of 1870 and the one of 1914-18, the successful generals have always obeyed this rule and have in a large measure survived.

The most striking examples occur in naval history and are well described in Mahan's famous book, *Lord Nelson and the Rise of the British Navy*.

I suppose you have seen in the papers that my friend Noguès is out. So far as I was concerned, he played perfectly straight with me, and I believe that our mutual agreement was a great service to the country in a time of considerable stress. However, he belonged to the wrong party and had to go.

Save up a good drink, preferably a cocktail, of which I have only tasted three in the last 8 months, to drink when and if you read about me in the paper.

Also, and this is off the record so far as Bea is concerned, if I should conk, I do not wish to be disinterred after the war. It would be more pleasant to my ghostly future to lie among my soldiers than to rest in the sanctimonious precincts of a civilian cemetery. Arlington is certainly out. However, don't worry about this because I have no idea of departing this life.

[Mostaganem]

June 15, 1943

It is indeed impossible for us to contemplate the state of mind of men who will go on strike and thereby endanger not only national victory but the lives of their own relations. I cannot understand such behavior, nor, so far as I can judge from the conversation of the troops, can they.

However, I did get quite a thrill out of the troops whom we looked at, particularly some of the new arrivals. They are really a magnificent group of

men of which any country should be proud. It is my sincere belief that our troops now are as good and probably better than any in the world. At least we Americans have personally beaten the two best German divisions, so that anything else they should ever happen to bring against us will be second-rate in comparison.

[Headquarters 7th Army, Palermo]

July 5, 1943

This letter will be mailed after D-Day, which is some time in the future. As I wrote you before the African landing, it is not a good-bye, as the higher ranking I get the less chance I have to do any real fighting. However, one can always take a long swim, and swimming in oily water, which is on fire, is not healthy.

It seems to be certain that a number of us will go down; although a good many less than we probably anticipate. In any event, we will have plenty of men when we get ashore to lick anything we meet, and our soldiers now are really good.

As you will have read in the papers, I am now commanding the 7th Army. It is actually not a great deal bigger than what I commanded in Tunisia, but will continue to grow until it is quite sizable.

If you read in the papers that I have been killed, wait till you get a War Department confirmation, because I have a great many lives, and at the moment do not feel at all dead; in fact, I am looking forward with a lot of pleasure to some very good excitement.

However, in the event that the War Department does announce that I have passed on, you can give the letter for Bea, which I wrote you last October, to her. Otherwise, keep it for future eventualities.

If we should not meet again until we get to the other side, I am assured on credible authority that the heavenly foxes are fast, the heavenly hounds keen, the fog-bank fences high and soft, and the landings firm. The horses of the sun have always been celebrated. "Whoop Ho! for a kill in the open!"

[Sicily]

August 6, 1943

Your letter of July 9th with the P.S. of July 12 just came. That was great news and at almost the same time came the news that we have taken a town that we have been attacking for three days, so I feel pretty good, especially as Bernard [General Montgomery] had wired me that he was coming to my assistance. Now he don't need to. We are having a horse race who will get the last big town first — it will be a close match, but I hope to beat him and so make a clean sweep.

This is a truly horrid country in climate, fleas, mosquitoes, sand bugs, mountains, and inhabitants.

Sergeant George Meeks, my colored orderly, has

it sized up pretty well; he says, "When you and me commanded the 5th Cavalry, them Mexicans was mighty low; then when we got to Morocco, the Arabs was worse; then when we commanded the 2d Corps in Tunisia, that was worse yet; but when we got back to Algeria, that was the bottom. Now here we is, commanding a army and these natives is lower than the bottom!" He is about right.

[Palermo]

September 26, 1943

Ever since I got to Sicily I have been going to Catholic churches largely for political reasons but also as a means of worshipping God, because I think He is quite impartial as to the form in which He is approached.

This morning I went to the Episcopal Church and for the first time in my life found it crowded with American soldiers and sailors. I had very strange feelings in watching the faces and types of men who went to Communion.

There were men with the shoulder patch of the 9th Division beside aviator ground crews who had never fired a shot or been in danger. There was an Irish Guardsman and a Navy cook; a 6' 2" Coldstream Guard kneeling beside a little runt from the 1st Division who, to my certain knowledge, had killed a dozen men. It was a very strange mixture. Whether it is faith or superstition I do not know, but certainly it comes out in war and is coming out faster all the time.

I had all the non-Catholic Chaplains in the other day and gave them hell for having uninteresting services. I am convinced that man does not want to be preached to on the Divinity of Christ or the efficacy of prayer — certainly not preached to for half an hour. I told them that I was going to relieve any preacher who talked more than ten minutes on any subject. I will probably get slapped down by the Church Union, but I am absolutely right.

Every once in a while I become completely amused at the amount of formality accorded me, particularly when I think that within a reasonable time I will be riding a solitary bicycle from Green Meadows to Hamilton. Now when I go abroad, the sirens of motorcycles scream, armored cars pursue me, and to cap the climax, the other day I went on a private train on a private railway with a pilot train ahead of me to see that the rails were not mined, and a second pilot behind me to see that some malign influence did not jam into my sacred rear. When we stopped for lunch, soldiers sprang from bushes to patrol the sides of the track.

As I say, it was very amusing and I know that it accounts for the stuffiness of many generals. As long as I can see the funny side of it, perhaps I am safe.

(To be continued)

SERENADE

On and on and on
The forthright catadoup
Shouts at the stone-deaf stone;
Over and over again,
Singly or as a group,
Weak diplomatic men
With a small defiant light
Salute the threatening night.

With or without a mind,
Chafant or outwardly calm,
Each thing has an axe to grind
And exclaims its matter of fact;
The careful child with charm
Or a sudden opprobrious act,
The tiger, the griping fern,
Extort the world's concern.

All, all have rights to declare,
Not one is man enough
To be simply publicly there
With no private emphasis;
So my embodied love,
That like most feeling is
Half humbug and half true,
Asks neighborhood from you.

W. H. AUDEN

Lobbying

SUMNER WELLES served with distinction in our Department of State for twenty-eight years. On his graduation from Harvard he became Secretary of our embassy at Tokyo and then at Buenos Aires. There he began to specialize in the work which was to make him a leader in our Good Neighbor Policy. He was Assistant Chief of Latin American Affairs, Commissioner to the Dominican Republic, mediator in the Honduras revolution in 1924, our Ambassador to Cuba at a time of trouble, and our leading delegate to many inter-American conferences. He resigned as Under Secretary of State in 1943.

PRESSURE GROUPS AND FOREIGN POLICY

by SUMNER WELLES

1

THE lobbyists have staged a comeback. They have been having a field day in Washington. The corridors of the Capitol have been illuminated by their smiles. And the smiles are justified. Not since the days of the Hawley-Smoot Tariff Act have the privileged interests they represent been able to exercise so dominating an influence. Not since the enactment of that fatal measure has the Congress favored legislation which so gravely jeopardizes our national interest.

The lessons to be learned from the results of our economic policy during the years between 1921 and 1933 are being quickly forgotten. The public memory is short, particularly at a time of apparent prosperity. Yet if there was ever any clear-cut demonstration of the damage done to the structure of our modern civilization by the abandonment of those liberal trade policies whose observance by the major European powers was so largely responsible for the peaceful and prosperous world in which we lived at the dawn of the twentieth century, that demonstration is to be found in the effects of the trade and financial practices of the United States after the First World War. They helped to bring on the world depression of the nineteen-thirties. They played no small part in stimulating the growth of those conditions which led to the Second World War.

Two years have passed since V-J Day. Only a few remember these lessons of the recent past. If the present trend persists, we may anticipate a return to precisely the same policies of economic isolation as those of the decades after the Treaty of Versailles.

In 1921 our allies owed us vast war debts. At the same time Germany had agreed to pay them reparations over a period of many years. There was no way in which either of these two sets of obligations could be paid except in gold, in goods, or in services. With the United States already the world's greatest creditor nation, only a small part of these debts

could be paid in gold. Unless the creditor nations were willing to accept goods and services from their debtors in discharge of a major part of their obligations, the impoverishment of the debtor countries, and a general default, could not long be postponed.

At that juncture the United States embarked upon a policy of economic as well as political isolation. It demanded the payment in gold of the Allied debts. Yet it repeatedly raised its tariffs so that the debtor nations could not sell their goods in the American market in exchange for gold. While refusing officially to support the Allies in their insistence that Germany should and could pay the reparations due them, it approved the extension of huge credits to Germany by private American interests, although our government knew that these advances were not being used to increase peaceful production for the payment of reparations, but rather for the construction of industries and public works capable of being utilized to prepare the German Reich for a new war of aggression.

So long as the United States refused to allow other countries to sell their goods here, not only were the Allies prevented from paying their debts to this country, but there could also be no healthy increase in production in other parts of the world.

Moreover, since the United States would not buy foreign goods, she could no longer expect to export her own surpluses of agricultural or manufactured goods unless she was willing to lend foreign purchasers the money with which to buy them, and resign herself to the fact that these new loans could not be repaid. And let it be remembered that the export trade of the United States normally accounts for one tenth of our national income.

If foreign countries were unable to sell to this country it was obvious that they would raise their own tariffs, and resort to exchange controls and to every form of trade preference and discrimination, in the hope that they might thereby at least temporarily bolster their own national economies.

Under such conditions the movement of goods between countries rapidly dwindled. International trade was stifled. A world depression was brought on. Unemployment, poverty, and suffering, and ultimately the triumph of totalitarianism were its consequences. The stage was then prepared for the catastrophe of 1939.

We are accustomed to condemn unsparingly the system of imperial trade preferences agreed upon by the British Commonwealth of Nations at Ottawa in 1932, and the autarchic trade policies adopted by so many other nations at that time. It would be more helpful and more honest were we to ask ourselves the measure of responsibility which the United States must accept for the adoption of these practices.

The world situation which the American people today confront is far more ominous than that which faced the victorious powers in 1919. It is true that Lend-Lease has spared us the problem of Allied debts. But now, as then, a large part of the world's accumulated wealth has been destroyed or spent in destruction. Now, as then, much of the initial post-war effort must be devoted to the mere rebuilding of houses, factories, and communications. But this time the reconstruction needs are far larger than they were a quarter of a century ago, for the wastage has been infinitely greater. The peoples of Europe and of the Far East have none of those reserves upon which in 1919 they could still draw. What also renders the task of rehabilitation more difficult this time is the fact that the Soviet Union, which after the First World War was a negative force, has today become not only a most positive force, but a force which until now has, unfortunately, shown every inclination to obstruct rather than to join in the work of reconstruction.

A universal coöperative effort is needed if the world is to recover. If the United States reverts to the policy of economic isolation which it pursued so disastrously after the First World War, we shall have not even the glimmer of any hope for prosperity and for a stable international order in the years to come.

2

THERE is no more striking example of the way in which our predatory interests have recently been able to get our government to supply them with fat subsidies at the expense of the American consumer, and to the prejudice of our foreign policy, than the Sugar Act of 1948, forced through the Congress in the closing hours of the last session.

The domestic sugar industry has long been a potent influence in drafting our tariffs. Whenever legislation affecting sugar comes before Congress, the beet sugar industry of the Middle Western and Rocky Mountain states joins hands with the sugar cane industry of Louisiana and of Florida, and with

the refining interests of the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards. These politically powerful groups have a working agreement with the great banks controlling sugar production in Puerto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines.

It has long been notorious that our own sugar industry is uneconomic. It could not survive except for the subsidies paid to it by the American consumer—directly through compensation handouts, and indirectly through tariff protection. If the American consumer could buy the sugar he needs from Cuba, and from the other sugar-producing areas of the tropics, he would be paying a much lower price.

The combination of these domestic interests in 1930 succeeded, through the Hawley-Smoot Tariff Act, in raising still higher the already exorbitant duties on foreign sugar. Cuba, on the brink of economic depression, and dependent upon her sugar crop for approximately 80 per cent of her national income, was ruined. Most of the Cuban people, and particularly the Cuban workers, were reduced to starvation. The Hawley-Smoot Tariff Act was the chief cause of the social and political upheavals which subsequently afflicted the Republic of Cuba for more than a decade.

The Jones-Costigan Act, sponsored by the Roosevelt administration, and passed by the Congress in 1934, was a constructive and far-sighted attempt to repair the damage done by the special interests responsible for the Hawley-Smoot tariff. The act of 1934 provided for a quota system under which the domestic and territorial producers were allotted an equitable participation in the American market, while Cuba was also given her fair share, as well as the assurance that if consumption should exceed the estimates upon which the quota allocations had been based, Cuba would be permitted to supply the major part of the additional sugar needed.

A trade agreement was then negotiated which reduced the duty on Cuban sugar. Thus the Cuban producers were enabled to obtain a reasonable profit, and once more to provide employment on fair terms for Cuban labor.

In 1937 the Sugar Act of 1934 was extended for a further period. In the new act the so-called full-duty countries of the Western Hemisphere—primarily Peru and the Dominican Republic, since Cuba was granted a 20 per cent preference after her independence—were also given a share in the American market whenever the sugar consumed here was in excess of the annual quota estimates.

The sugar legislation in force during the past fourteen years, by providing a guarantee of an assured market at a fair profit, saved the domestic industry from extinction, as our American sugar producers well know. But it also served the American consumer by preventing the further expansion of an uneconomic industry at the expense of the public. It restored prosperity to the Cuban people,

and raised the national incomes of the other American republics which could now sell some of their sugar in this market.

The benefits which the people of the United States secured through this legislation were by no means limited to lower sugar prices, nor to the satisfaction derived from altruism.

Cuba is one of the greatest foreign markets for American exports. Cuba not only buys our manufactured goods; in times of normal prosperity Cuba has also been buying an increasingly large amount of our agricultural products such as lard and rice. But unless Cuba can sell us at a fair profit at least half of the sugar she produces, she cannot pay for the exports she would otherwise buy from the United States.

The influence which the pressure groups were able to exercise in drafting the Sugar Act of 1948 has eliminated the advantages which the American consumer and the peoples of Cuba, Peru, and the Dominican Republic secured from the earlier legislation. Domestic interests have given themselves a share in the American market larger than the total amount of sugar the domestic industry has ever yet been able to produce in any one year. We may be sure that they will press for a still larger share later on.

Such full-duty countries as Peru and the Dominican Republic are now deprived of any chance to sell here. The new act gives Cuba a quota that is less than one half of the amount Cuba has sold us in recent years. To make matters worse, a provision which was inserted in the bill threatens Cuba with a still greater reduction in the amount of sugar she can sell in the United States unless she agrees to pay the claims of a few large American corporations.

Public opinion in the United States does not yet appreciate the impact which all this is having upon our inter-American relations. The inter-American system did not grow up solely because of the political features of our Good Neighbor Policy. It developed because this Government between 1933 and 1946 was willing also to undertake a policy of economic and financial coöperation with the other American republics, and to buy from them as well as to sell to them. The Hawley-Smoot Tariff Act, to the Latin Americans, symbolized our total disregard for their legitimate interests and for their welfare. Had our previous economic policy, as well as our previous interventionist policy, not been reversed in 1933, there would be no inter-American system today.

The economic condition of every one of the Latin American nations is becoming increasingly precarious. They see no sign of any early reconstruction of Europe, where they have always sold a large percentage of their exports. They are faced with rising inflation. Consumers goods and capital goods are in short supply. Development programs cannot

be carried out unless industrialization can be expedited. The dollar reserves they had accumulated during the war will be generally exhausted before the end of the current year. It was for these reasons that so concerted an effort was made by the Latin republics at the Rio Conference to persuade the United States to agree to an inter-American economic program of reciprocal assistance.

Under such conditions the passage of the Sugar Act of 1948 has had disastrous repercussions. It has been regarded throughout the Hemisphere as an indication that the United States is abandoning its coöperative policy toward Latin America and that economic decisions in Washington are once more being made by the same privileged interests that wrote the Hawley-Smoot Act.

3

THE extent to which the lobbies are hamstringing this Government in its attempt to achieve the major objectives of its foreign policy is becoming daily more glaring.

It has become axiomatic to most Americans that the preservation of the British Commonwealth of Nations is essential to the security of the United States and to the maintenance of some form of free enterprise system in the world. The Marshall Plan, the credits already extended to Great Britain, and recognition by this Government that further assistance to London will be necessary so that Britain may emerge from her present collapse are all concrete evidence that the preservation of the British Commonwealth of Nations has properly become a cardinal principle in American foreign policy.

That a majority of the colonies held under the Empire will soon become autonomous nations is apparent. That transformation, however, would strengthen rather than weaken the British Commonwealth were it to increase and not diminish the number of its independent and component democracies, all of them sharing on equal terms with the United Kingdom in the obligations and responsibilities which their partnership involves. Should any of the individual members of the Commonwealth be so shaken by the world crisis as to suffer political or social changes leading to their secession and to their alignment with the authoritarian states, the prejudicial effect of such developments upon the future of the United States would be incalculable.

It would, therefore, seem logical for this Government, in its trade relations with the Commonwealth nations, to adopt measures designed to strengthen their national economies; to increase rather than to lessen the means by which they can secure the dollars they so urgently require.

The prosperity of Australia and New Zealand depends largely upon the profitable sale of their wool to Britain and the United States. Yet, had it not

been for a Presidential veto, the Congress in June would have enacted legislation imposing an import tax, in addition to the existing duty, on wool produced in Australia and New Zealand, and would thereby have seriously restricted, if not abolished, the opportunity of these countries to sell their chief export in this market. If the Congress had had its way the blow to the economies of both countries, already greatly strained by the war and by post-war difficulties, would have been shattering. The effect upon public opinion in those two Commonwealth nations can be imagined. The action of the Congress undermined the very real feeling of friendship which had grown up during the war, and did much to check the growing desire on the part of the peoples of both dominions for closer relations with the United States.

Yet here again, in order to provide still fatter subsidies to a single American industry — an industry which cannot supply the various qualities of wool we need nor the total quantity we need, and an industry capable of prospering without further benefits at the expense of the American consumer — the pressure groups in Washington were able to force a majority in the Congress to vote for a measure wholly at variance with one of the most vital objectives in our foreign policy.

4

THE greatest immediate domestic threat to our foreign policy is to be found in the determination of a large number of Republicans and a few Democrats to amend the Trade Agreements Act so as to permit the Congress to nullify in future trade agreements tariff concessions made by the Executive.

For thirteen years the Trade Agreements Act has stood out as the one enlightened and constructive achievement in the field of international trade relations. It has been a beacon in an economic world darkened by autarchy, trade discriminations, and every other kind of impediment to the free flow of commerce between nations.

If the Congress amends the act as proposed, our liberal commercial policy, which has proved itself to be of immeasurable value to American labor, industry, and agriculture, and which has contributed so much toward keeping international trade alive, will go by the board. Unless the delegation of powers to the Executive granted in the original Trade Agreements Act is continued, the State Department will be prevented from negotiating agreements providing for the continued reduction of barriers to trade between the United States and foreign countries. For if foreign governments are now to be warned that every tariff concession granted by the American Executive may subsequently be canceled by the Congress, what incentive would there be for them to grant corresponding reductions in their own tariffs? If the suggested

amendment is adopted, we shall return to the old system of Congressional logrolling, and the people of the United States will then see the speedy erection of a new tariff wall around the United States quite as high as that raised in 1930.

The Marshall Plan has rightly been heralded as the one method so far proposed by which some advance might be made in the economic reconstruction of Western Europe, and by which the social and political collapse of the European democracies could be prevented.

The implications in the Marshall Plan and in the program formulated by the sixteen countries of Western Europe that responded to the suggestions offered in it were clear. The United States, in its own self-interest, would help Western Europe to reach a higher level of production: a level of production sufficient to provide a greater proportion of Europe's needs, and sufficient to enable Europe, either by selling to us the commodities which she produces and which we need here, or through the operation of triangular trade operations in which the United States would take part, to obtain the dollars required to buy in the dollar area the foodstuffs, raw materials, and manufactured goods which she has to import in order to live and to produce. Unless Europe is permitted thus to procure these additional dollars she needs she cannot recover.

If the pressure groups succeed in their efforts to raise American tariff rates, and to impose other obstacles to the importation of foreign goods, the help we may give Western Europe under the Marshall Plan will prove to be money thrown down the drain. The proposed economic and social reconstruction of Western Europe would be impossible. Whatever hopes the American farmer and the American manufacturer may today possess for the expansion, or even the maintenance, of their export trade must be then abandoned.

It is unfortunate that our State and Commerce Departments should have done so little to make these simple truths clear to American public opinion.

The economic and financial features of our foreign policy are being handled by officials of varying schools of thought. One group is composed of exponents of the principles of the liberal trade policies of the nineteenth century. The theoretical validity of their beliefs is unimpeachable. But they do not seem to be aware of the fact that in a desperately sick world such as we now live in, the immediate application of these classic principles in their entirety may accentuate the ills from which the world's economy is suffering.

The rigidity of our negotiators was shown by the terms upon which they insisted when the original credit was granted to Great Britain. As the price of making that loan our negotiators demanded that pounds be made freely convertible into dollars in all international transactions after one year, and

that Britain should not reduce her imports from the United States without making proportionate reductions in her purchases from other countries.

In a normal and peaceful world such demands on our part would have been altogether desirable if currency restrictions and preferential arrangements were to be eliminated from international trade. Yet our insistence upon these terms, when conditions in every part of the world outside of the Western Hemisphere were altogether abnormal and when Britain could not find outside of the sterling area a market sufficient for the volume of exports upon which her recovery depends, can only be compared to feeding an ailing baby with beefsteak and raw brandy. Such a diet may be tonic for a healthy adult. But it will be bound to kill a sick child.

Now, less than two years after our credit was extended, the United States has reluctantly been compelled to agree to suspend the operation of the terms exacted. But in return for this relaxation of the original terms, it froze the dollars still available to Britain under the credit, and this at the very moment when Britain has a deficit of \$2,800,000,000 in her balance of foreign payments and when this dollar balance is indispensable if the British are not to be forced to use up the last small reserves they possess.

Our negotiators failed accurately to estimate the significance of the underlying factors in Britain's tragic crisis.

Britain is producing more for export and for her indispensable home consumption than ever before. Yet the British no longer possess their greatest source of dollars, the returns they received in pre-war days from their investments in dollar countries. They are selling only 15 per cent of their exports to the dollar area, while 40 per cent of their imports have had to be bought within that area. At the same time price inflation in the United States has reduced by one third the purchasing power which our \$3,750,000,000 credit possessed in this market at the time it was granted.

Under such conditions how can the United States expect Great Britain to apply the liberal trade principles of normal times? How can we expect to assist Great Britain to recovery through credits unless we allow her to sell to us a total approximately equal to what she buys from us?

Among the officials who are handling our economic and financial policies are those who seem bent upon overbargaining. In every international negotiation their sole concern appears to be to stimulate the immediate expansion of American exports. Under present world conditions such insistence is grotesque. When the crying need of every country

of the world is more American dollars, for this Government to press further American exports upon countries which cannot pay for them in dollars, particularly at a moment when we are making it increasingly difficult for them to pay for these exports in goods and services, is nothing short of suicidal. It is equally fatal to the rest of the world. And the penalty the United States will pay is that very world depression that the members of the Politburo in Moscow are so avidly anticipating.

Every nation of the world, including the United States, has been living beyond its means. The increased productive effort which the American people have been able successfully to make, safeguarded as they so far have been from the physical destruction resulting from war, has temporarily placed the United States in the position of being the one country which can still maintain its high standard of living and at the same time supply the essential needs of a great part of the rest of the world.

But this cannot continue indefinitely. Our seeming prosperity cannot last unless the impoverished or ruined nations of the world are enabled speedily to increase their own production. No matter how many Marshall Plans may be devised, no matter how many theoretically unassailable principles may be written into the Charter of the International Trade Organization, and no matter how much financial assistance the United States may be able for the time being to hand out to other peoples, increased production in the rest of the world can only be achieved, and can only be maintained, if the United States permits foreign countries to sell to the American consumer an amount equivalent in value to the goods they buy from the United States and to the money lent them by the United States.

This issue underlies every phase of our foreign policy. The objectives of our present policy are the strengthening of the United Nations, the prevention of the imperialistic expansion of the Soviet Union, and the political and social reconstruction of those nations whose economies the war has shattered, so that a peaceful and durable world order may at last be established.

If the American people permit the pressure groups in Washington who represent our subsidized interests so to dominate the Congress as to force this country to pursue an economic policy similar to that followed during the years between 1921 and 1933, not one of these objectives in our foreign policy can be attained. The immense sacrifices which the American people made in the Second World War in life and in treasure would then have been made in vain. There could be no surer means of making the Third World War inevitable.



ROBERT FROST, who has four times been awarded the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry, seems fated to keep on till he has pretty well covered New England, its stone walls, birches, belilacked cellar holes, its characters and weather. In this Masque of Mercy, as in his last year's Masque of Reason, he pays his respects to the Bible. The two are intended to be brought into juxtaposition in the future under the title Two New England Biblicals.

A MASQUE OF MERCY

by ROBERT FROST

CHARACTERS: MY BROTHER'S KEEPER JESSE BEL, his wife PAUL, a doctor JONAS DOVE, a fugitive

*A bookstore late at night. The Keeper's wife
Pulls down the window curtain on the door
And locks the door. One customer, locked in,
Stays talking with the Keeper at a show case.
The Keeper's wife has hardly turned away
Before the door's so violently tried
It makes her move as if to reinforce it.*

Jesse Bel. You can't come in! (*Knock, knock.*) The store is closed!

Paul. Late, late, too late, you cannot enter now.

Jesse Bel. We can't be always selling people things. He doesn't go.

Keeper. You needn't be so stern. Open enough to find out who it is.

Jesse Bel. Keeper, you come and see. Or you come, Paul.
Our second second-childhood case tonight.
Where do these senile runaways escape from?
Wretchedness in a stranger frightens me
More than it touches me.

Paul. You may come in.

Fugitive. (*Entering hatless in a whirl of snow.*)
God's after me!

Jesse Bel. You mean the Devil is.

Fugitive. No, God.

Jesse Bel. I never heard of such a thing.

Fugitive. Haven't you heard of Thompson's Hound of Heaven?

Paul. "I fled Him down the nights and down the days
I fled Him down the arches of the years."

Keeper. This is a bookstore — not a sanctuary.

Jesse Bel. I thought you just now said it was a gift-shop.

Keeper. Don't you be bitter about it. I'm not bitter.

Fugitive. Well, I could use a book.

Keeper. What book?

Fugitive. A Bible.

Keeper. To find out how to get away from God?
Which is what people use it for too often —
And why we wouldn't have one in the store.
We don't believe the common man should read it.
Let him seek his religion in the Church.

Jesse Bel. Keeper, be still. Pay no attention to him.
He's being a religious snob for fun.
The name his mother gave him is to blame
For Keeper's levity, My Brother's Keeper.
She didn't do it to him to be quaint,
But out of politics. She told me so.
She was left over from the Brook Farm venture.

Keeper. Why is God after you? — to save your soul?

Fugitive. No, make me prophesy.

Jesse Bel. And — you — just — won't?

Fugitive. Haven't you noticed anything (hear that!)
Since I came in?

Keeper. Hear what? That army truck?

Fugitive. Look, I don't need the Bible to consult.
I just thought if you had a copy handy,
I could point out my sort of passport in it.

There is a story you may have forgotten
About a whale.

Keeper. Oh, you mean *Moby Dick*
By Rockwell Kent that everybody's reading.
Trust me to help you find the book you want.

Jesse Bel. Keeper, be still. He knows what book he
wants.
He said the Bible.

Fugitive. I should hate to scare you
With the suspicion at this hour of night
That I might be a confidence imposter.
I'm Jonas Dove — if that is any help.

Paul. Which is the same as saying Jonah, Jonah —
Ah, Jonah, Jonah — twice — reproachfully.

Fugitive. Spare me the setting of my fate to music.
How did you know that way to break my heart?
Who are you?

Paul. Who are you?

Jonah. I think you know,
You seem so ready at translating names.
Unless I'm much mistaken in myself
This is the seventh time I have been sent
To prophesy against the city evil.

Keeper. What have you got against the city?

Jonah. He knows.
We have enough against it, haven't we?
Cursed be the era that congested it.

Keeper. Come, come, you talk like an agrarian.
The city is all right. To live in one
Is to be civilized, stay up and read
Or sing and dance all night and see sunrise
By waiting up instead of getting up.
The country's only useful as a place
To rest at times from being civilized.
You take us two, we're losers in this store,
So losers in the city, but we're game:
We don't go back on grapes we couldn't reach.
We blame ourselves. We're good sports, aren't we, Bel?

Jesse Bel. I'm not a sport and don't pretend I am one.
It's only fair to Keeper to inform you
His favorite reading is seed catalogues.
When he gets too agrarian for me
I take to drink — at least I take a drink.

(*She has her own glass in a vacant chair.*)

Paul. She'll take to drink and see how we like that.

Keeper. Bel is a solitary social drinker.
She doesn't mind not offering a drink
To anyone around when she is drinking.

Jesse Bel. We're poor — that's why. My man can't
earn a living.

Keeper. Is it just any city you're against?

Jonah. Yes, but New York will do as an example.

Keeper. Well, you're as good as in New York this
minute —
Or bad as in New York.

Jonah. I know I am.
That was where my engagement was to speak
This very night. I had the hall all hired,
The audience assembled. There I was
Behind the scenes ordained and advertised
To prophesy, and full of prophecy,
Yet could not bring myself to say a word.
I left light shining on an empty stage
And fled to you. But you receive me not.

Keeper. Yes we do too, with sympathy my friend.
Your righteous indignation fizzled out,
Or else you were afraid of being mobbed
If what you had to say was disagreeable.

Jesse Bel. Your courage failed. The saddest thing in
life
Is that the best thing in it should be courage.
Them is my sentiments, and Mr. Flood,
Since you propose it, I believe I will.

Jonah. Please, someone understand.

Paul. I understand

Jonah. These others don't.

Paul. You don't yourself entirely.

Jonah. What don't I understand? It's easy enough.
I'm in the Bible, all done out in story.
I've lost my faith in God to carry out
The threats He makes against the city evil.
I can't trust God to be unmerciful.

Keeper. You've lost your faith in God? How wicked of
you.

Jesse Bel. You naughty kitten, you shall have no pie.

Paul. Keeper's the kind of Unitarian
Who having by elimination got
From many gods to Three and Threë to One.
Thinks why not taper off to none at all,
Except as father putative to sort of
Legitimize the brotherhood of man,
So we can hang together in a strike.

Keeper. Now we are hearing from the Exegete.
You don't know Paul: he's in the Bible too.
He is the fellow who theologized
Christ almost out of Christianity.
Look out for him.

Paul. "Look out for me" is right.
I'm going to tell you something, Jonas Dove.
I'm going to take the nonsense out of you
And give you rest, poor Wandering Jew.

Jonah. I'm not
The Wandering Jew — I'm who I say I am,
A prophet with the Bible for credentials.

Paul. I never said you weren't. I recognized you.
You are the universal fugitive,
Escapist as we say, though you are not
Running away from Him you think you are
But from His mercy-justice contradiction.
Mercy and justice are a contradiction.
But here's where your evasion has an end
I have to tell you something that will spoil
Indulgence in your form of melancholy
Once and for all. I'm going to make you see
How relatively little justice matters.

Jonah. I see what you are up to: robbing me
Of my incentive — cancelling my mission.

Paul. I am empowered to excuse you from it.

Jonah. You! Who are you? I asked you once before.

Jesse Bel. He is our analyst.

Jonah. Your analyst?

Keeper. Who keeps our bookstore annals.

Jesse Bel. Stop it, Keeper.
An analyst's the latest thing in doctors.
He's mine. That's what he is (you asked) — my doctor.
I'm sick.

Jonah. Of what?

Jesse Bel. Oh, everything I guess.
The doctors say the trouble with me is
I'm not in love. I didn't love the doctor
I had before. That's why I changed to Paul —
To try another.

Paul. Jesse Bel's a girl
Whose cure will lie in getting her idea
Of the word love corrected. She got off
To a bad start it seems in the wrong school
Of therapy.

Jesse Bel. I don't love Paul — as yet.

Jonah. How about loving God?

Jesse Bel. You make me shrug.
And I don't love you either, do I, Keeper?

Keeper. Don't lay your hand on me to say it, shameless.
Let me alone.

Jesse Bel. I'm sick. Joe's sick. The World's sick.
I'll take to drink — at least I'll take a drink.

Jonah. My name's not Joe. I don't like what she says.
It's Greenwich Village cocktail party talk —
Big-city talk. I'm getting out of here.
I'm — bound — away (*He quotes it to the tune.*)

Paul. Oh no, you're not. You're staying here tonight.
You locked the door, Bel. Let me have the key.

(*He goes and takes it from the door himself.*)

Jonah. Then I'm a prisoner?

Paul. You are tonight.
We take it you were sent in here for help.
And help you're going to get.

Jonah. I'll break your door down.
Always the same when I set out in flight.
I take the first boat. God puts up a storm
That someone in the crew connects with me.
The sailors throw me overboard for luck,
Or as you might say throw me to the whale —
For me to disagree with him and get spit out
Right back in the same trouble I was in.
You're modern; so the whale you throw me to
Will be some soulless lunatic asylum —
For me to disagree with any science
There may be there and get spit out again.

Jesse Bel. You poor, poor, swallowable little man.

Paul. If you would take the hands out of your hair
And calm yourself. Be sane! I hereby hold
Your forearms in the figure of a cross
The way it rested two points on the ground
At every station but the final one.

Jonah. What good is that?

Paul. I'll make you see what good.

Jonah. I am sick as she says. Nothing exhausts me
Like working myself up to prophesy
And then not prophesying. (*He sits down.*)

Jesse Bel. Can you interpret dreams? I dreamed last
night
Someone took curved nail scissors and snipped off
My eyelids so I couldn't shut my eyes
To anything that happened any more.

Jonah. She's had some loss she can't accept from
God —
Is that it? Some Utopian belief —
Or child, and this is motherly resentment?

Jesse Bel. You look so sleepless. If he'd promise us
To go straight home we wouldn't keep him, would we?
Where are you staying — anywhere in town?

Jonah. Under the bandstand in Suburban Park.

Jesse Bel. Why, what a story. At this time of year
There's not a footprint to it in the snow.

Paul. Jonah, I'm glad, not sad to hear you say
You can't trust God to be unmerciful.
There you have the beginning of all wisdom.

Keeper. One minute, may I, Paul? — before we leave
Religion for these philosophic matters.
That's the right style of coat for prophecy
You're sporting there. I'll bet you're good at it.
Shall it be told we had a prophet captive
And let him get off without prophesying?

Let's have some prophecy. What form of ruin
(For ruin I assume was what it was)
Had you in mind to visit on the city,
Rebellion, pestilence, invasion?

Jonah. Earthquake
Was what I thought of.

Keeper. Have you any grounds,
Or undergrounds, for confidence in earthquake?

Jonah. It's good geology — the Funday Fault,
A fracture in the rocks beneath New York
That only needs a finger touch from God
To spring it like a deadfall and the fault
In nature would wipe out all human fault.
(*He stops to listen.*) That's a mighty storm,
And we are shaken. But it isn't earthquake.
Another possibility I thought of —

(*He stops to listen and his unspoken thought,
Projected from the lantern of his eyes,
Is thrown in script as at Belshazzar's feast
On the blank curtain on the outer door.*)

— Was Babel: everyone developing
A language of his own to write his book in,
And one to cap the climax by combining
All language in a one-man tongue-confusion.

(*He starts to speak, but stops again to listen.
The writing on the screen must change too fast
For any but the rapidiest eye-readers.*)

Suspicion of the income-tax returns,
A question who was getting the most out
Of business, might increase into a madness.
The mob might hold a man up in the streets
And tear his clothes off to examine him
To find if there were pockets in his skin
As in a smuggler's at the diamond fields,
Where he was hoarding more than they enjoyed.

Paul. We can all see what's passing in your mind.
(I won't have Keeper calling it religion.)
It's a hard case. It's got so prophecy
Is a disease of your imagination.
You're so lost in the virtuosity
Of getting up good ruins, you've forgotten
What the sins are men ought to perish for.

Jonah. You wrong me.

Keeper. Well then, name a single sin.

Jonah. Another possibility I thought of —

Jesse Bel. There he goes off into another trance.

Keeper. You stick to earthquake, you have something
there —
Something we'll know we're getting when we get it.

Paul. (*Taking a walk off down the store distressed.*)
Keeper, I'll turn on you if you keep on.

Keeper. If I were in your place though, Mr. Prophet,
I'd want to be more certain I was called

Before I undertook so delicate
A mission as to have to tell New York
'Twas in for an old-fashioned shaking down.
Like the one Joshua gave Jericho.
You wouldn't want the night clubs laughing at you.

Jesse Bel. Or *The New Yorker.*

Keeper. When was the last time
You heard from God — I mean had orders from Him?

Jonah. I'm hearing from Him now, did you but notice.
Don't any of you hear a sound?

Keeper. The storm! —
Merely the windows rattling in the storm.
Trucks going by to war. A war is on.

Jonah. That is no window. That's a show case rattling.
That is your antiques rattling on a shelf.

Jesse Bel. You're doing it.

Jonah. I'm not. How could I be?

Jesse Bel. You're doing something to our minds.

Jonah. I'm not.
Don't you feel something?

Paul. Leave me out of this.
(*He leans away in tolerant distaste.*)

Jonah. And here come all your Great Books tumbling
down!
You see the Lord God is a jealous God!
He wrote one book. Let there be no more written.
How are their volumes fallen!

Keeper. Only one!

Jonah. Hold on there. Leave that open where it lies.
Be careful not to lose the place. Be careful.
Please let me have it.

Jesse Bel. Read us what it says.

Jonah. Look, will you look! God can't put words in my
mouth.
My tongue's my own as True Thomas used to say.

Keeper. So you've been Bohning up on Thomism too.

Jonah. Someone else read it.

Keeper. No, you read it to us.
And if it's prophecy, we'll see what happens.

Jonah. Nothing would happen. That's the thing of it.
God comes on me to doom a city for Him.
But oh no, not for Jonah. I refuse
To be the bearer of an empty threat.
He may be God, but me, I'm only human:
I shrink from being publicly let down.

Jesse Bel. Is this the love of God you preached to me?

Jonah. There's not the least lack of the love of God
In what I say. Don't be so silly, woman.

His very weakness for mankind's endearing.
 I love and fear Him. Yes, but I fear for Him.
 I don't see how it can be to His interest
 This modern tendency I find in Him
 To take the punishment out of all failure
 To be strong, careful, thrifty, diligent,
 Anything we once thought we had to be.

Keeper. You know what lets us off from being careful?
 The thing that did what you consider mischief,
 That ushered in this modern lenience
 Was the discovery of fire insurance.
 The future state is springing even now
 From the discovery that loss from failure
 By being spread out over everybody
 Can be made negligible.

Paul. What's your book?
 What's this?

Jonah. Don't lose the place.

Paul. Old Dana Lyle
 Who reconciled the Pentateuch with science.

Jonah. Where shall I start in? Where my eyes fell
 first?
 It seems to be a chapter-head in meter.

Jesse Bel. It's too big for him. Help him hold it up.

Jonah. Someone else read it.

Keeper. No, you asked for it.

Jesse Bel. Come on, or we'll begin to be afraid.

Jonah. Well, but remember this is unofficial.
 "The city's grotesque iron skeletons
 Would knock their drunken penthouse heads together
 And cake their concrete dirt off in the streets."
 Then further down it seems to start from where
 The city is admittedly an evil:
 "O city on insecure rock pedestal,
 So knowing — and yet needing to be told
 The thought that added cubits to your height
 Would better have been taken to your depth."
 (*A whole shelf cascades down.*) Here come some more.
 The folly crashes and the dust goes up.

(*When the dust settles, it should be apparent
 Something has altered in the outer door.*)

Jesse Bel. Mercy, for mercy's sake!

Keeper. Bel wants some mercy.
 Kneel to your doctor. He dispenses mercy.
 You're working it, old man. Don't be discouraged.

Jonah. This isn't it. I haven't prophesied.
 This is God at me in my skulking place
 Trying to flush me out. That's all it is.

Keeper. It's nothing but the Lending Library,
 All second-hand. Don't get excited, folks,
 The one indecency's to make a fuss
 About our own or anybody's end.

Jonah. It's nothing I brought on by words of mine.

Keeper. You know there may have been a small
 tremblor.
 If so, it will be in tomorrow's paper.

Paul. Now if we've had enough of sacrilege,
 We can go back to where we started from.
 Let me repeat: I'm glad to hear you say
 You can't trust God to be unmerciful.
 What would you have God if not merciful?

Jonah. Just, I would have Him just before all else,
 To see that the fair fight is really fair.
 Then he could enter on the stricken field
 After the fight's so definitely done
 There can be no disputing who has won —
 Then he could enter on the stricken field
 As Red Cross Ambulance Commander in Chief
 To ease the more extremely wounded out
 And mend the others up to go again.

Paul. I thought as much. You have it all arranged,
 Only to see it shattered every day.
 You should be an authority on Mercy.
 That book of yours in the Old Testament
 Is the first place in literature I think
 Where Mercy is explicitly the subject.
 I say you should be proud of having beaten
 The Gospels to it. After doing Justice justice,
 Milton's pentameters go on to say,
 But Mercy first and last shall brightest shine —
 Not only last, but first, you will observe;
 Which spoils your figure of the ambulance.

Keeper. Paul only means you make too much of justice.
 There's some such thing and no one will deny it —
 Enough to bait the trap of the ideal
 From which there can be no escape for us
 But by our biting off our adolescence
 And leaving it behind us in the trap.

Jonah. Listen ye! It's the proletariat!
 A revolution's coming down the street!
 Lights out, I say, so's to escape attention.

(*He snaps one bulb off. Paul snaps on another.*)

Jesse Bel. You needn't shout like that, you wretched
 man.
 There's nothing coming on us, is there, Paul?
 We've had about enough of these sensations.
 It's a coincidence but we were on
 The subject of the workers' revolution
 When you came in. We're revolutionists.
 Or Keeper is a revolutionist.
 Paul almost had poor Keeper in a corner
 Where he would have to quit his politics
 Or be a Christian. Paul, I wish you'd say
 That over. I shall have to retail it
 To some of Keeper's friends that come in here,
 A bunch of small-time revolutionaries.
 Paul makes it come out so they look like Christians.

How they'll like that. Paul said conservatives —
You say it, Paul.

Paul. You mean about success,
And how by its own logic it concentrates
All wealth and power in too few hands?
The rich in seeing nothing but injustice
In their impoverishment by revolution
Are right. But 'twas intentional injustice.
It was their justice being mercy-crossed.
The revolution Keeper's bringing on
Is nothing but an outbreak of mass mercy,
Too long pent up in rigorous convention —
A holy impulse towards redistribution.
To set out to homogenize mankind
So that the cream could never rise again
Required someone who laughingly could play
With the idea of justice in the courts,
Could mock at riches in the right it claims
To count on justice to be merely just.
But we are talking over Jonah's head
Or clear off what we know his interests are.
Still not so far off come to think of it.
There is some justice even as Keeper says.
The thing that really counts though is the form
Of outrage — violence — that breaks across it.
The very sleep we sleep is an example.
So that because we're always starting fresh
The best minds are the best at premises.
And the most sacred thing of all's abruption.
Now if you've got to see your justice crossed
(And you have got to) which will you prefer
To see it, evil-crossed or mercy-crossed?

Keeper. We poets offer you another: star-crossed.
Of star-crossed, mercy-crossed, or evil-crossed
I choose the star-crossed as a star-crossed lover.

Jonah. I think my trouble's with the crises
Where mercy-crossed to me seemed evil-crossed.

Keeper. Good for you, Jonah. That's what I've been
saying.
For instance when to purify the Itzas
They took my love and threw her down a well.

Jesse Bel. If it is me in my last incarnation
He's thinking of, it wasn't down a well
But in a butt of malmsey I was drowned.

Jonah. Why do you call yourself a star-crossed lover?

Keeper. Not everything I say is said in scorn.
Some people want you not to understand them,
But I want you to understand me wrong.

Jonah. I noticed how he just now made you out
A revolutionary — which of course you can't be.

Keeper. Or not at least the ordinary kind.
No revolution I brought on would aim
At anything but change of personnel.

The Andrew Jackson slogan of *Vae Victis*
Or "Turn the rascals out" would do for me.

Paul. Don't you be made feel small by all this posing.
Both of them caught it from Bel's favorite poet
Who in his favorite pose as poet thinker
(His was the doctrine of the Seven Poses)
Once charged the Nazarene with having brought
A darkness out of Asia that had crossed
Old Attic grace and Spartan discipline
With violence. The Greeks were hardly strangers
To the idea of violence. It flourished
Persisting from old Chaos in their myth
To embroil the very gods about their spheres
Of influence. It's been a commonplace
Ever since Alexander Greeced the world.
'Twere nothing new if that were all Christ brought.
Christ came to introduce a break with logic
That made all other outrage seem as child's play:
The Mercy on the Sin against the Sermon.
Strange no one ever thought of it before Him.
'Twas lovely and its origin was love.

Keeper. We know what's coming now.

Paul. You say it, Keeper,
If you have learned your lesson. Don't be bashful.

Keeper. Paul's constant theme. The Sermon on the
Mount
Is just a frame-up to insure the failure
Of all of us, so all of us will be
Thrown prostrate at the Mercy Seat for Mercy.

Jesse Bel. Yes, Paul, you do say things like that
sometimes.

Paul. You all have read the Sermon on the Mount.
I ask you all to read it once again.

*(They put their hands together like a book
And hold it up near-sightedly to read.)*

Keeper and Jesse Bel. We're reading it.

Paul. Well now you've got it read.
What do you make of it?

Jesse Bel. The same old nothing.

Keeper. A beautiful impossibility.

Paul. Keeper, I'm glad you think it beautiful.

Keeper. An irresistible impossibility.
A lofty beauty no one can live up to
Yet no one turn from trying to live up to.

Paul. Yes, spoken so we can't live up to it,
Yet so we'll have to weep because we can't.
Mercy is only to the undeserving.
But such we all are made in the sight of God.

"Oh what is a king here,
And what is a boor?
Here all starve together.
All dwarfed and poor."

Here we all fail together, dwarfed and poor.
Failure is failure, but success is failure.

There is no better way of having it.
 An end you can't by any means achieve
 And yet can't turn your back on or ignore.
 That is the mystery you must accept.
 Do you accept it, Master Jonas Dove?

Jonah. What do you say to it, My Brother's Keeper?

Keeper. I say I'd rather be lost in the woods
 Than found in church.

Jonah. That doesn't help me much.

Keeper. Our disagreement when we disagree, Paul,
 Lies in our different approach to Christ,
 Yours more through Rome, mine more through Palestine.
 But let's be serious about Paul's offer.
 His irresistible impossibility,
 His lofty beauty no one can live up to
 Yet no one turn away from or ignore —
 I simply turn away from it.

Paul. You Pagan!

Keeper. Yes, call me Pagan, Paul, as if you meant it.
 I won't deceive myself about success
 By making failure out of equal value.
 Any equality they may exhibit's
 In making fools of people equally.

Paul. But you — what is your answer, Jonas Dove?

Jonah. You ask if I see yonder shining gate,
 And I reply I almost think I do,
 Beyond this great door you have locked against me,
 Beyond the storm, beyond the universe.

Paul. Yes, Pilgrim now instead of runaway,
 Your fugitive escape become a quest.

Keeper. Don't let him make you see too bright a gate
 Or you will come to with a foolish feeling.
 When a great tide of argument sweeps in
 My small fresh-water spring gets drowned of course.
 But when the brine goes back as go it must
 I can count on my source to spring again
 Not even brackish from its salt experience.
 No true source can be poisoned.

Jonah. Then that's all.
 You've finished. I'm dismissed. I want to run
 Toward what you make me see beyond the world.
 Unlock the door for me.

Keeper. Not that way out.

Jonah. I'm all turned round.

Paul. There is your way prepared.

Jonah. That's not my door.

Keeper. No, that's another door.
 Your exit door's become a cellar door.

(The door here opens darkly of itself.)

Jonah. You mean I'm being sent down in the cellar?

Paul. You must make your descent like everyone.

Keeper. Go if you're going.

Jonah. Who is sending me?
 Whose cellar is it, yours or the apostle's?

Keeper. It is the cellar to my store. What ho, down
 there!

My dungeoneers, come fetch us. — No one answers.
 There's not much we can do till Martin gets here. —
 Don't let me scare you. I was only teasing.
 It is the cellar to my store, but not my cellar.
 Jesse has given Paul the rent of it
 To base his campaign on to save the world.

Jesse Bel. Something's the matter, everyone admits.
 On the off chance it may be lack of faith
 I have contributed the empty cellar
 To Paul to see what he can do with it
 To bring faith back. I'm only languidly
 Inclined to hope for much. Still what we need
 Is something to believe in, don't we, Paul?

Keeper. By something to believe in Jesse means
 Something to be fanatical about
 So as to justify the orthodox
 In saving heretics by slaying them,
 Not on the battlefield, but down in cellars.
 That way's been tried too many times for me.
 I'd like to see the world tried once without it.

Jesse Bel. The world seems crying out for a Messiah.

Keeper. Haven't you heard the news? We already have
 one,
 And of the Messianic race, Karl Marx.

Jesse Bel. Light, bring a light!

Keeper. Awh, there's no lack of light, you, —
 A light that falls diffused over my shoulder
 And is reflected from the printed page
 And bed of world-flowers so as not to blind me.
 If even the face of man's too bright a light
 To look at long directly (like the sun),
 Then how much more the face of truth must be.
 We were not given eyes or intellect
 For all the light at once, the source of light —
 For wisdom that can have no counter-wisdom.
 In our subscription to the sentiment
 Of one God we provide He shall be one
 Who can be many Gods to many men,
 His church on earth a Roman Pantheon;
 Which is our greatest hope of rest from war.
 Live and let live, believe and let believe.
 'Twas said the lesser gods were only traits
 Of the one awful God. Just so the saints
 Are God's white light refracted into colors.

Jesse Bel. Let's change the subject, boys, I'm getting
 nervous.

Keeper. Nervous is all the great things ever made you.
 But to repeat and get it through your head:

We have all the belief that's good for us.
Too much all-fired belief and we'd be back
Down burning sceptics in the cellar furnace
Like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.

Jonah. What's all this talk of slaying down in cellars —
So sinister? You spoke to someone down there.

Keeper. My friends and stokers, Jeffers and O'Neill.
They fail me. Now I'm teasing you again.
There's no one down there getting tortured save
A penitent perhaps self-thrown on Mercy.

Jonah. I heard a deep groan — maybe out of him.
What's really down there?

Paul. Just an oubliette.
Where you must lie in self-forgetfulness
On the wet flags before a crucifix
I have had painted on the cellar wall
By a religious Aztec Indian.

Jonah. Then it's not lethal — to get rid of me?
Have they been down?

Paul. Not in the proper spirit.
These two are stubborn children as you see.
Their case is not so simple. You are good.

Jonah. I am your convert. Tell me what I think.
My trouble has been with my sense of justice.
And you say justice doesn't really matter.

Paul. Does it to you as greatly as it did?

Jonah. I own the need of it had somewhat faded
Even before I came in here tonight.

Paul. Well then!

Jonah. And that's what I'm to meditate?

Paul. Meditate nothing. Learn to contemplate.
Contemplate glory. There will be a light.
Contemplate Truth until it burns your eyes out.

Jonah. I don't see any staircase.

Keeper. There are stairs.

Paul. Some lingering objection holds you back.

Jonah. If what you say is true, if winning ranks
The same with God as losing, how explain
Our making all this effort mortals make?

Keeper. Good for you, Jonah. That's what I've been
saying.

Jonah. You'll tell me sometime. All you say has
greatness.
Yet your friend here can't be quite disregarded.

Keeper. I say we keep him till we wring some more
Naïveness about Justice out of him,
As once the Pharaoh did it out of Sekhti
By having him whipped every day afresh
For clamoring for justice at the gate

Until the scribes had taken down a bookful
For distribution to his bureaucrats.

Jonah. I'm going now. But don't you push me off.

Keeper. I was supporting you for fear you'd faint
From disillusionment. You've had to take it.

*(Jonah steps on the threshold as the door
Slams in his face. The blow and the repulse
Crumple him on the floor. Keeper and Paul
Kneel by him. Bel stands up beside her chair
As if to come, but Keeper waves her off.)*

Jonah. I think I may have got God wrong entirely.

Keeper. All of us get each other pretty wrong.

Jesse Bel. Now we have done it, Paul. What did he
say?

Jonah. I should have warned you though my sense of
justice
Was about all there ever was to me.
When that fades I fade — every time I fade.
Mercy on me for having thought I knew.

Jesse Bel. What did he say? I can't hear what he says.

Paul. Mercy on him for having asked for justice.

Keeper. Die saying that, old-fashioned sapient,
You poor old sape, if I may coin the slang.
We like you, don't we, Paul? *(Paul takes his wrist.)*

Jesse Bel. *(Still standing off.)* We've all grown fond of
you.

Paul. We've all grown fond of you. *(Paul says it louder,
But Jonah gives no sign of having heard.)*

Keeper. Who said too late you cannot enter now?

Jesse Bel. He was rejected for his reservations!!

Keeper. *(Still on his knees he sits back on his heels.)*
But one thing more before the curtain falls.
(The curtain starts to fall.) Please hold the curtain —
All Paul means, and I wish the dead could hear me,
All you mean, Paul, I think —

Jesse Bel. Will you stand there
And let that tell you what you think like that?

Paul. Suffer a friend to try to word you better.

Jesse Bel. Oh, there's to be a funeral oration.
And we're an orator. Get up. Stand up
For what you think your doctor thinks, why don't you?
Don't wear your pants out preaching on your knees.
Save them to say your prayers on. — What's the matter?

Keeper. *(He doesn't rise, but looks at her a moment.)*
Lady, at such a time, and in the Presence!
I won't presume to tell Bel where to go.
But if this prophet's mantle fell on me
I should dare say she would be taken care of.
We send our wicked enemies to Hell,
Our wicked friends we send to Purgatory.
But Bel gets some things right — and she was right —

Jesse Bel. (*She startles at the sudden note of kindness.*)
I am right then?

Keeper. In glorifying courage.
Courage is of the heart by derivation,
And great it is. But fear is of the soul.
And I'm afraid. (*The bulb lights sicken down.*
The cellar door swings wide and slams again.)

Paul. The fear that you're afraid with is the fear
Of God's decision lastly on your deeds.
That is the Fear of God whereof 'tis written.

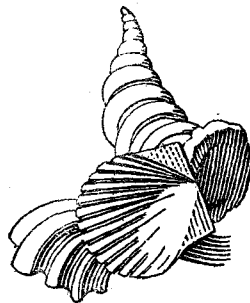
Keeper. But not the fear of punishment for sin.
(I have to sin to prove it isn't that.)
I'm no more governed by the fear of Hell
Than by the fear of the asylum, jail, or poorhouse,
The basic three the state is founded on.
But I'm too much afraid of God to claim
I have been fighting on the angels' side.
That is for Him and not for me to say.
For me to say it would be irreligious.
(Sometimes I think you are too sure you have been.)
And I can see that the uncertainty
In which we act is a severity,
A cruelty, amounting to injustice
That nothing but God's mercy can assuage.

I can see that, if that is what you mean.
Give me a hand up, if we are agreed.

Paul. Yes, there you have it at the root of things.
We have to stay afraid deep in our souls,
Our sacrifice, the best we have to offer,
And not our worst nor second best, our best,
Our very best, our lives laid down like Jonah's,
Our lives laid down in war and peace, may not
Be found acceptable in Heaven's sight.
And that they may be is the only prayer
Worth praying. May my sacrifice
Be found acceptable in Heaven's sight.

Keeper. Let the lost millions pray it in the dark!
My failure is no different from Jonah's.
We both have lacked the courage in the heart
To overcome the fear with in the soul
And go ahead to any accomplishment.
Courage is what it takes and takes the more of
Because the deeper fear is so eternal.
And if I say we lift him from the floor
And lay him where you ordered him to lie
Before the cross, it is from fellow-feeling,
As if I asked for one more chance myself
To learn to say (*He moves to Jonah's feet.*)
Nothing can make injustice just but mercy.

(CURTAIN)





An editor who brings to his own writing the accuracy of an historian and the humor and judgment of a native philosopher, FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN was the Assistant Editor of the *Atlantic* from 1914 to 1916, the Managing Editor of *Century* in 1916-1917, and after eighteen years' experience on the staff of Harper's became its Editor in Chief in 1941. With the yardstick which he applied so skillfully in his beloved best-seller *Only Yesterday* he measures the growth, maturity, and influence of American periodicals.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE GROWS UP

by FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

I

NINETY years ago — in the spring of 1857, when Buchanan had just entered the White House, and the Supreme Court had just handed down the Dred Scott decision, and the Panic of 1857 was brewing — Henry Wadsworth Longfellow wrote in his diary: —

Dined in town at Parker's, with Emerson, Lowell, Motley, Holmes, Cabot, Underwood, and the publisher, Phillips, to talk about the new magazine that the last wishes to establish. It will no doubt be done, though I am not so eager about it as the rest.

Despite the tepid interest of the saintly poet, the new idea took fire. Apparently it had been touched off by young Francis H. Underwood of the Boston publishing house of Phillips, Sampson & Co. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the witty and versatile physician-author, stoked it. Another dinner of the literary notables of the Boston area set it blazing. Dr. Holmes proposed that the magazine be called *The Atlantic Monthly*, and proposed as editor James Russell Lowell, poet, critic, professor, and author of the *Biglow Papers*; Lowell accepted on condition that Holmes would contribute; and in November, 1857, ninety years ago this month, the first issue appeared.

By modern standards it was a drab-looking little periodical, with 128 pages of unsigned contributions printed in painfully small type. Though it carried a little sober advertising, as an economic enterprise the *Atlantic* was modest indeed. Lowell, as editor, drew a salary of \$2500 a year. It paid six dollars per magazine page for contributions — only five dollars for "tyros." It showed none of the zeal for reportage, for immediacy, for human interest, that most up-and-coming magazines display today. To be sure, that first number contained some observations on the 1857 Panic, but these took the form of a leisurely and rather poetic moral essay. In essence

the new *Atlantic* was designed to perform for literary America the function which a college literary magazine nowadays performs for the college — to show the best current writing of the best writers.

But what writers! For the very first issue Emerson turned in four poems — for which he was paid a total of fifty dollars — including the memorable verses which begin, "Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days." Longfellow, the best-selling poet (whose *Courtship of Miles Standish*, the following year, sold 10,000 copies in London in a single day), contributed the poem "Santa Filomena," which gave world-wide currency to the phrase he applied to Florence Nightingale, "a lady with a lamp." Holmes, who twenty-five years earlier had written for another magazine some "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" papers, reinstated his Autocrat, beginning a new series of rambling discourses with the words, "I was just going to say, when I was interrupted. . . ." John Lothrop Motley was there, and Whittier, and Harriet Beecher Stowe (already famous for *Uncle Tom's Cabin*), and of course Lowell himself. It was as if literary New England, at its most brilliant moment, were determined to put into the field an all-star team.

The competition that the young *Atlantic* faced was lively. A certain restlessness of the American temperament, an ambition to be up-to-date, and a zeal for self-improvement (preferably without undue effort) had made magazine publishing a lively, if always precarious, industry in the United States. In 1854 the *New York Quarterly* had referred to "that passion for periodical literature which characterizes the age." There were already some six hundred magazines in the country. These included all sorts of religious and educational and trade publications, and also — in those days of difficult transportation — clusters of local publications with only local readership; but many had a wider appeal.

The most popular were weekly miscellanies, mostly published on Saturday for Sunday reading (in the absence, of course, of Sunday newspapers). According to Frank Luther Mott, who knows more about American magazine history than any ten other men today, circulation figures were notoriously unreliable, but Robert Bonner's *New York Ledger* was rumored to have 400,000 readers. *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, which was printed in newspaper format and could be described as the *Time* of its day, gave in 1860 the explicit figure of 164,000. *Harper's Weekly* was just entering the field. Some weeklies specialized in news and hints for farmers, the leader being Luther Tucker's *Country Gentleman*, which in 1858 claimed 250,000 readers.

But there were monthly magazines for women, too, with a sharp eye out for fashions; the leader among these was Godey's *Lady's Book*, with a claim of 150,000. And there were also general monthlies, including the short-lived but sharp-witted *Putnam's* and the emerging leader, *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, founded in 1850 by the New York book firm of Harper & Brothers (which continues to publish it to this day). *Harper's* made such a hit by serializing in turn *Bleak House*, *The Newcomes*, and *Little Dorrit*, and by running a serialized life of Napoleon, that its circulation during its first fifteen years averaged 150,000. It was the nearest approach yet made to a national family magazine.

In size of readership or in catholicity of appeal the newcomer in Boston was hardly in the running with these rivals. In 1863 James T. Fields, who had succeeded Lowell as editor, wrote in his diary that "purely literary as it is, it has a subscription list, daily increasing, of 32,000." Small change, beside *Harper's* 150,000! But the phrase "purely literary" was the *Atlantic's* special glory. That, and the fact that it did not go a-whoring after British novelists, but proudly concentrated on producing American work. What if, during its first fifteen years, two thirds of its contributors — and probably an equal proportion of its readers — were New Englanders? The flowering of New England was then at its fullest bloom. There was nothing in the rest of the country remotely like the concentration, in the Boston area, of literary talent and intellectual excitement.

Founded by men of genius and aided by their high repute, the *Atlantic* had got off to a good start. It was amateurish by current standards, but it was native, venturesome, and intent upon holding literature "above all other human interests." In a crude and sprawling America it stood for quality.

2

THIRTY-ODD years later — in the early eightennineties — the periodical scene had changed, but it had not been utterly transformed. Although the country had become far more populous and had been linked together by railroads from end to end,

so that a single magazine could now begin to reach a really national audience, none had yet attained a circulation of anything like a million copies.

During those thirty-odd years there had been a great increase in the number and variety of periodicals. There had been an epidemic of "mail-order" publications, devised to carry and sugar-coat the mail-order advertising of goods. There had been plenty of gutter journalism, its most famous exponent being the *Police Gazette*, which in 1874 dressed itself in pink, focused its attention on lurid sex, and each week displayed on its front page curvaceous females of formidable poundage. A sharpened interest in science had led to the establishment of *Popular Science* (in 1872) and other rivals to the older *Scientific American*.

Among what we would now call the news weeklies, *Harper's Weekly* had become the recognized leader, with *Leslie's* as its chief rival. Among the magazines of more ambitious literary quality, the *Galaxy* had shone brightly but briefly, and a second *Putnam's* had followed the first into oblivion. The *Nation*, founded by E. L. Godkin at the end of the Civil War, lived on as a journal of opinion, with a negligible circulation but an impressive influence. Among humorous publications, the original *Life* rivaled the gifted H. C. Bunner's satirical *Puck*. And so forth — one could go on at length listing the burgeoning varieties of periodicals. But by 1890, by all odds the most impressive thing about the scene was the way in which the field of general monthly publications was dominated by *Harper's* and its two younger rivals, the *Century* and *Scribner's*.

These three magazines — all finely illustrated with drawings reproduced by copper or wood engraving (there was then no half-tone), all distinguished in appearance, all intellectually respectable in content and sometimes brilliant — were, along with the staid *Atlantic*, almost undisputed contestants for the attention of educated Americans of substance. And they were likewise the most respected vehicles for the advertising of such noted products as Pearline, W. Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa, the W. L. Douglas \$3 Shoe, Castoria, Mellin's Food, Ferris' Patent Good Sense Corset Waists, the Kodak Camera ("You press the button, we do the rest"), and Pears' Soap ("Good morning, have you used Pears' Soap?"). To have *Harper's* or the *Century* on one's parlor table, and to have a long row of bound volumes on one's shelves, marked one clearly as a person of consequence.

Harper's was under the almost perpetual editorship of Henry Mills Alden, the bearded gentleman with the noble eyes who had been on the job since 1869 and would continue there till 1919. The magazine commanded the work of the ablest writers both in England and at home, and was not only impeccably distinguished but a money-maker.

Its most impressive rival was the *Century*, founded — confusingly for us — as *Scribner's Monthly* in

1870 by the lively and able Dr. Josiah Gilbert Holland, with the financial aid of Charles Scribner. In 1881 Holland parted company with Scribner and his publication became the *Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine*; during the next decade its remarkable series of articles on the Civil War, by men who had actually directed the battles, quickly lifted its circulation from 127,000 to 225,000; meanwhile its art editor, Alexander W. Drake, was bringing the reproduction of works of art by wood engravings (done by Timothy Cole and others) to a new pitch of perfection. No wonder Charles Scribner, watching the success of the enterprise that had once been his, decided that he must once again have a *Scribner's*. So in 1887 he started one — which promptly became the third member of the great triumvirate.

Meanwhile the *Atlantic* was not exactly flourishing. Its series of editors — James Russell Lowell, James T. Fields, William Dean Howells, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and Horace E. Scudder — had not represented, let us say, a uniformly ascending scale of ability. Furthermore, the flowering of New England was over; and although the *Atlantic's* literary standards remained high, it had become, like literary Boston, less creative, less electric, and more academic. Its circulation, never large, was on a slow decline toward the pathetic figure of 7000, which it was to reach in 1897.

We can see clearly now that all these four fine magazines — and most especially the *Atlantic* — were victims of the pervading malady of educated folk in late-nineteenth-century America — gentility. Seeing about them a community which by contrast with the Europe of their Baedekered visits was barbarian and uncouth, they turned their mental eyes away from the scene toward literature and the arts, travel, history, and English and Continental culture — forgetting that the test of a civilized mind is not in the subject-matter with which it deals but in the discrimination and sensitivity with which it deals with anything. They shrank away from the topic of American business to an extent which to us today is astonishing; the present-day historian, scanning their bound volumes for data on the economic and political state of the nation, finds them singularly barren of information and comment on such matters. They shrank away, too, from everyday human nature, trimming their fiction to meet a sense of propriety best illustrated, perhaps, by the testimony of a subscriber to *Scribner's*, who wrote the editors that a “young female member” of his household, finding in the magazine an article on French art illustrated with reproductions of nudes, “uttered a low cry and fled from the room.”

Overwhelmingly these magazines centered their attention upon what was really cultural and academic shop-talk and upon the other blameless intellectual topics that they considered proper to nice people: “Rambles Through Old Brittany,” “Some Unpublished Letters of Dean Swift,” or “Sculptors

of the Early Italian Renaissance.” Here, for example, are the titles of the first few articles in the *Atlantic* for November, 1890: “Along the Frontier of Proteus's Realm,” “The Legend of William Tell,” “Robert Morris,” “A Successful Highwayman in the Middle Ages,” and “An American Highwayman” (date of incident discussed, 1808). Could departure from the main stream of American life have been more complete?

The leading American monthlies of the early nineties were splendid magazines. They broadened the interests and subdued the barbarism of a generation of educated Americans. But they had moved too far away from the everyday realities, and a revolution was coming that would presently end their undisputed reign.

3

THE revolution began in 1893, when Frank Munsey dropped the price of his magazine to ten cents, other magazines cut their prices, and it was discovered that what you lost in revenue by selling your magazine at much less than cost came back to you — and much more — through the increased advertising that a big circulation would command.

Presently S. S. McClure, one of the greatest of all American editors, sent the revolution into a second phase. He set *McClure's Magazine* to reporting — with specific facts and also with discrimination — the truth about contemporary American life; presenting Ida M. Tarbell's detailed history of the Standard Oil Corporation, examining the way other businesses won control of markets, and sending Lincoln Steffens to show how political machines actually worked in American cities. The dismay of McClure's writers at the dreadful facts they unearthed led to the excesses of the “muckrakers”; but that men and women of conscience and sensibility should actually investigate what was going on around them was wonderful indeed — and how the public lapped it up!

The revolution went into its third phase after Cyrus H. K. Curtis of Maine bought the dying local weekly in Philadelphia called the *Saturday Evening Post* — paying only \$1000 for it (\$100 down) — and installed George Horace Lorimer as editor. As owner of the *Post* — and of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, which he had bought in 1883, installing Edward Bok as editor in 1889 — Curtis pushed the Munsey principle to the limit. Lorimer, like McClure, believed that American business could be made interesting; unlike McClure, he presented it in a friendly way, appealing to the great mass of men (and women too) who want to improve themselves rather than improve the world. Bok had a shrewdness, sentiment, and idealism which enabled him to give American women the sort of practical hints and spiritual encouragement for which they yearned.

Both the *Post* and the *Journal* prospered uncan-

nily. Again and again in the early years of this century the rising circulation of the *Post* would outrun its current advertising rates, the cash would be low in the till, and Curtis's advisers would counsel caution — but he kept on promoting the sales, and then jacking up the advertising rate, until by about the time of the First World War the *Saturday Evening Post's* circulation had reached the hitherto undreamed-of figure of two million. National advertising had definitely become the mighty mainstay of American periodical publishing; and the advertising agencies, with their new techniques of mass appeal, had become a power in the land.

The *Post* and *Journal* had numerous imitators and rivals, such as *Collier's*, *McCall's*, the *Woman's Home Companion*, the *Cosmopolitan*, *Good Housekeeping*, and the *American Magazine* (formerly *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*). One and all, they reached circulations which would have seemed fantastic in the nineties. The revolution led by Munsey, McClure, Curtis, Lorimer, and Bok had put magazine publishing into mass production.

For the great triumvirate of the nineties, for the professorial *Atlantic* and for the other magazines dedicated to quality, this turn of events was ominous. They had their loyal followers, but they lost advertising to the newcomers, they lost authors and artists who preferred a check for \$1000 to one for \$150, and they lost prestige. There began a slow-motion procession to limbo.

Despite frantic efforts to put these Humpty-Dumpties back on the wall, by the nineteen-twenties the *Century* was merged with the *Forum*, which was merged with *Current History*. Later *Scribner's* was merged with a newcomer, the *Commentator*, which in World War II fell into strange hands — and died. The *World's Work* was merged with the *Review of Reviews*, which in turn was merged with the *Literary Digest*, which died. Among the distinguished monthlies which had been famous in the nineties, and their younger associates in what was once called the "Quality Group," only the *Atlantic* and *Harper's* remain alive and recognizable today. (One might add, perhaps, the much younger *American Mercury*, which after a brief period of iconoclastic brilliance under Henry Mencken in the twenties, when it was the badge of intellectual non-conformity on the campuses, went into a decline, but now continues energetically in other hands.)

The *Atlantic* was saved by the extraordinary editorial acumen of Ellery Sedgwick, who bought it in 1908, when its circulation was only 15,000, became editor in 1909, and without vulgarizing it gave it something of the McClure immediacy and the Bok human interest. Sedgwick had a relish for respectable tradition and for fine English; but he also had a sharp eye for vital subjects, a wonderful capacity for wheedling essays out of men of ideas, a zest for discussion (he pictured the *Atlantic* as a sort of dinner party with fascinating guests), and an ardent —

sometimes perhaps too ardent — enthusiasm for the personal stories of people who had been in odd human predicaments and had found spiritual gold in strange places. Under his guidance, the *Atlantic* piled up circulation till it was well over the 100,000 mark. Rejuvenated and energetic, it stood for quality as always, plus a new journalistic vitality.

Harper's in its turn was saved when in 1925 Thomas Bucklin Wells cut out its illustrations, put a brick-orange cover on it, changed its whole tenor, and made it too a magazine chiefly of current events and current ideas; not wholly neglectful of literature, but primarily concerned with discussion, and successful once again because of its active influence.

The lesson was reasonably clear. What had caused the procession to the graveyard was not a vulgarizing of American taste or even the rise of the mass-production principle in journalism, so much as the editorial — and business — complacency of the onetime leaders of the American magazine world. Unable to find their way out of the ivory towers of learned gentility into the flesh-and-blood world of affairs, they had gradually lost touch with American leadership. Only those among them who were able to rediscover the stuff of life were able to carry on.

4

THERE were new and surprising changes still to come after World War I. Let me list a few of them briefly: —

1. The rise of the confession magazines. This was the cynical result of the discovery that you could fake stories of personal adventure, preferably with a high content of sexual excitement but ending with a lofty if bogus moral lesson, and thereby allure a big audience on the lowest levels of sophistication. Bernarr Macfadden's *True Story*, a leader of this pack, was started in 1919 and had almost two million readers by 1926 — a fast climb. The confession magazines still continue, though somewhat tempered by a rising level of sophistication.

2. The success of the *Reader's Digest*. When, early in the nineteen-twenties, a tall, mild Presbyterian-looking young man named DeWitt Wallace approached various editors in New York to ask permission to reprint their articles in his new digest, they foresaw for him no success at all. Who would want to read warmed-over material a month late? But these editors had forgotten that it isn't the formula which makes or breaks a magazine, but the way in which the formula is carried out. Convinced — and rightly — that most articles were overwritten, Wallace learned the art of condensing five thousand words into two thousand without destroying much of anything but the author's style. This art, and his unerring sense of what would interest ordinary men and women, began to have a startling effect on the *Digest's* circulation by about 1930; it began a rapid climb to the highest figure on record.

A magazine which made such a fetish of brevity could almost never achieve subtlety or deal with complex material; Wallace showed as little interest in the riddle of the Depression as in literary art; but by gauging correctly the appetite of his countrymen for pellets of easy and varied information, optimistic success hints, and inspiration, he achieved the miracle of delighting millions with a magazine which contained almost no pictures, almost no fiction, no scandal, and no advertising.

veloped to an unprecedented degree the assembly-line technique of producing magazine copy, relying not upon outside contributors but upon salaried employees. The process — with its somewhat standardized style — was abhorrent to the literary temperament; but Luce proved that magazines could win millions of readers without resorting to sentimentality, fakery, or evasion — if they combined a conscientious coverage of the news of the day with enough sensation, horror, and cheesecake to satisfy

CIRCULATIONS OVER ONE MILLION

<i>The Reader's Digest</i> (estimated)	10,000,000	<i>Coronet</i> ... (publisher's estimate, late 1946, excluding school circulation).....	2,205,125
<i>The American Weekly</i> (distributed with Sunday newspapers).....	8,804,881	<i>Cosmopolitan</i>	2,148,537
<i>This Week</i> (distributed with Sunday news- papers).....	8,281,339	<i>Country Gentleman</i>	2,122,753
<i>Life</i>	4,699,688	<i>Household</i>	1,893,821
<i>Ladies' Home Journal</i>	4,463,950	<i>Redbook</i>	1,750,875
<i>Saturday Evening Post</i>	3,710,392	<i>True Confessions</i>	1,733,579
<i>Woman's Home Companion</i>	3,691,238	<i>Superman</i> (comic).....	1,672,169
<i>McCall's</i>	3,586,333	<i>Time</i>	1,554,323
<i>Parade</i> (distributed with Sunday news- papers).....	3,526,781	<i>Family Circle</i> (chain store).....	1,527,478
<i>Collier's</i>	2,809,341	<i>National Geographic</i>	1,454,445
<i>Woman's Day</i> (A & P chain store sale)...	2,800,939	<i>Batman</i> (comic).....	1,451,053
<i>Good Housekeeping</i>	2,794,565	<i>Modern Screen</i>	1,421,360
<i>Better Homes and Gardens</i>	2,644,722	<i>Capper's Farmer</i>	1,315,334
<i>Farm Journal & Farmer's Wife</i>	2,540,092	<i>Liberty</i> (since turned monthly).....	1,309,764
<i>American Magazine</i>	2,482,544	<i>Photoplay</i>	1,297,185
<i>American Home</i>	2,345,775	<i>American Legion Magazine</i>	1,247,386
<i>Look</i>	2,300,592	<i>Mother's — Home Life and the Household Guest</i> (estimated)	1,200,000
<i>True Story</i>	2,215,048	<i>Successful Farming</i>	1,185,645
<i>National Legionnaire</i> (veteran).....	2,212,500	<i>Modern Romances</i>	1,043,874
		<i>New York Times Magazine</i> (Sunday)....	1,002,765

3. The rise of the *New Yorker*. Beginning uncertainly in the middle twenties, this magazine developed, both in its text and in its pictures, a new school of American humor, far subtler and more deft in its social comment than anything previously seen on these shores. As time went on, it became also a vehicle for excellent short stories — mostly of a very restrained variety — and some of the shrewdest reporting in the United States; and incidentally it was edited with an errorless perfection which not only surprised those who had thought Harold Ross lacking in regard for polish of expression, but aroused the wonder and envy of his competitors.

4. The coming of the news weeklies and picture magazines. Since the demise of *Harper's Weekly* and the rise of the Sunday rotogravure sections it had been an axiom in publishing circles that there was no place in the United States for a weekly dispenser of news or for a magazine of pictures. But Henry Luce upset this axiom as neatly as DeWitt Wallace had upset the axiom that timeliness was everything. First with *Time*, which he started with Briton Hadden in 1923, and then with *Life*, which took off in November, 1936, with the aid of the camera craze which was then sweeping the country, Luce de-

veloped those human impulses which the civilized share with the uncivilized.

5. The rise of the pulps and comics. At present the huge market for comics is chiefly juvenile; it remains to be seen how many of their fanciers will drop them on growing up. They appeal to tastes which, while not necessarily unintelligent, have no relation to literature, or even journalism.

After all these revolutions and innovations, what a contrast between the scene today and ninety years ago! There are now over six thousand magazines, as against six hundred then; but the most striking difference is in the size of magazine operations. Take a look at the following facts — remembering that in 1857 no periodical had as many as half a million readers, and that claims of a quarter of a million were somewhat dubious. At the beginning of 1947 there were *no less than 32 magazines in the United States* — under the narrowest interpretation of the term "magazine" — *with circulations of over a million apiece*. If to these we add four magazines which are distributed with various Sunday newspapers, the total comes to 36. If we add two more which are distributed through chain stores, it comes to 38. And if we include *Mother's* of Wi-

nona, Minnesota, with an estimated, but not sworn, circulation of 1,200,000, it comes to 39!

The table on page 81 gives the list, in order of size of circulation, with all these doubtful eligibles included. (With the exception of the *Reader's Digest* and *Coronet*, the figures are from *Ayer's Directory* for 1947.)

Nor is this all. For there are various comics, pulps, movie magazines, and confession magazines which are organized in groups and report their circulations only on a group basis; the total circulation for a group may reach two millions or more even if no member of it is in the million class. For instance, take the Fiction House Magazine Group, consisting of *Action*, *All-American Football*, *Baseball*, *Detective Book*, *Flight*, *Football Action*, *Football Stories*, *Frontier*, *Jungle*, *Lariat*, *Northwest*, *Planet*, and *Wings*; total circulation: 1,899,673. Such groups are at least active competitors for newsstand space and for the advertiser's dollar.

Do you wonder that the editors of magazines whose individual circulations come to less than a sixth of a million feel, when they confront such figures, somewhat as if they were driving jeeps in a procession of supertanks, and have to remind themselves that a list which put the magazines in order of influence would be vastly different?

Glance, too, at the majestic proportions of some magazine enterprises. Take a single example, Time Incorporated. During the year 1946 it included four magazines (*Time*, *Life*, *Fortune*, and the *Architectural Forum*), a radio program, and a documentary movie; on these it spent, all told, ninety million dollars. Its editorial departments alone employ about a thousand people (by contrast, *Harper's Magazine* has only ten full-time people in its editorial department).

Certainly the innumerable magazines which pile up on the newsstands today provide a range of entertainment, titillation, and specific information which makes the periodical array of 1857 — and even of 1900, for that matter — look meager. Certainly the standard of physical production — letterpress, reproduction of pictures, layout, design — is superior to that of former days; in some cases, as in the fashion magazines, it is strikingly superior. Almost as certainly the standard of editorial competence is far more professional; even within my own years of experience there has been a marked change — more careful editorial planning, much more careful and detailed work on factual reporting, processing of manuscripts, copy editing, and fact checking. It goes almost without saying, too, that there has been a similarly increased precision in the business operations of publishing — in advertising promotion, circulation promotion, and the diligent (and sometimes slavish) assessing of readers' tastes. As an industry, magazine publishing has grown up with a vengeance.

But what of quality in the higher sense, meaning interpretation of the world we live in, and service to our civilization?

I myself believe — though I have moments of doubt — that even in this respect a better over-all job is being done today than in the nineteenth century. Let us grant at once that a vast amount of trash burdens the newsstands — silly stuff, faked stuff, venally distorted stuff designed to placate advertisers; and also that many of the successful magazines whose editors possess consciences — many of the big slicks and women's magazines, for example — contain much machine-made and trivial fiction, deal timidly and superficially with public affairs, and seldom produce anything that could be considered a contribution to literature. But there is another side to the argument. In the first place, the second- and third-rate material produced today goes largely to people who in an earlier day would hardly have read at all. And in the second place, the best work produced today, whether creative or journalistic, is not concentrated in one or two magazines — where it would make the most impressive showing — but scattered through a great many, large and small. A thoroughly illuminating article on foreign policy may, for example, see the light in the *Atlantic*, or *Harper's*, or *Foreign Affairs*, or the *Nation*, or *Life*, or the *Saturday Evening Post* — although some of these magazines are so intent upon their "policy" (whether declared or undeclared) that they will reject work of high quality that deviates from it. In bulk the output of quality is impressive, even though it sometimes seems swamped in a flood of mediocrity.

What, then, is lacking or in short measure? Well, it seems to me that several trends of the day — the trend toward staff-writing, plus the trend toward editing to supply what is established by polls to be sure-fire entertainment, plus the trend toward more and more disproportionate rewards for those who can supply such entertainment, plus the trend toward slavery to editorial policy, plus the dominance of the market for advertising, as it is now organized, by the organs of huge circulation and such other organs as deliberately flatter advertisers' opinions, if not their goods too — that all these trends limit in one way or another the chances for men and women with fresh and pioneering ideas, or with special and unorthodox literary talent, to find a hearing adequate to what they have to offer.

That is why I hope there will continue to be room on the highway, for a long time to come, for magazines which stand for thoroughness, distinction of thought and style, liberal hospitality to fresh ideas, and above all independence. For ninety years the *Atlantic* has held to such standards almost uninterruptedly, with ups and downs in effectiveness but always with a consciousness of the high tradition established for it by the brilliant men who launched it. Continued long life to it — and large influence!



*The most distinguished classicist in Britain, and one of its leading educators, SIR RICHARD LIVINGSTONE is Vice Chancellor of Oxford University and President of Corpus Christi College. His influence as a teacher reaches out to adult education; it has been felt over the BBC and, during the war, in the stimulus and philosophy that he brought to many an army camp. It comes to us in America in his books, *The Future in Education* (1941), *Education for a World Adrift* (1943), and in papers such as this, which open both the heart and the mind.*

INEQUALITY IN EDUCATION

by SIR RICHARD LIVINGSTONE

1

THIS is the age of a great social change. As a hundred and fifty years ago, in our own British fashion, we adapted to our needs and national genius the lessons of the French Revolution without bloodshed or civil war, so today we are doing in a humane way what Russia did in a ruthless way, and bringing in the century of the common man, by a revolution which inflicts a minimum of hardship and in principle is accepted by the great majority of the nation.

One of the commonest watchwords in this movement is equality. Naturally enough. For a salient feature of the age that we are leaving behind was inequality. We are still perhaps too much under its shadow to realize the extraordinary injustice of educational (to mention no other) inequality in the nineteenth century: it will hardly be credible to the future that before this century — and, indeed, in its early years — it was practically impossible for boys in the working classes, however able, to reach the universities, though they were open to any boy from well-to-do homes who had enough wits to pass an elementary entrance test. In education, though not in the courts of justice, there was one law for the rich and another for the poor. A major task of this generation has been to attack in this field, as well as elsewhere, what is not merely inequality but injustice.

The first difficulty in our way is that equality in a full sense is obviously impossible to secure. Nature sees to that by the inequality with which she allots health and brains, strength of body, of mind, and of character; and these inequalities are deepened by the difference of home from home — one child has wise, affectionate, and unselfish parents, another's life is unhelped or hindered or poisoned from the cradle by the weaknesses of the family into which he is born, and sometimes by the misfortune that he is born into no family at all.

Let me turn to another obvious inequality. We may remodel our habits and institutions to redress inequalities, but, as no one can escape entirely from his heredity, so no nation can escape entirely from its past. Things might be easier if we had a clean slate, but our slate is an old one; there is a great deal of writing on it and some of it is too valuable to rub out, even if erasure were possible. Take two examples. There is the boarding school, the best training-ground for citizenship in the world, and appreciated abroad if sometimes undervalued at home; but, owing to its expense, it is an institution for the few. Even if you made it possible by grants of money — as I believe that in time we shall — to recruit its pupils strictly by merit, it would cost too much to extend its opportunities to all. And even among boarding schools there are obvious inequalities — of tradition, of beauty of site and buildings.

The same inequalities appear between the older and the newer universities. I do not underrate the great work which the newer universities have done for the country — I have seen it at first hand — or their immense importance for the future. But, even if they are equipped with halls of residence and a tutorial system, you cannot give them the Bodleian and New College or Trinity and King's; still less can you create there in a moment the traditions and buildings which are the slow growth of seven hundred years of history. Nor can you send more than a minority to Oxford and Cambridge. Inequality besets us on every side. If we were a nation of pedants, we should raze the boarding schools and the old universities to the ground and build afresh on a foundation of equality. But, even then, the ground would begin to subside here and rise there and again we should be defeated by inequality. Such are the difficulties against which we struggle, the limitations to complete success.

But our efforts after equality are exposed to dangers as well as to difficulties, and it is of these that I now wish to speak. It is natural and right that equality should be a watchword of today. But it is a dangerous word. J. S. Mill's famous book on Liberty was published in 1859; today we need a new Mill to write a clear-sighted and balanced analysis and estimate of equality. For there is an obvious danger that, having leaned excessively to one side, we shall now by reaction lean with equal excess to the other. (Human beings rarely walk in the center of the road; they reel drunkenly from the ditch on one side to the ditch on the other.) The risk is greater because political power has passed to those who, having suffered from the inequality of the past, may naturally have their attention concentrated so exclusively on removing an evil which they know at first hand that they overlook other problems and perils.

2

IF WE wish to achieve success, two things are necessary: we must realize the limitations to equality, or we shall expose ourselves to the miscarriages and disappointments which attend all attempts to achieve the impossible; and — even more essential — we must remember that there is something no less important than equality. Of this I shall speak later.

Meanwhile, let me turn to some of the dangers which beset our campaign. It is evidently dangerous to say that things are equal which are not equal; to pretend, in the supposed interest of "democracy" and "social purpose," that things which are quite different are the same. Thus, in order to raise the status of technical training, it is sometimes urged that it, no less than the humanities, can give a cultural education and that correspondingly the study of the humanities is no less vocational than is a course in carpentry or engineering. It is pointed out that "the classical curriculum in the form of the grammar-school tradition" served to train such professional classes as clergy, schoolmasters, lawyers, and that "the classical humanist tradition was deliberately given as an appropriate training for a vocation — that of rulers."

From this undoubted truth, the ardent reformer sometimes proceeds to the conclusion that technical and humanistic studies are equally cultural and equally vocational, and that it is of little or no importance which we pursue. But he overlooks two important differences between humanistic and technical education. First, the vocational element in the one is much stronger than in the other. No doubt in a sense reading Homer or Virgil or Dante or Racine, or writing Latin prose, or studying higher mathematics or the Middle Ages does, or may, make a man fitter to be a lawyer or a civil servant. But it has much less bearing on and is

far less deliberately directed to the student's future occupation than the study of carpentry or of engineering. How many teachers or pupils in the humanistic studies ever think of the usefulness of these subjects to the future King's Counsel or the Principal Secretary in a Government office, or of anything but the studies themselves, or, alas! the examination attached to them?

It is very different with technical education, whose bearing on the pupil's future vocation is inevitably in sight at every turn. Technical studies are clearly vocational, and to a far greater degree than humanistic studies. Not that technical studies are not cultural at the same time: the training of eye and hand to their perfection is cultural, this kind of culture is of great importance, and one of the main educational advances of recent years is the recognition of its value. But it is a wholly different cultural training from one which introduces the pupil to the great masters of thought and imagination, helps him towards seeing the world through their eyes, and gives him at least a glimpse of the highest levels reached by the human mind; and it will not help education to confuse the two, or to fancy that one can replace the other or is in any way equivalent to it. Yet one sees the temptation to think so.

There are of necessity various types of education. There is a danger that some will be more highly regarded than others. Therefore, to avoid any sense of inferiority, let us tell ourselves that they are really all much the same and so secure "parity of esteem." That is the temptation. If we yield to it, we are suffering from a disease well known to psychiatrists and best avoided. I call this self-deception for plausible motives; but, when we are tempted to it, we should do well to remember Bishop Butler's words: "Things are what they are and their consequences will be what they will be. Why, then, should we wish to be deceived?"

I pass to a quite different and much more serious example of the tendency to cover up inequalities by ignoring them: the present Burnham Scale. The rates which it fixes for teachers in elementary schools are on the whole equitable but the *maximum* (£585) for secondary teachers (other than headmasters) is quite inadequate. One can recognize the service to education done by the institution of the Scale and the improvement in salaries due to its recent remodeling, and yet feel that, if it is left as it is, it will deal higher secondary education a blow which will be disastrous to it and to the nation. The quality of teaching in our best secondary schools has been in the past one of the strong features in our national system. It has been as high as that in any country in the world. This is due to various causes, but above all to the intellectual quality of the teachers.

Hitherto, the secondary school has competed for staff not unsuccessfully with the attractions of the

civil service and the professions. In the future, as industry and commerce increasingly offer careers to graduates, it will have to face still more competition. It is essential that it should compete successfully. For to teach a sixth form requires high intellectual ability. The master is teaching the ablest boys in the school at a critical stage of their development; his brains should not be inferior to theirs. That means that, as far as possible, he should be the sort of person who in the university gets a first or good second class.

Now, to get such people you must compete, as I have said, with the attractions of the civil service, medicine, business, and other professions and careers. And to compete you must offer a salary not wholly out of touch with that which can be earned by able men in these occupations. Otherwise, you will find your sixth forms tend to be taught, partly by the small class for whom teaching is the only life worth living, partly by the rejects of better-paid careers. I believe the same holds true in the United States: the salaries are inadequate for those who ought to teach. The maximum salary payable to a secondary schoolmaster under the present Burnham Scale is not a salary either attractive or adequate to people of high intellectual ability.

It is no argument to say that the work of the nursery or elementary school is as important as that of the secondary teacher, and therefore that much difference of salary is out of place. The premise of the argument is ambiguous and the conclusion false. Of course all teaching work is important. It is also true in a hospital that the nurse's work is of the utmost importance; but no one proposes paying the doctors and surgeons at the same scale as nurses. The plain fact is that it is more difficult to be a good doctor than a good nurse; fewer people are capable of the work; and, in order to secure them, as well as for other reasons, they are better paid.

So, too, without the least derogation to the importance of other teachers, it is easier to find first-rate elementary teachers than first-rate teachers of a sixth form. To do the latter work successfully demands not only more knowledge but more intellectual ability than to teach elementary classes. For sixth-form teaching you want the best brains you can get; and to get them you need to offer salaries not so wholly out of keeping with those offered to first-rate ability by the civil service and medicine and other occupations. Otherwise, the quality of the higher stages of secondary education will fall. We shall indeed have equality, but equality at a low level.

3

THERE is still another danger which attends our aim to create a democratic culture. We wish to

get rid of the division of Britain into Disraeli's "two nations," to destroy the suspicions, jealousies, tensions, and injustices which privilege creates; to override differences of status and occupation by a common sympathy; to make the nation a band, if not of brothers, at least of first cousins. "Do not," Plato asks, "the worst evils in a state arise from anything that tends to tear it asunder and destroy its unity? And is anything better than whatever tends to bind it together and make it one?" We wish to banish the sundering forces and make the binding ones supreme. We ought to be content with nothing less than this, and education is the chief instrument for achieving it. This ideal has given birth to the idea of the multilateral school and the common school, and probably is dimly at the bottom of the notion that different kinds of education should be called by different names.

But here, too, there are grave dangers. For instance, we risk making great mistakes if we judge studies, not on their own merits, but on their supposed congruity or incongruity with a common culture. May I venture to criticize an honored name to whom education and teachers owe much? Sir Fred Clarke, in his book, *Education and Social Change*, insists that the classical curriculum must "lose its place of predominance" because of its irrelevance to what he calls a "common culture."

I will not stress the inaccuracy of the notion that the classics hold a predominant place in higher education, further than to remark that in the Higher Certificate Examination in 1940 (the last year for which I happen to have the figures) less than one fifth of the candidates offered Latin and less than one seventeenth offered Greek. I will not ask whether the study of the people which gave birth to liberal democracy, which came far nearer to a civilized democracy than either we or America have yet got, and in whose literature is written the finest description of its ideal, is irrelevant to the education of a democratic people.

But I wish very strongly to object to such a criterion for settling the place of Latin and Greek or any other subject in education. There is only one proper criterion: not whether the majority of the nation or of its secondary-school pupils can or will learn them, but whether they afford, or do not afford, the best education for those fit to learn them. If Greek and Latin are among the great things of the world, give them to as many people as are capable of receiving them; if they are not, get rid of them. But do not reduce their place in education because they are studies which only a minority can master.

In the so-called common school, I see a similar risk of sacrificing the first-rate and accepting the lower intellectual and cultural levels in the supposed interests of a democratic civilization. When I use

the phrase "common school," I have in mind a secondary school on the lines of the American public school, containing pupils following courses in the different types of secondary education. Now there are aspects of American education which one cannot admire too much — notably its determination to spread higher education widely and to leave no class untouched by it. Here they have done much better than we.

But in other respects American education is decidedly inferior to our own; and one point in which it is inferior is in its secondary school. The attempt to introduce a common school on American lines seems to me an example of the enthusiasm with which human beings are apt to embrace the errors of their neighbors because they know little about them. It is Aladdin's error: the new lamp, of which we know little, looks so beautiful.

If you wish to read criticism of the American public school by an American, you will find one in the Carnegie Foundation Report for 1927 on "The Quality of the Educational Process in the United States and Europe." The writer compares secondary education in the United States, Britain, France, and Germany, and comes to the conclusion that, in respect of quality, the American system is the least satisfactory of all. Briefly, his complaints of it are that the American schools tend to be too big; that they are "sentimentally inclusive" and not, like secondary schools in Europe, "rigidly selective"; that much of the teaching staff is inferior in quality; and that the curriculum consists of a variety of subjects not properly integrated. I would draw attention to the fact that some of our reformers are anxious to introduce at least three of these four defects into our system: the multilateral school runs to excessive size; the common school turns its back on rigid selection and may be described as "sentimentally inclusive"; while the existing Burnham Scale tends to a lower intellectual quality in the secondary-school teacher.

You will find similar criticisms of the American public school in one of the first-rate books on education, Dr. Abraham Flexner's *Universities — American, English, German*. Dr. Flexner does not spare the defects in the British system, but he is even severer upon his own country. When he speaks of the forces which "make for standardization and uniformity at a relatively low spiritual level" we recognize a danger of our own democracy. When he says that the English undergraduate is "undeniably more mature, better trained, more highly selected, and even so a year younger than his American counterpart," we have an important testimony to our secondary system. And the following words of Professor I. L. Kandel, of Teachers College, Columbia University, quoted by Flexner, are a warning against the multilateral school. "Foreign countries have well-defined notions of what constitutes secondary education and

we ought to take the trouble to understand why this type of education is separated from vocational and technical education. The attempt to include in one institution every type of educational activity for adolescent pupils accounts for the failure to attain thoroughness in any one of them."

I said earlier that, if we are to make a democratic civilization, we must remember the need for something no less important than equality. That something is quality: and by quality I mean the first-rate — in thought, imagination, knowledge, and action. In Matthew Arnold's words — and he criticized the inequality of his age trenchantly — we ought to know the best that is known and thought in the world, irrespective of practice, politics, and everything of the kind, and to value knowledge and thought as they approach this best, without the intrusion of any other considerations whatever. This, he continues, is an "instinct for which there is little original sympathy in the practical English Nature." But it is necessary that we should have sympathy with it, and equalitarians are apt to ignore the need. Apart from character and conduct (the most important field of all) where the first-rate can be achieved by all, it is only within the reach of a minority.

4

YET the value and virtue of national life depend largely on that minority developing to the full their natural gifts, reaching out to and achieving the first-rate. The more of the first-rate a nation has in art, thought, and action — in its thinkers and scientists, its artists, architects and musicians, its statesmen and administrators — the richer will be its life. Harmony is a greater thing than unison. Ignore quality, neglect it, fail to encourage and sustain it, and the whole people will suffer. Democracy at the level of average tastes and abilities of a people is democracy at a low level: you can see it in the films and the popular newspapers of today. It is easy to attain but not worth attaining: it may silence criticism and complacently applaud itself, but it has no value to the contemporary world and no significance for the future. This is the kind of democracy that, unless we take care, we may create, but it is not the kind that we ought to create.

No, let us give our abler pupils the fullest chance to develop their gifts and not keep them back because they are abler than the average, or "blanket intellectual differences under the same general formula." If we do this, we shall only substitute a fresh kind of injustice for the old and commit, in a new form, our old sin — that of denying human beings the chance to make the best of their capacities. If we do not give full opportunity to those "minds that give promise of making larger return in their contribution to the common welfare," we shall do an injustice to the abler pupil and we

shall impoverish the nation, and by setting up a false ideal of democracy we shall discredit democracy itself.

But, it will be objected, shall we not then be creating an elite? To that I should reply in Napoleon's words, "Aristocracy always exists. Destroy it in the nobility, and it removes itself immediately to the rich and powerful houses of the middle class. Destroy it in these, and it survives and takes refuge with the leaders of the workshops and the people." And education fosters aristocracy in the sense in which Napoleon used the word. So far from leveling and equalizing, it develops inequalities. As Ruskin said in *Time and Tide*: —

The law about education which is sorrowfullest to vulgar pride is this: that, as our work proceeds, every hour throws us farther behind the greater men with whom we began on equal terms. Two children go to school hand in hand, and spell for half-an-hour over the same page. Through all their lives, never shall they spell from the same page more. One is presently a page ahead — two pages, ten pages — and evermore, though each toils equally, the interval enlarges: at birth, nothing; at death, infinite.

You cannot help it. You can indeed cramp or even maim ability, but you cannot destroy it — and if you could, it would be disastrous for the nation. A wise country makes the most of all the ability that it possesses — it is a limited quantity — and helps it to reach its full stature, so that it may serve the common good. The strength of this country in the past has largely been that, through the high quality of its secondary and university education, it has made the most of some of its ability; its weakness is that it did not give the opportunities of higher education to ability outside a limited class, and that it did very little for the education of the mass of the people.

But, it will be objected, if you have an elite, a natural (not an artificial) aristocracy, will you not get privilege, a divided nation, arrogance in those who have rich endowments of intellect, a sense of inferiority in those who have not — the very evils which we are anxious to prevent?

To this, I would reply that these evils are not to be eradicated by multilateral or by common schools or by diminishing classical studies. Group all your pupils in a single school and (if he is that sort of person) the athlete will still look down on the unathletic, the clever boy despise the stupid. Snobbery is not expelled by artificial means; the diseases of human nature cannot be cured by su-

perficial treatment. We must cut deeper to extirpate them.

There is only one cure: to develop humility in the snob, and self-respect both in him and in his victim. Then you will have a real change of heart, and that is what we need; and to do this is surely within the power and duty of the teacher. The whole process of education is a natural training in humility: the more we learn, the more conscious we must be of our ignorance; and if our temperament still remains arrogant, we may sometimes chasten ourselves by reflecting what heavenly spirits must think of the struggling virtues and limping intelligence of the best man or woman and wonder whether we are good enough to despise others. In any case, one lesson which should be planted in the mind of every child is respect for human beings as *human beings*. It will have the strongest roots if it grows from the belief that all men and women are made in the image of God.

Self-respect is, perhaps, a more difficult virtue. It is not the same as self-satisfaction, still less as conceit or pride. Fortunately, it is common, and in certain occupations it seems automatic. One can see an example of it every time we travel by train. The porters, guards, and inspectors have no feelings of inferiority or suspicions that the passengers may regard them as inferior. Such ideas do not occur to their minds. I suppose the explanation is that they know their work and do it, in the main, conscientiously. No doubt it helps that they are members of a great service and have a certain measure of authority and the duty of helping others. Gardening is another occupation of which self-respect is a general mark — again, because the gardener knows his work and generally does it well, not primarily for the sake of his pay but for its own sake. One could, of course, multiply examples.

In short, I am inclined to think that the roots of self-respect lie in work done to the best of a man's abilities; and this achievement lies within the power of all. If so, having trained their pupils to respect human beings as human beings, teachers should also train them in the habit of concentrating on doing well the work which comes to their hand, without looking over their shoulders to see whether their neighbors are admiring or despising them. Ruskin has summed the matter up in a few words which are worth remembering when there is talk of "parity of esteem": —

All professions should be liberal, and there should be less pride felt in peculiarity of employment and more in excellence of achievement.

Faith

An American Quaker, beloved for his light and leading, RUFUS JONES was born in South China, Maine, four years after the first issue of the Atlantic appeared, and now makes his home in Haverford, where he was Professor of Philosophy from 1904 to 1934. He has been the editor of the American Friend, a trustee of Bryn Mawr College since 1896, the indomitable chairman of the American Friends Service Committee for European Relief (1914 to 1927; 1934 to 1944), and — in his spare time — the author of more than a score of books, the latest of which, The Luminous Trail, was published this year.

WHAT THE MODERN MAN CAN BELIEVE

by RUFUS M. JONES

I

I THINK it is pretty well demonstrated, in the experience of the human race, that man cannot attain his full stature as a rightly fashioned person without the inspiration and guidance of Religion. Religious faith which springs out of the vision of transcendent Reality and an ultimate divine purpose is a stabilizing power of the first importance, for health of body as well as for peace of mind. It not only stabilizes one's life; it beautifies and consecrates it. It infuses a marching power. It liberates and lifts. It opens the windows and doors of the person's life for action and is essentially a dynamic of action. It enlarges perspective and it makes one feel himself to be a citizen of an enlarged universe — a two-storied world to which he belongs, the upper story as real as the basic material one.

If, as I believe, religious faith is an essential feature of life for the full culture of the individual person, it is even more important for the formation and stabilization of a rich and continuing civilization. There has never been any long-continuing civilization, in which a fully endowed man could live happily and confidently, which was not drawing upon unseen resources of life, and bearing witness in one way or another to the reality of the World beyond the world of things with which man has commerce. There have been short periods of stark unbelief, but they have not been good periods to live in. In the main the ongoing world has never quite lost its faith in the More beyond the margins of the here and now. There has always been at least a saving remnant that has kept the higher faith alive. It has sometimes been a single prophetic person who has done this and has transmitted it to his race, as Ezekiel did in the Exile, and as St. Augustine of Hippo did at the Fall of the Roman Empire.

We are, however, passing through an epoch which is proving to be a very critical time for all existing forms and types of religious faith. The Renaissance of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries began the assaults on contemporary religious faiths, and the

Renaissance spirit has gone on cumulatively expanding its scientific conquests and increasing its assaults on the faiths by which men used to live comfortably. The period of four and a half centuries — a very short span in the existence of man on this planet — has discovered more facts about the universe, has established more of the laws and principles of it, has verified more historical facts and scientific processes, than all the millenniums of man's life on the earth before this birth of the scientific and historical spirit began its conquests.

The Copernican Revolution, which came in the dawn of the Renaissance, was one of the most staggering blows at the dominant faith of the Western world that has ever been leveled against it in the long undeclared warfare between science and religion. Slowly, through centuries of imaginative thinking and speculation, in Assyria, in Egypt, in Persia, in Palestine, in Greece, and everywhere else where men thought and imagined, it had become a settled conclusion that the earth was the center around which everything else in the visible universe revolved. This earth-center for which everything else was created was thus obviously the focus of interest and attention of whatever divine beings there were above it.

But even more important than this theory of a central earth was the slowly formed imaginative conception of crystalline concentric domes above the earth, making the sky a heavenly realm, the dwelling place of the major divinities and the prospective home of the rightly fashioned souls that had gained or might gain immortality. Here were "the many mansions." Gradually through the imaginative coöperation of many minds, it came to be a settled faith that there were nine concentric domes, turned respectively by the nine orders of angelic beings — Spenser's "trinal triplicities," Tennyson's "Great Intelligences." Heaven, then, was not a vague, indefinite somewhere, nobody knows where. It was as real and as localized as Nineveh or Tyre.

This heavenly topography, with other less desirable habitats, also specifically localized, had been built into the solid structure of the religious faith of the Western world. It was glorified in Christian art and architecture. It was woven into the seamless fiber of the philosophy of Thomas Aquinas. It was an indissoluble element of Dante's "medieval miracle of song." It was one of those faiths that were *semper et ubique et ab omnibus*. There never had been a time when something like this was not believed: it was presupposed in the Bible, which declared that the earth was "established and could not be moved"; it was preached in the Church; it was implicit in the thought even of heretics. And one day a man named Copernicus, on his dying bed, held in his trembling hand the book he had written which was in the end to prove that there was no solid substance to this slowly builded faith of the ages.

At first the book made little impression, almost no popular impression. It was only a hypothesis in a book. The Church condemned it and Luther scoffed at it. But Galileo and Kepler slowly worked out scientific demonstrations which made the hypothesis indubitable. Columbus found another "side" to the world, and Magellan — or at least his men — sailed around the world and proved that it was a globe. In the face of steady opposition on the part of the historic Church the "revolution" of thought became established, and came to be part of the natural air men and school children breathed.

Only very gradually did the full implications of this Copernican Revolution reach the popular mind of the world. Multitudes of persons are still unaware of the utter transformation of religious faith involved in this scientific revolution. The earth has become a tiny body of matter, revolving about a sun, itself the center of nothing but a cold dead moon. Our sun is just one of twenty thousand million countable stars, with nobody knows how many uncountable ones up there. There are no crystalline domes — just endless spaces. God is no more "up there" than He is "down here."

Every aspect of our religious faith must be rethought, reconstructed, and adjusted to the demonstrated facts which this Copernican Revolution forces upon our minds. We still say that the sun "rises" and "sets," but we know better. It is the earth that "whirls," not the sun that "sets." So, too, we "know," when we seriously think about it, that heaven is not up in the sky, that that vast imaginative system of faith has gone, but we have not yet given the minds of men and little children a satisfying and equally sublime way of thinking about God, and the possibility of immortal life with Him. This is one reason why religious faith has declined. The Church too often goes on talking about things which have no significance whatever for minds adjusted to the facts of the actual universe, but supplied with no imaginative material

by which their minds can live serenely and joyously in the realm of creative faith. The Church must meet this issue, reinterpret its faith in convincing fashion, or else face disaster.

2

OF COURSE this Copernican Revolution with its transforming effects on human thought, and so on religious faith, is only one of the vast successive series of thought-revolutions which the progress of science has produced, many of them in our own lifetime. But every revolution in thought has sooner or later produced a crisis, or at least a critical period, for religious faith. And almost invariably the Church has failed to help the multitude to get its religious outlook adjusted to the altered intellectual interpretation of facts. We have commissions to deal with atomic bombs, but no commissions to readjust faith to discovered facts.

Each time that scientific thought has undergone revolution, there has been a widespread collapse of religious faith on the part of those who have accepted the newly discovered facts but have too little help from the Church to fit the new facts into a religious faith that could satisfy enlightened minds. There can be no vivid and vital faith unless imagination can feel itself at home and is adjusted to the world the mind accepts as real. Wordsworth was a sound interpreter when he called *imagination* "Reason in its most exalted mood." It is always imaginative dominion over thought-forms that gives faith its vitality and power.

It is one of the supreme functions of the Church to cultivate that imaginative dominion, and the medieval Church did it magnificently, but the Protestant Church has usually been too busy with doctrine and ritual to do this creative work, which is essential for adapting men's minds to the completely changed world outlook which science successively produces. And men wander about between an old world dead as the dodo and a new world not yet born. They are homeless, for they have no new-born faith-world to live in.

The coming of evolution, first as a bare hypothesis, and gradually as a thoroughly established method of life on the planet, did not bring to men's minds quite the transforming effect that the Copernican Revolution brought. But it seemed at once to lower the dignity and uniqueness of man, and what was more in evidence, it came violently into collision with the account of Creation in Genesis. The Church fought the new system of thought with vigor and many Christian sects still refuse to accept it, or to allow it to be taught in their educational institutions. But every reputable college and university in the world now is teaching this method of creation to its youth. It is as thoroughly a settled position in scientific thought as the revolution of the earth is, and practically all scien-

tifically educated youth accept it; but the faith-outlook of religion has not been adjusted to fit it, and far too little has been done by the Church to enable persons committed to this scientific view to feel at home in the religious fold, and to reinterpret the life of man and the position of the Scriptures to fit the new revolution of thought.

One of the most unfortunate aspects of this new movement in thought has been its tendency, this time on the part of scientists, to interpret life in terms of materialism and mechanism. Biology, biochemistry, and even psychology have tended to explain the processes in their respective fields in terms of material processes, so that higher forms are apt to be "explained" in terms of lower and simpler origins. But this is certain eventually to be found to be a false method of "explaining" the facts of life, and it need not be, and it should not be, considered an inherent feature of evolution as a method of life. Evolution as a method of creation fits a divine and spiritual interpretation as completely as creation by fiat does.

Of course there are many Church leaders and constructive ministers who have bravely dealt with the altered world outlook, but religious faith is not yet completely at home in this evolutionary epoch, and the strain is very apparent in circles in which science is a dominant influence. Religious preaching in general has not caught up with the advances in scientific thought, and the essential spiritual dignity of man, without which religion always limps, has not been completely recaptured.

3

PARALLEL with this march of evolutionary doctrine there came a new and searching method of historical study, which brought a revolution in thought hardly less significant than the two other revolutions I have reported. At first the new historical method was applied in the main to secular fields. The history of Greece and Rome was rewritten, and the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were critically studied for their bearing on the history of the Trojan War. The old buried city of Troy which had been fought over was dug up, and Agamemnon's capital and palace were found and identified beyond a doubt.

As was bound to happen — for nothing in the universe is safe from the march of thought — this searching method of studying origins and backgrounds and historical development at length began to be applied to the body of the literature known as Holy Scripture.

Every book of the Bible, of both the Old and the New Testament, has been subjected to a research such as no other literature of the human race has ever undergone. The results are tremendously far-reaching and transforming. The social, intellectual, and religious backgrounds of each book have been penetratingly studied. The source of its ideas and

conceptions has been carefully traced. The date of its composition and the probable authorship of it are worked out with scientific care. The human element in the style and contemporary thought is made perfectly evident — in fact, indubitable. The entire Book of the Scriptures has been reoriented and reinterpreted. It becomes a new Book.

To the person who has been through this process of research the Bible emerges as a much greater Book than it appeared to be on the old basis. It becomes to him a progressive revelation, not a dead level one. But unfortunately not very many persons have been able to gain or have succeeded in gaining this new insight. To feel the thrill of the discovery of the slow unfolding of divine purpose through the ages, and to see a Bible with a human element in it, with the temporal marks of the different periods upon it, is an immense experience and is precisely the type of revelation of divine purpose we should expect in this world. Hosts of persons suppose that the Bible has received a deadly blow. It seems to them no longer their mother's Bible. Its "infallibility" appears to be gone. It is not in the old sense "God's Word." It is often badly taught — or not taught at all — and there is a generation on hand that is sadly ignorant of it. One large group of scientifically trained persons, ignorant of the new light that historical scholarship has brought to the Book, neglect the Bible because it seems to them to be antiquated and in collision with the conclusions of science. Another large group of persons, thoroughly hostile to the contributions of historical scholarship, go on teaching the Bible in the old-fashioned method, and usually produce a vigorous reaction against it in the minds of youth of the high school age.

Here again the Church has been afraid to face boldly and to accept joyfully what scholarship has *proved* to be facts, and to accept the Bible for the Book it really is, and to make it the *possession* of its members, as I possessed it in my youth. It is still, as of old, the supreme Book of the ages. It has formed the religious thought of the Western world as no other book has done. It is indissolubly woven into the greatest literature of Europe and America. And it is in every sense of the word a Book of Revelation. But it can be preserved and built into the lives of the new time only if it is read and studied in the light of the historical facts which scholarship has established.

Here are three "bloodless" revolutions, revolutions in the realm of thought which have produced, for those who *know*, a completely altered world outlook. The founders of our Protestant systems knew nothing of these tremendous shifts of thought. They laid their foundations in a world utterly unlike the world we are living in now. There is of course no single united Church in the world today that can speak with authority for the thought and ideals of Christianity in these modern times. There are not

merely two, but many types of Christianity, especially here in America. Some of the branches of the Church are well adjusted to the changes in world outlook and some are not adjusted. But on the whole Christianity has fairly well weathered the storms I have described. There are signs of growing unity and the promise of increasing insight and spiritual power.

There has always been a vital spiritual group within the churches of Christendom. This inside group has always been dedicated to the truth and has gone forward with the light in every age of discovery. It has been in these difficult modern times a growing and expanding element. In spite, therefore, of the fact that many members of Christian bodies go on saying ancient creeds, written to fit the world-forms of earlier ages, and do not come awake to face and deal with the reconstructed world in which the youth of today live, there are many grounds for predicting an increase of wisdom and spiritual leadership within the churches of Christ, and there is a promise of a more creative and dynamic religion for the future.

4

I THINK perhaps the point at which to begin the reinterpretation of faith is with *the spiritual significance of man* in this world we now find to be the one we belong to. If man is not endowed with a transcendent spirit and is not furnished with a capacity for communion and union with an ultimate divine Reality of a spiritual order, there is no point in considering any further the issues of religious faith. If we were compelled by unmistakable facts to accept a materialistic and mechanistic view of man as a product of the push of natural forces, religion would become only a hollow, empty word. Faith would indeed be a way of fooling the mind, an "opiate for the people."

Our Bible, and all other great books which claim to be books of revelation, treat man as a being nobly fashioned for a high destiny. He is created to be in the image of God. Perennial philosophy from Socrates to Emerson has maintained this lofty estimate of man's divine possibilities. The supreme prophets of the race have joined the revealers and the philosophers in this exalted view, though they all unite in speaking very solemnly of man's proverbial tendency to drop to lower levels, and to miss the high destiny for which he was fashioned.

The first effect of evolutionary doctrine was to lower the estimate of man, and the tendency to interpret higher forms of life in terms of lower origins has continued to count somewhat for a lowered scale of human worth. Then, too, there have been in our times some appalling examples of human depravity. There have come on the stage of human action specimens of the race which made the better animals seem dignified by comparison. But in spite

of the solemnity of the reports concerning actual man — prone to sin, and exhibiting a tendency to revert to the lower status — I am nevertheless convinced that the lofty estimate of man's spiritual endowment and his exalted destiny remain unshaken by all the assaults that have been made. There is an aspect in man that is *unique*.

He not only thinks, but he *knows himself as thinking*. He is not only conscious, but he is self-conscious. He makes use almost continually of universal ideas and principles, which no one of his senses, nor all of them together, ever report to him from the outside world. Universal ideas are not given from without. There is an inward creative operation here of major importance. More than that, man's mind transcends any given experience that comes to him. He is always out beyond any fences which hem in his pasture. His very consciousness of limit means that he is already beyond the limit. He is always beyond his boundaries. A *more yet* attaches to every finite attainment he makes. He observes himself from above and approves or condemns himself and his acts, which means that he is essentially a *moral being* and carries a moral plumb line in his inmost structure. He feels himself to be *conjunct* with a social group, and he is never an *isolated* individual. More than that, many persons carry within themselves mystic yearnings for fellowship with a divine Companion. Man when he is fully himself is conjunct with a World above him. He is from his earliest years smitten with a homesickness, a nostalgia, for mutual and reciprocal correspondence beyond the margin of the seen and known. And there are occasions when that correspondence with the Beyond is more real to him than the scenes of earth and sky.

It is clearly evident that man is still in the process of being made. We are here in the world before the architectural plan has been carried very far. Who except the creative architect of York Minster could have guessed what that superb structure was to be when only the crypt was being formed! We get occasional intimations of what the higher stages may be like in the consummate beauty of the rightly fashioned lives that have been and are still sometimes open to our observation, even while we are down here on the ground level.

There has been a succession of saints, who are persons that have in a measure *arrived* — "born," as St. Paul would say, "before the due time." Some of them are canonized and some are not. The word "saint" stands for the chosen few who have arrived at an advanced stage of purity of life. The spirit has triumphed over the body in the saint, and over the things of the world. An inward beauty shines through. Nobody is fully a saint until the life has become consummately beautiful. Love is revealed through the life of a saint in a unique way and to an extraordinary degree. The person's everyday life breathes a beauteous order of influ-

ence. From somewhere there has come into the life a capacity to do what has seemed impossible before. It is not necessarily a miraculous power, though something from Beyond breaks in, but it is a striking elevation of the normal forces of life. And the person to whom we would attach the word "saint" has learned how to live in this strange mysterious world with a thrill of joy and a touch of radiance. It is an anticipation of the rightly fashioned person.

A saint must be genuinely *human*. That is an essential condition, but it is also one of the difficulties in becoming a saint, because a saint must belong to two worlds, this world of Nature and the realm of the Spirit. These persons live by inward insight instead of argument; by experience of God instead of speculation about Him. It must be said at once that the saint is not, like the poet, born that way. There are no cradle saints. Some children are more saintly than others are. But in every case the saint is a saint not because of unique qualities of birth, but rather because somewhere along the pathway of life the inward spirit of the person has succeeded, with help from Above, in conquering the stubborn traits of nature, the drive of instinct, love of self, the eagerness to promote number one, and there has come into play a refining process, a purification of aim and motive, and the triumph of the spirit. The saint is always an "overcomer." He has learned how to "turn the stubborn thistle into glossy purples." The succession of saints is one of the major evidences that the Eternal Spirit is a continuing and present reality in this strange world which, to eyes and ears and to scientific researchers, seems to be just a world of matter. The saint knows that it is a two-story world and that the Above is as real as the below.

There are, of course, other types of persons (besides saints) who have *arrived*, and who have brought the architectural plan into full view. Socrates and Plato and Plotinus and Marcus Aurelius are unique specimens of the race. So, too, are Confucius and Motze and Buddha and Zoroaster; Michelangelo and Beethoven; Alfred the Great and Abraham Lincoln, to name only a few of the supremely great names.

5

BUT what I insist upon is not merely that the saints and geniuses have been possessed with a unique quality, but that there is a unique spiritual endowment — at least potentially — in man as man, in the so-called "common man." The capacity to *think*, to be self-conscious, to enjoy beauty and music, to rise to mathematical insight, to carry on a moral passion, to possess an aspect of freedom, to transcend all that is presented, to live by ideal vision, to be creative of what is not yet, to be smitten with homesickness for the Beyond, the Unattained, to love with an undying love that never

lets go — all this is unique. *We* are the only known beings in the universe that have these traits, and they point to a higher origin and to a World beyond the world.

Instead of trying to "explain" man in terms of lower origins, we must admit unique creative events. Instead of leveling down, we must level up. Instead of endeavoring to trace an unbroken curve of human events, the future always equal to the sum of the past, we must admit that the line of ascent has the look of a "steeplechase." There have been many crisis-events, shifts of level, novel exits and entrances, unique *lifts* of the gates of life. We can call these epoch-movements "mutations," or "holism-processes," or by any other term that avoids introducing the creative act of God; but all the way along the upward curve, something was coming into being that was not *there* before. And we are confronted with a mystery as great as that reported in Genesis i. 27: "God created man in His own image." That is where at last we are bound to arrive. In spite of all the drops of level, the strayings and the sinnings, there is still something of that divine image in our inmost structure. There is something about us that the earth's crust has not contributed.

It was Aristotle who first clearly and positively declared that Active Reason in man could not be traced to a natural origin, though he thought everything else could be, or that it could not be explained by anything outside itself. Active Reason, in Aristotle's system of thought, includes just those aspects of mind which I have called unique, *sui generis*, which differentiate man's mind from everything else in our world, the aspects which cannot be explained in terms of lower origins. I may add, in passing, that there is *nothing* whatever about this higher type of mind in man that can be explained in terms of physical origin. Our apprehension of external objects, our consciousness of a world out *there*, is and remains a supreme mystery, which no psychology in any true sense "explains." Furthermore, how we pass from the mental idea of an action to the moved muscles, and how the changes occur as a result of the mental idea, are as mysterious as would be a train of cars with no couplings between the cars, but held together by an act of love between the engineer in the locomotive and a maiden in the rear car! Things that always happen are assumed to be normal and the mystery is discounted. We say, "Of course."

But to return to Aristotle's "Active Reason." He glorified it as unique, but left it unexplained. His disciples, however, at a later time, convinced that it had no earthly origin, and was not self-originated, came to the conclusion that it was the creative endowment of God in man. From the second century on, this divine endowment was generally accepted, and was named by a variety of names. Plotinus called it "the Apex of the Soul" —

a point of contact in man that had never been sundered from its eternal Source. We never quite go out from the divine Fatherland. Early Eastern Christian writers used the word *Synteresis* for the unlost divine factor. This Greek word, often misspelled, had a great place in the thought of the medieval mystics and was used down to the seventeenth century. But the phrase "divine Spark," and finally "inward Light" or "Light Within," and sometimes "divine Seed" came to be the accepted term for the unlost connection of the soul of man with its divine Origin.

The interpretations of this endowment are often very vague, and there were always grave difficulties in making it fit into existing theological systems, built on the theory that man was a fallen, ruined, and spiritually stripped being. But the important point is that this suggestion of a divine endowment

in man has never been lost since Aristotle's day, and it is an absolutely essential feature for any genuine interpretation of a rightly fashioned *man*. If it had not been contributed to us out of the long experience of the race, we should be compelled to invent it to explain what we have on our hands when we face up to the unique aspects of this mysterious being we call *man*. He is not yet wholly made. He is prophetic of more. But even so, there is something about him — an Apex, a Spark, a Light, a Seed, a uniqueness of capacity — that sends us beyond him to a higher Source, without which he is as mysterious as a child would be without any parents, or a fact-event without any cause. Man to be man must be man plus MORE. As soon as he discovers the implications of his inmost structure as a person he is on the way to be religious, and has his own unique evidence of God.

SUMNER T. PIKE, one of the five members of the Atomic Energy Commission, has a deep feeling of responsibility for the scientists and the government employees — more than 40,000 — who are now carrying on the research in our atomic power plants. Aware of the rising emotions in this country, he warns us against the witch hunts which have assailed Americans from time to time in the past and of which we have been ashamed afterwards. A Yankee industrialist from Maine, Mr. Pike established himself in public utilities before becoming a government official.

WITCH-HUNTING THEN AND NOW

by SUMNER T. PIKE

IN TOLERANCE has a long history in this country, frequently an ultra-respectable one, and sometimes it even appears honorable. As a corollary to our waves of intolerance, we have frequently had attempts at "terrorization by epithet." These phenomena are no credit to us as human beings or as a nation. Perhaps the best comfort we can extract is that we are usually heartily ashamed of ourselves after the emotional tension has eased. These outbursts are no monopoly of the rich or the poor, the radical or the conservative, and I might add that they are not confined to the American people. They probably find their origin in the darker recesses of what we call "human nature." Whatever their origin and however inevitable they may be, it is not pleasant to think that we are thus fouling our own nests.

The best known of the early outbreaks came in Massachusetts in the late seventeenth century in the famous Salem witchcraft cases which were probably only the inevitable harvest of the seeds sown by the Puritans whose idea of freedom appeared to be that everybody must do exactly what the authoritarian theologians prescribed.

Personally, I take a good deal of pride in the fact that the first two generations of Pikes over here were in continual trouble with the rigid Puritan discipline and that the second of them, Robert Pike, is generally credited with being most instrumental in lancing the boil of witchcraft fanaticism in 1692.

Skipping over a good many ugly movements through Colonial and pre-Civil War history, it is easy to recall, personally or from the books, the

Ku Klux Klan movement in the South, the Anarchist, Socialist, and I.W.W. scares of the 1890's and early twentieth century, the Mitchell Palmer "red" scare of the 1920's, the Wall Street banker hatred of the early New Deal, and currently, the Communist scare into which we seem to be moving.

At the height of these emotional outbursts, it was often positively dangerous to take an opposing side. On the other hand, selfish interests would attempt to gain sordid ends under the cover of self-named patriotism. Flag-waving tactics were a screen for drives to impede or reverse social progress.

This is all familiar enough and I think most of us see possibilities of the same sort of thing going on today, but it is a fair question to ask, "How does this bear particularly on the work of the Atomic Energy Commission?" Well, I think it does have a rather special bearing on our work. The degree of success in our job depends fundamentally on considerable numbers of scientific minds of the highest quality to carry on exploration into unknown or dimly perceived fields of research. Such minds must be brilliant, curious, skeptical, and roving. They do not take things for granted. They must examine and re-examine conclusions reached by others before reaching their own decisions. They are usually deeply immersed in their own specialties. Sometimes this means in other fields a degree of unworldliness and naïveté, particularly in political and social subjects. The qualities which are most valuable for their main work frequently lead them to be joiners of apparently good causes without realizing that they are joining under bad leadership. Being used to scientific freedom of expression, they are apt to be outspoken on social injustices and unnecessarily tactless in exposing our own troubles here at home. We already have a good many of these top scientists and we shall need more, many more before we are through.

It is characteristic of these people that they were against the Spanish Franco before he was officially

anathema. Some of them joined the American League for Peace and Democracy in the 1930's and a few of them have actually been reading the *New Republic*, the *Nation*, and *PM*. Ordinarily Americans will not as a group take their cues for action or thinking from Martin Dies and his ilk. On this Commission we flatter ourselves that we are level-headed enough not to feel more than a slight irritation at their mouthings. At the present time, however, large numbers of people and part of the press seem to take them seriously, and there is reason to believe that this number is growing.

The heightening tension of our relationships with Russia and the infiltration of busy Communists into such organizations as labor unions and groups for social betterment may well add enough fuel to the fanatic's fire to bring about a public attitude of thoughtless panic and lead to what I have been calling "terrorization by epithet" by people whose motives are as un-American as those of the Communists themselves.

For myself I am pretty deeply disgusted with the tactics of the Russian government and the policies of encouraging world-wide turmoil and disorganization which apparently underlie those tactics. I do hope most fervently, however, that those who feel likewise will not allow their dislike of Russian methods to lead to the smearing and discrediting of fine, invaluable men who have at one time or another allowed themselves to be drawn into groups which have turned out to be more than the liberal movements which they appeared to be. Freedom of thought and inquiry is one of our most precious treasures. It is always subject to attack by people who have other bills of goods to sell.

In the emotional atmosphere which we now seem to be entering, it increasingly behooves us to be on our guard against that strident minority which would have us abandon our fundamental birthright of intellectual freedom for a sorry fascistic mess of pottage.





An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



An Australian just turned forty, GODFREY BLUNDEN has had the rare opportunity of living the life of a Muscovite, writing and observing in Russia during those taut days of 1942 and 1943 when the relief of Stalingrad turned the tide of defeat. His knowledge of the Russian character gained at that time was the source material of his exceptionally vivid novel, A Room on the Route, as it is of this, his first published short story with its remarkable comparison of the British and Russian temperaments.

THE INDIAN GAME

by GODFREY BLUNDEN

THE women were scrubbing the floor of the cabin with hot water and birch leaves. The air was aromatic with steam and the smell of birch and resin. The pinewood floor and the newly trimmed log walls were white and the brown knots shone. The women scrubbed the walls and the tables and the chairs, talking and laughing as they worked. Colonel Kuperin came in and looked at the floor and then went out. As he went out he smacked old Masha on the backside where she was bending. Masha pretended to be enraged. But all the other women laughed.

When the cabin was fresh and clean the women went to the kitchen, where they began to prepare the food that had come in large cases from Archangel. They were excited when they saw the food: there were butter, cheese, sugar, tea, potatoes, pork fat, pickled cucumbers, herrings, caviar, and other delicacies. It was a long time since they had seen such food. Katya, who came from Leningrad, said it was a scandal to have so much food for foreigners, but Ludmilla said Katya did not have enough education to understand how important it was. Everybody said Ludmilla was right. Old Masha said they were Germans, but Ludmilla, who knew more about these things, said they were English.

The women made large dishes of salad; they put on a big borscht; and they laid out the herrings and the butter and the cheese. The soldier Mitka brought in the vodka. Some of the vodka was *Moskva Vodka* in light-green bottles, but most of it

came in cans that had been used to bring gasoline out to the airstrip. There were new glasses too, and plates and cutlery, all packed in straw. All from the Intourist hotel at Archangel. That rascal Mitka kept idling about the kitchen door until old Masha told him to be off, but Mitka just grinned. Varna told him to bring more wood for the stove and Mitka worked hard and soon the cabin was as warm as a bakery. Colonel Kuperin came in again to see how the food was, sampling the pork fat and the herring.

Old Masha pretended to be angry with him for disturbing her beautiful dishes, but all the time anyone could see she was melting for the young Colonel. And it was true Colonel Kuperin was handsome, tall and straight, and dark, and proud; and the uniform of the Red Air Force became him, showing off the broad muscular shoulders and the narrow hips, the easy confident carriage. The appearance of Colonel Kuperin had awakened old, almost forgotten memories in Masha, memories of the former people; she had begun to feel for him, in his pride and his solitariness, as though he were her own son; and under the spell of this feeling the evening before, as on many previous evenings, she had spent an hour polishing his boots.

Now Colonel Kuperin looked at all the women sternly and then he bent down behind old Masha and whispered something in her ear. He gave her a big noisy kiss on the cheek, and pinched her, and walked out quickly. Old Masha became dreadfully angry and made as though to chase him away, and

then when all the women were laughing she put her old skirt to her eyes and wept two big tears. Varna called her a fool and soon they were all talking and laughing once more.

The sun was beginning to show and soon the foreigners would be coming. Old Masha said she could remember great parties like this when she was a little girl in St. Petersburg; but Ludmilla told her it was different now because it was for the Soviets. Later Captain Seduk came in to examine the arrangements, and Ludmilla went with him to view the room where the table was set for the banquet. Captain Seduk was the political officer of the regiment and a very serious man of the Party. He was not popular with the women. They were all silent when he was about, except Ludmilla. Ludmilla helped Captain Seduk hang the big portrait at the end of the room behind the chair where Colonel Kuperin, the regimental commander, would sit.

Everything was now ready and Captain Seduk went across to the men's huts to inspect the four pilots who had been chosen to banquet with the foreigners. In the huts the four who were to sit at the table were polishing their medals. Kolya, who did not belong to this regiment, but who had been brought over especially for the occasion, was strutting about like a fighting cock. For almost an hour he had been posing in front of a fragment of mirror, putting his cap this way and that, arranging the quiff of chestnut hair to come out from under the peak of the cap, combing it with a short piece of comb, looking at the mirror sternly and then smiling, turning his smile this way and that, showing his big stainless steel teeth. Ivan, Nikolai, and Alexi caught the spirit of the thing and all four were dancing and cavorting about the hut when Captain Seduk came in. Then they became like statues and gave Captain Seduk a tremendous salute.

The Soviet pilots Ivan, Nikolai, and Alexi were in great awe of Captain Seduk because he conducted the wall newspaper and knew almost everything. They were very serious with him, but this Kolya who came from another regiment grinned at Captain Seduk and looked knowing, as though he and Captain Seduk were accomplices. But Captain Seduk looked at Kolya with an expression of utter coldness and Kolya froze. After this, Captain Seduk went to the small frame hangar where the aircraft were sheltered from the snow. The hangar was a couple of hundred meters from the huts, and the snow was packed up around it so that it was indistinguishable from the glittering white landscape now touched with the blue and purple shadows of the arctic morning. In the hangar two mechanics were tuning up an engine. On the frozen lake which they used for a runway a small white plane was taxiing in. Captain Seduk waited for the pilot and told him the plane must be put out of sight in the hangar. The pilot saluted — then, looking at the sky, said all

the airplanes would be grounded anyhow. Captain Seduk noticed that it was warmer, but he knew nothing about flying. He walked back to the cabin and found that the foreigners were already there.

2

THERE were four foreigners. They were taking off their coats and caps and mittens and overshoes in the small hallway and they were going to the stove and laying their hands and feet on the white tiles. Accompanying the foreigners were two from Moscow in the uniforms of colonels of the Red Army. As the foreigners and the two from Moscow entered the banquet room the four Soviet pilots, Kolya, Ivan, Nikolai, and Alexi, and Colonel Kuperin, the regimental commander, snapped stiffly to attention and, as one man, cried, "Welcome!" Captain Seduk, watching the two from Moscow in the uniforms of Red Army colonels, was satisfied with the effect, but the foreigners were startled.

Everybody was shaking hands with everybody else, smiling broadly and pumping hands vigorously. The women, peering from the kitchen doorway, passed word back that one of the foreigners spoke the language, but so funnily they were paralyzed with laughter. It was the old one with the pink face, white hair, and drooping silver mustache. Masha, looking over Varna's shoulder, was suddenly overwhelmed with recollection. It is a *Baron!* Yes, it is certainly a *Baron*. There is a *Baron* with white hair. She had almost forgotten the word and the kind of face that suggested the word. She saw that the *Baron* wore a brown uniform like the Magyars. Ludmilla said he was not a Magyar but an English. Ludmilla said he was the interpreter of the English Army. His duty, she said, was to govern the expression of the other foreigners. But naturally he was the *Angleski En-kay-vay-day*. Certainly all interpreters were of one *En-kay-vay-day* or another.

Masha was skeptical, as always, of Ludmilla's explanations, and muttered that the other three foreigners were in the blue-gray German uniform. One of them had the pale-blue eyes and the big red mustache of the Prussian cavalry. But Ludmilla said sharply that they too were English. She said the blue-gray uniforms were the uniforms of the Air Force of the English King, and that these three were aviators like our Soviet aviators, only the English airplanes were inferior and these three had come from England to spy out the secrets of our great Soviet airplanes.

Old Masha thought the English aviators looked very young and that the war must be going very badly with the English for them to have such children flying airplanes. They looked like fresh-faced infants beside her handsome Colonel Kuperin, whose childhood had been spent between two great famines, who had survived the collectivizations

and the other hazards that were unmentionable, whose face was acne-pitted and whose complexion was like beaten pewter. Even the foreigner with the red handlebar mustache, who appeared to be their commander, was very young; and beside him there was another, a pale thin one with pimples, no more than a child, whom Masha could have sworn was a German, no matter what Ludmilla said about his being English, because Masha had seen many such coming as students into Russia from Germany before the Hitlerite treachery. But the third foreign aviator Masha did not know about. He had black shining hair, white skin, a thin-lipped mouth that grinned, dark-blue eyes with black eyelashes, and a way of looking straight at you even though you were beneath notice, and although Masha saw at once that he was of a kind that, without discipline, could be as wild as any Russian, she yet did not know about him, because never in her life before had she seen an Irishman.

Colonel Kuperin was introducing Ivan, Nikolai, Alexi, and that Kolya while the English *Baron*-interpreter (that was the name the woman had for him now) in his funny old-fashioned speech was translating for everyone. The English aviator-commander with the big red mustache was trying to talk with Colonel Kuperin, but he had only a few words of Russian and Colonel Kuperin would laugh heartily every time the foreigner used a Russian word. Katya, who had taken the foreigners' coats, said that she had never seen anything so rich as the furs with which they were lined. Old Masha tiptoed out to peep at the foreigners' coats and came back saying that it was nothing, she could remember in St. Petersburg — Ludmilla said they had been capitalists too.

Soon it was time for everyone to sit at the table. Colonel Kuperin took his place beneath the big portrait. The foreign aviator-commander sat at his right and the old *Baron*-interpreter sat at his left. The two from Moscow in the uniforms of Red Army colonels sat together next to the *Baron*.

The four Soviet pilots then took their places with the two English pilots, the young pimply-faced one, and the one with black curly hair and blue eyes, sitting between them. Captain Seduk sat at the end of the table.

Colonel Kuperin made a speech of welcome and proposed a toast, *the* toast. All drank the toast with great solemnity, standing, draining their glasses, and then applauding with their hands. Old Masha, peering from the kitchen, was aloof with pride when her favorite made his speech, he looking so handsome, with so much style, standing there very straight in his uniform, very serious, as proud as a stallion. Then the old *Baron*-interpreter with the pink face and the silver hair got up and made a speech in Russian, such a funny speech, full of all kinds of politenesses and the forms of long ago, as only Masha, of all those there, remembered. Lud-

milla, looking at the foreigners while the old *Baron*-interpreter was speaking, saw the two foreign aviators, the very young pimply one and the one with black hair and blue eyes, look at each other and suppress, each of them, a grin. Ludmilla was startled. Surely there was mockery in their faces? Could it be that they were laughing at the *Baron*-interpreter? Was there a conclave here? Ludmilla thought that what she had seen should be reported. She looked at the two from Moscow to see if they had seen what she had seen, but they had not.

3

AT LAST the *Baron* was finished and he raised his glass to toast the Red Army and the Red Air Force and once more they all rose, solemnly drinking the neat vodka. Then Captain Seduk made a speech and all the women withdrew into the kitchen because they knew what Captain Seduk was going to say and they had to be ready to bring in the borscht. Captain Seduk gave the toast of the Foreign Leader, very gravely, with knowledge, and they all drank again.

After that the commander of the foreign aviators, the Englishman with the red handlebar mustache, got up and made a speech, a very short speech, speaking in English, in his queer clipped way, without style or affectation, but looking all the time at Colonel Kuperin as though he were talking only to him. The foreign commander spoke earnestly and as he spoke the old *Baron*-interpreter became more and more embarrassed, began shifting in his chair and making little motions of discouragement in the direction of the one with the red mustache.

Then the foreign aviator-commander asked the old *Baron* to translate the speech into Russian. But it was evident that the *Baron* did not want to do this. While they were talking together in English, Ludmilla noticed that the two from Moscow (in the too-well-cut uniforms of Red Army colonels to be merely Red Army colonels, as everybody there, except the foreigners of course, had seen at once) had their heads together, and in a moment of brilliant illumination Ludmilla knew that one of those from Moscow knew what the foreign aviator-commander had said in his speech, that this one from Moscow could understand the English language, and that this understanding was being kept secret from the English, and Ludmilla was suddenly full of wonderment and pride for the wisdom and subtlety of the Soviet cadres.

The old *Baron*-interpreter began to translate the foreign aviator-commander's speech. He spoke with great politeness. He said that the English aviator-commander, whose name was Commander-of-the-Wing Watkins, was a very great hero in his own country, having shot down German planes even before the Soviets had entered the war. He had come to Russia with his comrades, who were

also fighting pilots, to show the Russians how to fly the Hurricane. The Hurricane was their name for the fighting plane they had flown when they had defeated the Heinkels during the Battle of Britain. Now England had given thousands of these Hurricanes to Russia and had sent her best pilots over here to show the Russians how to fly them. But, of course, the Russian pilots had known very well how to assemble and fly the Hurricane without instruction, so that Commander-of-the-Wing Watkins had not even seen a Hurricane at close range since coming to Russia. Commander-of-the-Wing Watkins had only feelings of friendliness and comradeship for the intrepid Russian aviators. It was only this matter of tactics. Commander-of-the-Wing Watkins had tried ever since he had been in Russia to meet with and discuss aerial tactics with someone in a responsible position in the Red Air Force, but he had not met anyone except functionaries who, though courteous and accommodating, did not understand the technical aspects of flying. Now, however, on the occasion of this banquet celebrating his return to England, he felt the opportunity had occurred for full discussion. Here in their own mess hall, in the presence of their commander, himself a distinguished pilot, he believed, they could get down to facts about aerial tactics.

The old *Baron* spoke like this for some time, his face a little pinker than it had been, his silvery mustache shaking as he spoke, and then he brought it out. The foreign aviator-commander was afraid that, as soon as the days became a little longer, the Heinkels would come over from Uleåborg and bomb the Allied ships as they lay alongside the wharves of Murmansk and the Red Air Force would not be able to prevent the Heinkels from destroying all these valuable ships. The ships, said Commander-of-the-Wing Watkins, had come all the way from England and America, had cost much money and sacrifice to build, had braved many hazards to get here, submarines and Dornier bombers, and were full of tanks and guns for the Red Army. It would be a great pity to have all this honest effort sabotaged merely through lack of experience in air tactics. He had watched the German reconnaissance plane fly over Murmansk at the same hour every day photographing the progress of the building of the port, the arrival and departure of ships, and he had observed the failure of the Soviet pilots to prevent this, merely because they relied too much upon individual pursuit, did not maintain constant patrol with high cover, and through lack of vigilance —

Old Masha felt her heart turn over. Watching her Colonel Kuperin, his face now as expressionless as metal, she felt she must cry out. Even Ludmilla felt a rising sickness of recollection: it was like one of those Party meetings in 1937 or 1938. But now, here before everyone, at this time, a denuncia-

tion! Only a foreigner could be so uncultured. The four Soviet pilots, Ivan, Nikolai, Alexi, and that Kolya, were rigid, as though frozen, their eyes narrowed and their gaze fixed on their political officer, Captain Seduk. Captain Seduk was looking at the two from Moscow in the Lubianka-cut uniforms of colonels; and the two from Moscow, without moving their heads, were gazing sidelong at each other.

Then Captain Seduk saw the two from Moscow adopt expressions of unconcern, and as the old *Baron* ended his translation, one of those from Moscow, not the younger one who understood English, but the other, nodded and smiled at Commander-of-the-Wing Watkins. Then Captain Seduk adopted an expression of unconcern and came near to smiling, and so everybody else was unconcerned and the relaxation was sudden and complete. Everybody began smiling and nodding at the foreign aviator-commander, smiling and lifting their eyebrows, treating him warmly in order to put him at his ease. Kolya jumped up from his seat and went around to the foreign aviator-commander and shook his hand strongly, poured vodka into his glass and made him drink a toast.

Wing Commander Watkins, R.A.F., was delighted with the effect of his speech, and his big red handlebar mustache wobbled a little with emotion.

4

At this moment the women began bringing in the hot food, moving around the table, glancing sideways at the foreigners as they leaned close to them, then looking away shyly, avoiding the curious eyes of the foreigners, especially the bold eyes of the one with curly black hair, this one having some small phrases in Russian which he whispered to them, shocking Ludmilla because the phrases proved this foreigner had been with some *n'kulturna devoshka*, but provoking in the other women fits of suppressed laughter, sending them whispering and giggling together to the kitchen.

Everybody at the table began toasting everybody else, his neighbor on the left, his neighbor on the right, the guest opposite, all the guests one after the other. They showed the foreigners how to drink after the Russian fashion, after tossing off the vodka to breathe on their fingertips, to pretend to rub their stomachs with the breath-dampened fingertips curled, and then to swallow small cubes of pork fat or herring. Animated conversations were held, none understanding the foreigners and only the old *Baron*-interpreter understanding them. But the aviators were soon conversing together with their hands held palms open, re-enacting aerial maneuvers. Wing Commander Watkins, now somewhat elated, still very earnest, was talking to Colonel Kuperin, trying to explain to Colonel Kuperin a system of patrolling the air. But Colonel

Kuperin laughed and called for a song, and this was the signal for Kolya to come forward and to sing the new *Moskva Moskva* song.

Kolya had a strong young voice which made the pine-wood walls ring. Everyone applauded and then Kolya sang the Song of the Sacred War. These were the two numbers Kolya had always to sing. Next Colonel Kuperin called on Ludmilla, and with Kolya accompanying her on his accordion, she sang an approved Ukrainian song. Everybody cheered Ludmilla, the young foreigner with the curly black hair whistling shrilly, so that Ludmilla blushed deeply and retired to the kitchen.

Then Colonel Kuperin called on the bold young foreigner for a song and the young one, whose black hair was now wildly awry, got up and sang a song. They all listened carefully to the song, and although it sounded soft and sweet like a German song they nevertheless applauded. Varna said she had heard the old *Baron*-interpreter say that this young one with black hair was an Irish and that therefore his song must be an Irish song. But Ludmilla said that was impossible because any educated person knew that the Irish had deviated from the English King and were neutral in this war and that, therefore, every Irishman was a double-dealer and would not be allowed in the Air Force of the English King. And then Ludmilla paused, remembering the way this young one had mocked the English Army interpreter. Could it be that the English did not understand . . . a spy in their midst . . . The responsibility of such thoughts was an uncomfortable burden for Ludmilla.

Old Masha, who had never heard of Ireland, thought the young aviator looked very handsome, but not so handsome as her Colonel Kuperin, nor did he have so many Orders on his breast, but only a tiny ribbon with purple crosswise stripes. Old Masha looked happily at the banquet scene, observed that the two from Moscow in the uniforms of colonels were eating steadily as men who are used to long heavy meals eat, noted that almost all the vodka in the light-green bottles was gone, went to the table, smiling, collected the bottles, took them back to the kitchen and refilled them with the gray vodka from the gasoline cans. None of the guests seemed to notice the color or smell of the new vodka.

Colonel Kuperin rose from the table and this was the signal for Kolya to come forward and dance. Ivan took the accordion while Kolya danced madly, spinning around, squatting on his heels, kicking his legs out, leaping in the air. Ivan was so moved by Kolya's dancing that he passed the accordion over to Nikolai and began dancing too. He began at the other end of the room independently of Kolya and they both came together in a marvellous way, pairing their feet madly and triumphantly. Alexi began clapping his hands to the music and soon everybody was clapping. Then Kolya leaped

onto the table and danced there among the glasses and bottles, squatting on his heels and shooting out his lithe legs. Ivan went on dancing and when he stood out Alexi leaped in.

All the time Captain Seduk was seeing that the foreigners' glasses were filled. The two from Moscow had finished eating and were listening to the old *Baron*-interpreter, who was explaining that the insignia on his brown tunic was that of his old regiment, the 12th Huzzars, which didn't mean anything nowadays with all this reorganization going on, but it had been a rattling good regiment in its day — Mafking, the Northwest Frontier, Mons, Mesopotamia, and so on; Baku too, that was where he had learned his Russian, he had always been good with languages, Hindustani, Arabic, but picking up Russian so quickly had got him a job with Wrangel that was the funny thing, so he had made a study of it, and now, in this show, when all he could expect at his age was a desk at Whitehall, here he was attached to these young flying chaps, very nice boys, the new generation you know, frightfully keen, but impulsive, rather regrettable that *gaffe* by the Wing-co, but how was the Wing-co to know that in Russia tactics are something decided upon in Moscow, always have been, more so now probably, man would be under suspicion if he questioned it, but they wouldn't believe me, you know, when I told them, thought they could make some impression on this Kuperin chap . . .

The two from Moscow in the uniforms of Red Army colonels listened attentively to the old *Baron*-interpreter, who wasn't a baron at all, whose name was Major Jobson, who, before the war, had lived on his pension in the house of a son-in-law in Hammersmith. Looking across the room now at Colonel Kuperin the English interpreter, Major Jobson, saw that Wing Commander Watkins and his two pilots, young Calthorpe and Mathers, were still trying to make an impression on the Russian officer. Mathers had his arm on Colonel Kuperin's shoulder and was talking and talking, with Watkins putting in a word only here and there, and Major Jobson thought it very funny that the three R.A.F. officers should have reached that stage of drunkenness which makes people think they speak a universal language, because Major Jobson could see that, despite his constant smiling and his saying "Yes" and "Good," Colonel Kuperin could not understand a word they were saying. But everybody was drunk now and they were embracing and slapping each other on the back and laughing and trying to imitate Kolya.

5

THEN the young foreigner with the wild black hair, the Irish, began this game. Old Masha saw it all from the doorway of the kitchen. It was a test of strength which he played very cunningly, beat-

ing first Ivan, then Nikolai and Alexi. The game was played by two men standing facing one another like boxers, the left toe of one man touching the left toe of the other, their right feet placed half a pace back. Standing like that they locked their left hands, palm to palm, in a firm grip, and the test was to exert cunning pressure, or to withdraw pressure, without unclasping hands or without moving the feet. The first man to lose his balance lost the game. Major Jobson, who explained the game to the Russians, said it was called Indian wrestling and was a very old game among soldiers. The young Irish was very good at the game despite his shortness and his youth. The young Irish was flushed but he was still very steady in playing this game. He bettered everybody who played against him. And then he challenged Colonel Kuperin.

This was foolish of the young Irish, Masha told the other women, because Colonel Kuperin was a head taller than the young foreigner and much stronger. They stood toe to toe with hands clasped, both smiling, then suddenly began swaying backwards and forwards, their gripped hands pistoning in swift bursts of strength. Old Masha watched the tournament with pride and triumph in her eyes. Her favorite would soon overpower the young foreign aviator and everybody would laugh at him. Then, even as she was thinking this, Colonel Kuperin suddenly moved a foot to regain his balance and the test was over.

Colonel Kuperin embraced the wild young Irish and called for vodka and they toasted each other in long full glasses of the gray spirit, the young foreigner standing to attention, swaying a little, swaggering, the light in his blue eyes dancing. All at once Masha was afraid of the drinking, afraid that her favorite, like these others, was drunk — full of pride and dignity, but also a little drunk. Masha was sure of it when she heard Colonel Kuperin challenge the young Irish.

Now everybody in the room stood watching them. The women, old Masha, Ludmilla, Varna and Katya watching from the kitchen doorway, the Soviet pilots Ivan, Nikolai, and Alexi, that Kolya standing above everybody on the table with the young foreign aviator with the pimply face whom they called Calthorpe, Major Jobson, Wing Commander Watkins, and Captain Seduk and the two from Moscow, all were now watching the two men facing one another, toe to toe. The young Irish had taken off his blue jacket and you could see now that although he was short in stature he had a broad chest and shoulders. Colonel Kuperin stood head and shoulders above him, correct and military in his tight tunic, straight-backed, smiling, unruffled, his long arms and his large hands held loosely. He looked gaily around the room and old Masha fancied that he looked and smiled at her and she melted again with admiration of his grace and style. The two from the NKVD in uniforms of

Red Army colonels stood close to the contestants, looking closely at the positions they had taken up, like the judges of an athletic competition, like judges. They were not smiling.

With a slight shrug of his shoulders that was an expression of disdain, contempt, aloofness, imperceptible to all there except, perhaps, old Masha, Colonel Kuperin lightly took the hand of Mathers. For a moment they did not appear to move and then those watching saw the veins knotting in the young foreigner's neck and his face become red. Suddenly the gripped hands swung downward and the two men were crouching opposite one another. They rose slowly, each looking into the other's eyes, like big cats. The room was suddenly hushed. Masha could see the biceps filling out the sleeve of Colonel Kuperin's tunic, saw the swelling of his shoulders under the cloth, and she was sure his strength would overcome the cunning of the young foreigner. They stayed like that for several seconds, and for Masha the suspense was unbearable. Their clasped hands made brief lightning-like pistonings and then relapsed into tense immobility. Suddenly Colonel Kuperin seemed to tower over Mathers, as by some magical aggregation of height, and old Masha was sure it was all over with the wild young Irish. It was a game that should be forbidden, Masha thought; only the uncultured would play such a game. But the wild young one with the black hair was firm and, just as it seemed that he would be crushed, his hand moved and Colonel Kuperin, swaying to restore his balance, lightly moved his foot, and the contest was over.

6

WHEN everybody saw how easily it was over, they all began laughing. The two from Moscow were guffawing loudly. Captain Seduk saw they were laughing loudly but he himself did not laugh. Old Masha was glad to have it end so simply. But when she saw the expression in Colonel Kuperin's face she was full of apprehension. Colonel Kuperin was laughing too, but his eyes were mere slits, so that it seemed as if he had suddenly become a *Siberski*, and you could not guess what he was feeling. As Masha watched, he embraced Mathers, the wild young Irish who had beaten him, and he called for vodka, toasted the young foreigner, then filled the glasses again. Then Masha was afraid and went away from the doorway. She knew that something must happen.

As she stood thus in the kitchen, with the noise of the banquet behind her, she saw the soldier Mitka who had brought up the wood for the stove. The soldier Mitka was lying on the floor of the kitchen under the table and Masha saw that he had been drinking the vodka from the cans. Masha was suddenly furious, because it was just like a peasant to do that while her Colonel was entertain-

ing foreign guests. In her sudden, inexplicable anger she took a faggot of wood and beat Mitka again and again. But the soldier Mitka was insensible and snored more loudly, and Masha suddenly felt old and weak and helpless and, dropping the faggot of wood, uttered a long wail and went back to the banquet room.

Colonel Kuperin was magnificent. With great dash he was doing a thing which no one, not even the young Irish, could do. He took a vodka glass and with one blow he crushed it to pieces in his hands. As the glass splintered he shouted, "*Taran!*" Ivan, Nikolai, and Alexi would then shout, "*Taran!*" after him. The very young foreign aviator, Pilot Officer Calthorpe, who had been very retiring until this moment, suddenly became excited and tried to imitate Colonel Kuperin's deft gesture; but the glass broke badly and cut his hand and young Calthorpe went pale while the Soviet pilots roared with laughter. Ludmilla, moved by the sight of the blood and his pale boyish face, went to him with a cloth and began to bandage the wound, tying it up very well, until suddenly, agitated by the closeness of the foreigner, she ran out of the room.

Colonel Kuperin went on crushing glasses in his hands, draining the vodka from them and then crushing the glasses smartly between his large strong hands. And every time the Soviet pilots would shout, "*Taran!*" When Wing Commander Watkins asked what *taran* meant they all roared with laughter and then Alexi explained to Major Jobson that *taran* meant smash! like that, and it was what the Soviet pilots did to the enemy planes. Then Colonel Kuperin shouted that the intrepid Soviet pilots did not need ammunition to bring down the Fascist planes because the Soviet pilots rammed the enemy.

"*Taran!*" he shouted and all the Russians laughed.

Wing Commander Watkins said something quietly. One of those from Moscow, the one who understood English, who was at Watkins's side, overheard him and insisted that Major Jobson translate the remark. Major Jobson, regretfully and with much politeness, said that Wing Commander Watkins had said it was a pity they didn't ram the Fascist reconnaissance plane that was about to fly over Murmansk any minute from now.

The laughter and the noise had ceased on the instant the one from Moscow had spoken. It was as though they had all been waiting for it, the sound within the sound, the dissonance in the dynamo which only the engineer can hear, and now the power was switched off and the room was soundless and none moved.

Then Colonel Kuperin with a great shout accepted the challenge. He called to Ludmilla to bring his flying helmet and his boots. Ivan, Nikolai, and Alexi, who had been as still as statues, now looked at each other, began embracing each other,

laughing, while Colonel Kuperin, erect, smiling, proud, had never seemed so confident, no longer the *Siberski*. But to Masha the scene was unbearable. When Ludmilla came back Masha snatched the big boots and went to Colonel Kuperin and began scolding him in the language of infants, but he brushed her aside roughly, and took the boots, and Captain Seduk said, "Go away, Grandmother." Masha could see that they had all had too much vodka.

But Colonel Kuperin, standing in his big coat, looking very big in his dog-fur stockings that reached up to his thighs and in his fur helmet, took yet another glass of vodka and, calling on everyone to find new glasses and fill them, raised his own glass, giving the toast, and they were all suddenly at attention, elbows out, silently tilting their glasses. Then Colonel Kuperin suddenly crushed his glass to pieces and cried, "*Taran!*" and they all went outside. But when the door was open it was so cold outside it was too much trouble to don overshoes and jackets, and only Mathers and Wing Commander Watkins, and Captain Seduk and Kolya went with Colonel Kuperin to the hangar. The others went back inside where it was warm and began drinking again and some went to sleep.

7

THE low sun was shining brilliantly on the frozen lake, casting long blue shadows behind the snow banks, but to the north there was nothing but a vast blackness. Colonel Kuperin saw it, and Kolya saw it, and then the two foreign aviators saw it. Mathers turned quickly to Colonel Kuperin and began talking, but Colonel Kuperin could not understand him and kept nodding his head, and when Mathers began pointing to the black sky Colonel Kuperin smiled. He called for his aircraft and the mechanics pushed it out of the hangar and the two foreign aviators saw it.

"A wooden job," said Wing Commander Watkins, "I knew they had them."

Colonel Kuperin was about to climb into the cockpit when Flight Lieutenant Mathers, the Irishman who had beaten him at the Indian game, took him by the shoulder and began talking to him. Colonel Kuperin was smiling, but his smile was very austere and withdrawn, and in all his pride he suddenly seemed very solitary, and Flight Lieutenant Mathers felt that whatever he said, even if he could make himself understood, would have no effect on what was about to happen. This feeling added urgency to Mathers's words.

"Listen, Colonel, we know you can fly. We know you can get this photo-reccey thing. You don't have to show us. We take it all back. Understand? *Panamysch?*"

Colonel Kuperin smiled remotely.

"See that, over there," Mathers said. "That's a

blizzard coming up. Over there, see. Don't go up now! There won't be any Jerry coming over today anyhow, *so you don't have to go up.*"

Mathers was shouting. He turned to Wing Commander Watkins.

"Listen, Watkins, you started this thing, can't you speak a word of this bloody language? Can't you stop this drunken bastard from flying? Isn't there someone about here to ground him?"

Watkins said nothing.

Mathers turned to Captain Seduk, but Captain Seduk, who knew nothing about flying, but only how to obey the slightest whim of his superiors, especially when they were of high rank and from Moscow, ignored the drunken foreigner, looked only at Colonel Kuperin. It was nothing, he said. When Kolya heard Captain Seduk say it was nothing he laughed and slapped Mathers on the back and repeated that it was nothing.

Then Colonel Kuperin, no longer smiling, roughly knocked away Mathers's arm and went to his airplane.

The engine was suddenly, overwhelmingly accelerated, the small white aircraft jerked forward, becoming air-borne as the undercarriage was withdrawn from the ice. The slipstream threw up a blast of snow particles from the drifts banked up on the far side of the lake and the aircraft shot up into an almost vertical climb. In a few seconds it was a white speck against the great black wall of the blizzard.

The two officers of the Royal Air Force stood there looking at the small plane, saw it stall-turn and come speeding back towards them. When it was above them Colonel Kuperin threw it into a tight reverse loop and then executed a slow barrel roll that for expert, professional eyes was full of beauty.

"My God, Watkins," said Flight Lieutenant Mathers, "wouldn't you like to be doing that again!"

"Definitely a flying type," said Watkins.

The words were inadequate to express the sudden understanding which came into their minds, dissolving in the red-mustached Watkins an innate feeling of distaste, and in Mathers, the Irishman, awakening a sense of comradeship.

"Imagine," said Mathers, "that he had me fooled with all those phony gongs. And shooting that awful line."

But Wing Commander Watkins said nothing, being unable to say what he knew, which he knew better than Mathers, because he was an exemplary officer and, like Colonel Kuperin, a commander of combat: that Colonel Kuperin, far up there in his tiny white plane, had a happiness which he could not achieve on the impure and frustrating earth.

As they stood there they felt the first snowflakes brush around their legs. Then the sky closed in, the contours of the earth were lost, and the last they saw of the little plane, it was falling gracefully like an autumn leaf, its movement merging into the soft rush and flutter of the blizzard. Captain Seduk and Kolya had gone.

"I suppose he'll find a landing place at some other lake," Mathers said.

"Some other lake!" Watkins shouted, now voluble, full of anger. "You know there's no other lake. He's going into the drink. Into the Barents Sea. This blizzard is all over the Kola peninsula. There isn't another place he could go in time."

"He must know that."

"He knew it."

"Then he's had it," Mathers said.

To the soft whirling blizzard which now encompassed them Watkins said: "I think he'd *had* it."

They turned back to the cabin. Suddenly it was intensely cold and the cold made them a little sick. But inside the cabin it was warm and quiet and they found new glasses. In the kitchen there were a drunken peasant and an old Russian woman weeping into her skirt.





Following his graduation from Groton and Harvard, ELLERY SEDGWICK served his editorial apprenticeship on the staff of the Youth's Companion; he piloted a leaky Leslie's Monthly through a rough sea; worked for a year with S. S. McClure, and then as an editor of D. Appleton & Co. In 1908 he returned to Boston to become the proprietor and eighth editor of the Atlantic. In the thirty years of his editorship the magazine rose from a circulation of 15,000 to 105,000, and with this gain went a widening interest and no lessening of quality. The wise reflections on editing which follow form the introduction to Mr. Sedgwick's capacious anthology, Atlantic Harvest.

THE EDITOR'S CHOICE

by ELLERY SEDGWICK

1

LONG, long ago, when Germans were a decent people, one of them wrote a story familiar to my childhood. The Devil was abroad as usual, and as usual he took up with a man sorely in need of his help. I forget whether it was fame, fortune, or a pretty girl that he so urgently desired. At any rate, the man whispered his secret and the Devil was wholly accommodating. He would give all his friend asked. His return? Nothing but an unsubstantial trifle. With that the Devil stooped, as Devils do with special grace, and plucking one corner of the man's shadow, made a neat roll of its whole length and walked jauntily away with the package beneath his arm. If the hero of this tale was an editor, when he lost his shadow he lost everything. For if one thing is more essential than the rest, it is that the editor's shadow should rest squarely on his magazine.

Now a shadow is a very different thing from a reflection. It is its antithesis. All but the outline is gone, the intangible essence remains. It is characteristic as a man's accent or the first crinkle of his smile.

When I was a boy I spent many holidays at an island camp. In the evenings a familiar amusement was to take a sheet of prepared paper, white on one side, black on the other. Each of the company was placed in turn beside a powerful lamp so that the profile fell sharply upon the white side of a sheet fixed firmly upon a screen. Then someone skilled with the pencil traced the outline with meticulous care. Next the shadow picture was cut out, reversed, and hung upon the line. No portrait can convey a more accurate impression of personality. If there is "character," here is a graph of it. If not, you feel the absence in your marrowbones. To young men and women about to marry I suggest this pastime.

Coming back again to magazines, the editor's shadow, essential as it is, must not be allowed to blacken the page. It need be but dimly in the background of the reader's mind, but there it must be. Without it a magazine is but a hodgepodge packaged for commercial conveniences and that, as you and I well know, is just what most of them are.

So the first rule for editing is "Let your shadow fall full upon the page."

And the second rule for editing a monthly magazine is never to forget that its life lasts just thirty days. In that brief span all its vitality must be compressed. Time carefully. Don't print for eternity. Print for *now*.

There is no Rule Three.

I cannot put pen to paper discussing an editor's task without thanking my lucky stars for the happiness it has given me through long decades. A gipsy once told me that the bright star Aldebaran was in the ascendant when I was born. That was the star, you will remember, which brought life and liberty to Quentin Durward's outlandish friend Hayraddin Maugrabin. Certainly it brought luck to me. Think of being paid for fishing in the morning's mail: a letter from a missionary's wife in the Solomon Islands stranded among cannibal neighbors, while in a distant pasture her husband pursued an errant sheep no blacker than the rest but dearer perhaps to God and him; another from the Woman Homesteader in the bleak Northwest whose courage was tonic to the soul; still another giving a shrewd report of political breezes in Kansas where the Cagliostro of the hour was preaching the transplantation of goat glands as the sovereign remedy for physical infirmity, gaining thereby a fortune, immense and ardent support at the polls, and, incidentally, confirming the editor in his belief that the more furi-

ously democratic education moves forward, the more resolutely it sticks in the same place.

A happy conglomerate for a working day!

A magazine editor has but one idea in his head — *interest* here and now. If interest is at white heat and the magazine hot off the press, the editor thinks as much about the future as the promoter, pocketing a profit on his deal, thinks about eternity. But the editor of an anthology has a longer responsibility. To permanence he can hardly aspire, but a degree of semipermanence is a practicable ideal, and that is his target. Interest fades with time. The bright new curtains you hang in your show window lose their color in the sun of a second spring. For literature there is one fast dye, one only, and that is style.

Of course an event can be permanently interesting, or an adventure, or an unfamiliar truth, suddenly driven home. But events recur, adventures have their parallel, new truths are apt to be the truths your grandfather got from his grandfather in a slightly different form. Style, on the other hand, is forever unique. It is personal as the nose on your face and cannot be duplicated. In truth it is the distillation of the writer's mind, and if writing is precious, it is style that makes it so.

How little do the dictionaries know of this! I quote from the pachydermous Webster: Style is "the quality which gives distinctive excellence to artistic expression, consisting especially in the appropriateness and choiceness of relation between subject, medium, and form, and individualized by the temperamental characteristics of the artist."

There you have it. Ye Gods and little fishes what a paradox! Webster's "style" is the negation of style. You might as well define the iridescence of a moth's wing by enumerating the chemical compounds of the capillary filaments that go to make it so. Style is the man, his aspiration and his limitation all in one. If he is a memorable man, his style will tell you of him through the ages.

Style varies with every temperament. Sometimes it is torrential, sometimes combative. Occasionally it is achieved through a certain parsimony in words. In a satirical passage understatement always tells. I chance on an excellent example in the opening sentence of a story by that intermittent and malformed genius, Ambrose Bierce.

"Early one June morning in 1872, I murdered my father — an act which made a deep impression on me at the time."

Style varies with the man who makes it. The test is: will it make the author's message stick like a burr in your memory? I quote an example that gives a gay twist to a solemn occasion. It must be twenty years ago that I read in a Missouri newspaper this lively account of an execution:—

At half-past five the trap was sprung and Thomas J. Mulloy, dressed in a neat-fitting blue suit, a turn-down collar and a black cravat, was ushered into the presence of his God.

Can you not see the man who wrote that; his felt hat clapped on one side of his head, a cigarette drooping from his lips, his sharp little intelligence squeezing the last drop of drama out of his opportunity? He put all newspaperdom into a single sentence. His may not have been the best style, but style he had and fit to be remembered.

Sensibly or insensibly, style ensnares every man who has a seeing eye for the printed page. It was a great event in my education when one day during my boyhood Matthew Arnold, master of the art, called on my mother. I remember to this day his introduction of his wife. "Mrs. Sedgwick," he said, "let me present Mrs. Arnold, free from the taint of philanthropy." The talk that followed bore much on style. Mr. Arnold remarked that Americans had a strain of poetry in their discourse. What Englishmen call the "sea" Americans call "ocean," and for us "fall" is apt to be "autumn"; both poetic words. But what lies deepest in my recollection is the horror Mr. Arnold expressed at the style of American newspapers. I must say he made his point. The Cincinnati *Enquirer*, a copy of which had fallen into his hands, had, and I believe still has, a curious custom of concentrating attention on its topmost headline by permitting a single word in enormous letters to fill the column. A tragedy similar to the one described by my Missouri friend had just been enacted, and the *Enquirer* headlined it thus:—

JERKED

TO JESUS

In Mr. Arnold's opinion, it was the reporter, rather than the criminal, who deserved the noose, and doubtless in a more civilized America, his opinion would prevail.

Style, I think, is inseparable from personality. The works of Shakespeare are, of course, the supreme instance. Facts regarding his life, incredible as has been the industry in ferreting them out, are few enough. But the plays are there and the sonnets are there, the sympathies and prejudices, the loves and hates are there. However obscure the circumstance, the manner of man who wrote them could not be clearer had Titian drawn his portrait.

Let me take a more modest and casual instance. As I write these words, a paragraph from a book I am reading furnishes an example. Its author, one Reginald Farrer, an adventurous botanist, had been scaling the mountains of Tibet in search of rare and beautiful plants. That was about all I knew of him until I came to consider this paragraph, written while the horror of the first universal war rolled across half the world to his lonely mountain camp.

The stormy year now closes with comparative peace over exhausted China, and the blackest storm over Europe. It is something to have flower-fields and beauties to remember amid the enveloping universal darkness of the world. For the utmost griefs of beings, races, and continents come and pass, but the beauty of a poppy-petal on an alpine fell, the

child of a day at the mercy of wind or hail, that has its hour and passes also, continues immortally recurring through the ages, outliving the crash of kingdoms and civilisations and their evanescent agonies. More and more deeply do flowers give consolation in the wreckage of life, and the heart of the gardener can never be wholly sad so long as the impregnable beauty of life goes on being born of the earth to which we all return. The sprouting little Crocus in spring is more King of eternity than the Kaisers; and the faith of a flower moves the mountains of the world.

There is beauty here, but beyond the beauty much may be told. Beneath the botanist is the man passionately in love with flowers and with the Nature that brings them into being, but it is love from within rather than admiration for what is without. The writer's whole personality is merged with what he describes; his life an infinitesimal fraction of one infinite whole. The indivisible river of existence flows through him and all things else. There is no surprise when I look into another volume written by an associate of his and find that long before he wrote this passage Reginald Farrer accepted the Buddhist faith and the Buddhist philosophy.

I find comfort in remembering that death came to Farrer on one of his most distant expeditions. A man whose mind has ranged so far must have been envious of a lonely grave. Let his epitaph be written in lines, most beautiful perhaps among the works of women:—

The earth that wakes one human heart to feeling
Can center both the worlds of Heaven and Hell.

Every editor, of course, has his own method. I have heard it sworn to in New York in the old days, that Frank Munsey cabled the Pope direct, setting forth the influence of *Munsey's Magazine* and inviting the Holy Father to contribute a paper on "Home Life in the Vatican," and to put snap in it. Of that story I have my suspicion, but what an editor like Frank Munsey will not do to attract attention in the world, a quiet man shrinks from recording.

When correspondence with an author has been long continued and a certain specious friendship rests upon it, an editor gets to know the oddities and the quiddities which protect writers from the commonplace and give to each his place in the world. King Charles's head is always to be kept in mind, and if the editor does not learn his lesson here below I sometimes think that when the time comes for his transfer to a higher sphere, he may find himself a semicelestial impresario with a galaxy of heavenly prima donnas to keep in hand. That should complete his training! As a contributor grows in importance and success, the editor's touch must be lighter and more delicate. Discipline is relaxed and whims are indulged. But standards are standards, and I do not believe an editor should come to heel at any author's whistle. I recall small but charac-

teristic altercations with Mrs. Wharton. She lived in Paris and wrote by Jamesian standards. Her spelling and punctuation followed the English tradition. The *Atlantic* usage was its own but it followed the main currents of American practice. So it was that when the "u's" were taken out of Mrs. Wharton's "parlours" and "colours" and semicolons were substituted for her dashes, she altered to the original form every correction made in her galley proofs. It was very obvious that the *Atlantic* reader, noticing variant spelling and punctuation in the magazine, would ascribe the deviations simply to careless proofreading; and careless proofreading the editor abhorred. The issue was joined. *Atlantic* habits must be respected, but Mrs. Wharton was an artist and the work of artists must not be retouched. I pondered the question, printed the article precisely as the author demanded, and simply subjoined this footnote:—

In this story certain divergencies in spelling and punctuation from the established practice of the *Atlantic* are made at the request of the author.

Mrs. Wharton was irritated, but after all, she had had her woman's way and the editor his professional satisfaction.

2

HALF—the top half—of the reading world is composed of women. That the editor never forgets. They are not the sugar frosting on his cake but an indispensable part of the batter and it behooves the chef to know the quality of his ingredients. Every editor looks through his astigmatic spectacles, but long ago my own beliefs coagulated. Now they are implastic.

Were I a good Catholic, I would take my stand on the consistent judgments of the Fathers for a dozen centuries. St. Chrysostom sums them up with moderation: "Woman is a *desirable* calamity." But it is not fair for a heretic to hide behind alien fortifications. I appeal to history. In no field of competition has woman won a blue—except in the very territory that concerns us—writing. Even here half and more than half that field has been pre-empted by men. This is a singular and indicative fact. Sequestered through the centuries from other intellectual pursuits, the opportunity for writing has been wide open to woman. Through the single unobstructed gateway she has trooped singly and in regiments. It is absurd to think of her as a newcomer. If the domains of science and of philosophy have denied her entrance, wide provinces have for centuries been freely open for her to invade. Poetry, painting, and fiction have been at the beck of her choice.

In painting, to what women should we give the prize? To Madame Lebrun, a ribbon, but it must be red, not blue; to Rosa Bonheur, possibly an honorable mention for her virility; to Miss Cassatt

only a red, though hers, I clearly admit, must be dyed a most brilliant vermillion.

Turn to poetry. Sappho, you say brightly, whether you have read her few hundred scattered lines or not. Next you pause, pause for some twenty-four centuries and then mutter, Christina Rossetti and Emily Brontë, both precious names and Emily's, by virtue of two poems, immortal. Here I, too, pause in some amusement. Palgrave's first *Golden Treasury*, thanks to the perfect pitch of the ear of Tennyson, who sat always at Palgrave's elbow, is within its compass of an unrivaled excellence. It contains the names of seventy-nine men contributors and of five women: Anne Lindsay, Lady Nairn, Mary Lamb, Jane Elliott, and — Phoebus Apollo! — Mrs. Barbauld. These and not Emily Brontë! But even if you come to later years and pick up Mrs. Browning, if you must pick her up, and our own elfin Emily Dickinson, the scales are heavy against you. Women do have emotions and can express them. One would suppose the lyric certain to give them their ripest opportunity, but there the record stands.

Fiction remains, and in the domain of fiction woman makes her bid. All her resources of intelligence and enthusiasm, her patience, her delicate understanding of human nature, sluiced from closed regions of high endeavor, pour torrentially into the great reservoir of fiction. When women entered politics, Mr. Choate's toast to the sex rose to the occasion. "Women, once our superiors, now our equals!" In politics the compliment, if compliment it was, was scarcely justified, for the addition of women to our voting lists has doubled the costs and complexities of our elections without changes in their fundamental outcome. We have multiplied our problems, but we have not multiplied the intelligence with which to solve them. In our immediate business, the writing of fiction, women, once our equals, are in a fair way to become our superiors. It is true they may lack the masterful hand with which great novelists like Conrad and Hardy create a human world shadowed by over-arching Fate. They may not have the broad social sweep of a Lewis or even a Hemingway, but in the nicety of their observation of life, in their ingenuity, in the fidelity of their portrayal of human nature, they do not seem to me to take a second place.

Indeed, centuries before woman sat in the driver's seat of the family car, her ancient servitude served her in good stead. When women, along with their chattels, were merely the property of men, they had to be observant, they had to be subtle, devious, and ingenious, they had to understand the ultimate springs of conduct. Such knowledge was their salvation, and now the training of their long indenture makes itself felt in their novels and their stories. They may not have the full vibrant intellectual energy, except in rare instances, but their instinct has a prehensile quality, attaching itself to

its object and like a lambent flame nursing it into life. The higher intellectual training oftentimes develops the brain at the expense of the instinct, and instinct is the primal source of woman's power.

Mutabile Semper Femina! How axiomatic to men it seems, how prejudiced to women! But the whole philosophy of sex is based on the variableness of woman. She may not be the light quivering aspen of the poet, but to men she remains unpredictable. And this is not a modern bias — indeed moderns are chivalrously disinclined to respect their convictions regarding women. It goes back to a remote past not only in the Western but in the Eastern world. Only yesterday I picked up a little figure of a Japanese god dating from the twelfth century. It was the familiar figure of Anzu Myro, a sort of Briareus with half a dozen arms whose special care is the emotional relation of the sexes. In his uppermost right hand Anzu clasps the thunderbolts of passion. In the lowered left is a bell. The thunderbolt represents the indestructible unchangeable masculine, the bell the feminine, eternally mutable, unchangingly changing. So it has been in men's minds and so it will remain.

3

PROFESSIONS grow less personal in their relationships (witness the doctor and his patients, the lawyer and his clients) but an editor should keep his friendships in constant repair. But for my constant friend, the contributor, mine had been a companionless life.

During the 1890's when I chanced to be on the scene, the glory of Harvard was her Department of Philosophy, and the glory of the Department of Philosophy was the hearty divergence in the creeds of one professor and the next. There seemed no focal point at which any philosophy touched any other. The planets wheeled each in its eccentric orbit with no sun to restrain them. One remembers the truth-telling snapshot of William James and Josiah Royce perched together atop a stone wall while tearing the universe apart. "Papa," begged Peggy James, camera in hand, "don't let him be so sober. Make him laugh." James raised a monitory forefinger. "Damn the absolute!" he said just as the button was pressed, and now two laughing faces tell their philosophic story.

Two other memorable figures were members of the department: Santayana, the sceptical ironist who accepts the Catholic Church "except for its dogma" (which seems to me strikingly like accepting Heaven except for God), and Palmer, the classicist, child of the Puritans, whom at that time I thought of as a sort of Wesleyan minister, but after I had grown up, knew to be beloved among men.

Small-boned and fragile, with the gentlest of scholar's faces, George Herbert Palmer walked about the Yard the symbol of benignity, but in the

classroom his countenance would take on a quizzical expression as he sprang his trap and caught his student in the neatest of inconsistencies. His talk was full of fun with little sharp unexpected turns. Boys are sent to Harvard to grow up. Would that I had grown up and then been sent to Harvard! It was long after I was earning a living, even after that living ceased to be wholly precarious, that I really came to know Professor Palmer. He had made a translation of the *Odyssey* and a million copies of it had been sold. He had written the biography of his wife, Alice Freeman Palmer, President of Wellesley, with whom, being a professor at Harvard himself, he had lived a separate and loving life, and made of it a story unparalleled among domestic biographies. His books I read and delighted in, but not until I used to stay with him at Boxford did I understand the source of that delight.

Professor Palmer lived in his ancestral home, an epitome of New England. The chimney, he told me, was forty-four feet in girth and from its many facets an open fireplace warmed every room. Everything was in the strait tradition, simple and seemly. We strolled, my wife and I, over his wood lot where he took his exercise, chopping firewood just as he had chopped it when a boy. The conversation ranged through Homer, leapt the chasm to Milton and Marvell, and then exfoliated among the metaphysical poets, always coming to rest in the serenities of George Herbert, the saint whose name he bore and whose faith he practiced. In the evening he would take down a volume of Herbert and read aloud to us in his delicate and precise enunciation. Then before bed called us he would talk of the Puritans from whom he came. The Puritans! The very name has become a byword, yet even in its extreme dilution, where is the stock that gives a tougher element of strength and courage to the American conglomerate?

Friendship is a kaleidoscope and I think next of a man made in a very different pattern, William Beebe.

Certain critics maintain of Will Beebe that, while he talks science, he writes literature. I say, "Thank God for that!" Till he came down the jungle trail, hoatzins and iguanas, ithomiids, and Scarlet-thighed Leaf-walkers lived amongst us in a desert of arid prose. Here is an artist who has given them the prismatic colors of poetry; and who can say they are less alive for that! One thinks of Brooklyn as safely prosaic, but Will was born there. Jules Verne was his fairy godfather and, with an injudicious mixture of G. A. Henty, presided over his youth. You can see their busy spirits at work in him to this day.

How much better is one passion than two! Will owes a single allegiance to the Creature Kingdom and looks on mankind as the least desirable species thereof. From his aeroplane in the First World War he caught a bird's-eye view of men, found it un-

sued to his tastes, and after an honorable discharge sought peace in the teeming jungle of Guiana. The pleasant somnolence of rest is anathema to him. Between expeditions he classifies, reflects, records, but his personal contentment is in direct relation to his proximity to the forest clearing or the ocean floor.

I am forever interested in what people regard as the summit of life's satisfactions. The highest pinnacle of Beebe's heaven is to lie in the spiky grass of a Sarawak jungle in an agonizing posture, prone on his belly, watching the behavior of pheasants in the mating season, while an army of ants devour him alive and a band of head-hunting Dyaks hover about, near enough to give a shimmer of danger to the atmosphere. Hardly second in his scale of felicities is to be lowered in his "bathysphere" at Non-such, Bermuda, three thousand and twenty-eight feet below the surface, and on ocean's bottom to affront obscene creatures of the sea on ground of their own choosing. Beebe's mightiest work has been his *Monographs of the Pheasants* in four volumes of sumptuous folio. Of these birds, the most exquisite work of Nature, there are in this round world nineteen groups: and nineteen of them the explorer caught by camera or gun and imprisoned in his book, closing forever one fascinating path of pioneer research. That journey took him seventeen months, during which he followed an iridescent trail from Java to the Vale of Kashmir. Of these magnificent books, ornithology is not the only reward. If it is beauty you seek, there are excelling photographs; there are exquisitely colored plates; and not infrequently the brilliant text will give you an idea of what the ultimate can be.

Three score and ten is near at hand for Will Beebe, but as I write, he is hurrying his departure on a new journey. Here's happy hunting to him, a safe return, and another journey, and another, and still another before the last and longest!

4

IN the days when Boston was pleasantest, there lived here Lorin and Margaret Deland. The Good Book requires of married people that they twain shall be one flesh, and the union of Lorin and Margaret Deland was the perfect exemplification of that command. Divergent in talent, their friends thought of them as a single personality. She was a novelist who combined distinction with success, and he might best be called, perhaps, a broker in ideas. His was a most ingenious mind, not consecutive but extraordinarily illuminating. A cocktail of a mind it was. He would shake you up ideas for an advertising slogan, or devise an intricate and revolutionary maneuver for the Harvard football team, just as readily as he would map a campaign for Phillips Brooks and Trinity Church, plan a novel political reform, or reconstitute a charity. Lorin Deland

never grew old following the beaten path, but he was no laggard. Witness his lively chronicle of his engagement to Margaret Campbell, as Mrs. Deland once was. She has left the record of it:—

At 5.00 P.M. — He arrived. She saw him from an upper window, getting out of the stage.

At 6.00 P.M. — Somebody introduced them, on the staircase.

At 6.30 P.M. — With the length of the supper table between them, they looked at each other occasionally.

At 7.30 P.M. — They met in the hotel parlor.

At 8.15 P.M. — He asked her to dance the Lancers.

At 9.00 P.M. — They sat on an ancient horsehair sofa, and talked of the weather.

At 9.30 P.M. — They fell in Love.

His life, all of it, was a good deal like that.

As young married people with a consolidated income of one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, the husband laid down these three rules:—

- 1st: Don't want what you can't afford.
- 2nd: Go without if you must — *but never go in debt.*
- 3rd: When you can't have necessities and luxuries at the same time — give up two or three necessities and take a luxury.

As I transcribe this sagacious code I think of the wisest advice given to me as a young man just engaged and enjoying a salary not fifty cents too large for two: "Never keep accounts. They destroy your peace of mind. Never forget it is for happiness you are marrying." In the teeth of the economists I pass on to others this salutary maxim.

The right career for Lorin Deland, at least so one friend thinks, would have been as a professional adviser in family perplexities. Industry has adopted the idea: why should not families enjoy it? In a riper world there would be room for such a career. But Lorin Deland was obliged to earn his dollars as the straightener-out of business perplexities. His imagination would play about commercial problems, always using as its fulcrum his understanding of that cohesive bundle of contrarieties which we call human nature. Lorin Deland made that his lifelong study. Wherever he went he carried with him an invisible willow wand, his *dowser*, which would bend double over the hidden springs of men's desire.

5

SPACE fails me but not memory. I think of two men who between them perhaps have written more of the *Atlantic* than any half dozen others. Gamaliel Bradford, last of an austere and famous line, with a face sensitive and delicate as his "psychographs" of distinguished men, made no less than twenty-six contributions to the *Atlantic*. In style and a temper wholly opposite, the other most constant visitor to the magazine was Dallas Lore Sharp.

Sharp was an Evangelist, a lifelong preacher of the Gospel according to John Burroughs. For al-

though his quenchless enthusiasm stemmed from Agassiz, it was from Oom John's friendship that his inspiration came, from that and from a more exalted source, for he read his Bible with the zeal of a Covenanter. Every morning while oatmeal and pancakes grew visibly colder, the Patriarch (Sharp began his patriarchy about the age of twenty-one), Mrs. Sharp, and multitudinous young Sharps would read a chapter of Scripture, each taking an alternate verse. From Genesis to Revelations they would go and round the course again, permitting, as Sharp used to tell me, no verse however embarrassing to give them pause. The Sharp farm was on Mullein Hill, well within Boston's radius of intellect. He reigned there, like Alexander Selkirk, observant monarch of all he surveyed, following with intensest interest the habits of God's creatures. Not the wink of a rabbit's eye escaped him nor the unfolding of a bud of the lesser celandine.

The breed of the New England naturalist, long may it survive! Torrey is gone, Bowles is gone, John Phillips is gone, Sharp is gone, but their spirit lives abroad in the land. Increasing year by year, Public Reservations praise them, bird sanctuaries acknowledge them, field, wood, and river consecrate their remembrance, and lovers of the open road, leaving behind the golf course scarring the face of Nature, make for the unfenced country, praising their name.

Yet in common gratitude I must speak of one friend more. Before my coming there presided over the *Atlantic* the Yankee embodiment of the humanities. It is muted praise that is most grateful to Professor Bliss Perry and I rise to greet him simply as Fisherman and Scholar. Which the obverse and which the reverse of the medal I can hardly say. Not that the wily trout actually whisks between him and his Emerson. Each has its season, and the debt of scholarship to angling has been too often and too eloquently proved for us to dispute it.

To be a Perry, father, son, or grandson — or a daughter of the Perry name for that matter — is to teach. As statesmanship in the Cecils, morality in the Adamases, swollen lips in the Hapsburgs, or politics with the Roosevelts, so teaching will run in the Perry family to the remotest generation. It is rumored, to be sure, there is a Perry in business, but that legendary exception proves the rule. Teaching is the Perry business. Chiron the centaur herding his young heroes, Mark Hopkins straddling his log, such is every Perry in the classroom; and in this day of crime committed in the name of education, thank God for that! I think with gratitude of Father Perry at Williams College teaching to all and sundry that morality and Free Trade are one and indivisible, and I can see his smiling face in Heaven.

To Bliss Perry I owe a personal and unpaid debt. For ten years he guided the *Atlantic* in the apostolic succession just before I came along, and if the tradition of convictions upheld with urbanity still survives in the magazine, the credit is all his.



English author, squire, and critic, SIR OSBERT SITWELL is now absorbed in writing one of the great autobiographies of our time. In *Left Hand, Right Hand!* he tells of his family heritage, and of Renishaw Hall in Derbyshire, which has held the Sitwell character and vivacity since the seventeenth century. In *The Scarlet Tree* he writes of his long feud with his father and the painful Victorian education to which he and his sister Edith were subjected. Now, from the third volume, *Great Morning!* we have drawn this enchanting account of London, the Opera, and the Ballet as Sir Osbert saw them in the golden age just before World War I.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF OPERA

by SIR OSBERT SITWELL

1

WHILE I was still in training at Aldershot, I succeeded in reaching London one June evening, with a day or two to spare. I had beforehand booked a seat for Covent Garden, where there was a season of Russian Ballet, as it was termed. I went out of curiosity, for I possessed no acquaintance with ballet and little with opera. Indeed I had only been inside Covent Garden once, the summer before, when I had first dined with my cousin, Irene Denison, at her father's London house, St. Dunstan's, a Regency palace, set in a vast circle of baked and honey-colored lawns.

That occasion still remains with me, for it was a golden, hazy evening in late July, and the heat, I remember, had affected many of the animals in the Zoological Gardens near-by with a nostalgia for Africa, so that they were roaring and growling and braying their hearts out, and we seemed to be feasting among the swamps or deserts of the Equator. I recall that heat, too, because the only other person at dinner was the Kaiserin's Mistress of the Robes, a large Junkeress, tightly buttoned into pale velvet, the color of German eyes, and all through the meal, with the persistence of her race and type, she slowly unfolded, beneath the tropical sounds of trumpeting and leonine bellows, in an unemphatic voice, but with a strong German accent, the plot of *Madame Butterfly*, the opera that was to be performed. Nothing could stem that relentless pressure. When we reached the Londesboroughs' box, the Junkeress had only got so far in unrolling the story as the beginning of Act II. But now she stopped to examine the crowded house.

The audience at Covent Garden was in a state of genteel excitement, since two famous stars of the day were performing: Bassi as Pinkerton, Destinn in the title role of *Madame Butterfly*. The very ab-

surdity of the performance, its stilted realism, its playful cries and tears caught in a note, had made it all the more memorable. Albeit we had entered King George V's reign, this was the apogee of Edwardian opera, both in the music and in its rendering. In a sense, it was perhaps a pity that we did not hear Caruso and Melba singing that evening in *La Bohème*, instead — as I heard them subsequently, but neither was performing in London that year. Destinn was certainly a finer artist, but Caruso and Melba, when, fat as two elderly thrushes, they trilled at each other over the hedges of tiaras, summed up in themselves the age, no less than Sargent netted it for others.

Not only was Caruso as natural a singer as the thrush he resembled, the blackbird, or the conventional nightingale to which he was compared, but contradictorily, for all its lack of art, his voice, carrying in its strains, in the sound of those notes which he was able to attain and hold as could no other singer, of that or of a later day, the warm breath of southern evenings in an orange grove, and of roses, caught in the hush of dusk at the water's edge, possessed, as well as a high degree of technique, a certain kind of art. Of Melba the same cannot be said. Her magnificent voice was not invariably true, having about it something of the disproportion of the Australian continent from which she had emerged. But at least it can be claimed for her that, with her ample form lying on a couch, she made a surprising and unforgettable type of romantic consumptive.

In *Madame Butterfly*, Destinn was no less unusual as a Japanese geisha. Yet it would be absurd to pretend she was not effective and, even, moving in the part. *Madame Butterfly* is an absurd opera, the music has its own faults, but was there ever a score

more vocal, or more permeated with the contemporary feeling? . . . This was, as I have said, the first time I had heard an opera, and it was rendered even more interesting for me than it would otherwise have been, by my recollection of having seen the composer, Puccini, the previous year, walking on the ramparts, the top of the stout walls — so broad that they support an avenue of full-grown trees — which enclose the little city of Lucca, and separate it from its prosperous and verdant plain. This town had been his birthplace, and, as he strolled under the flowering chestnuts, with their pallid torches showing ivory white among the thick leaves, he was treated as if he were an emperor. People went bareheaded in his presence.

And so, on this occasion, too, when I booked a solitary seat for Covent Garden, I expected, I suppose, something of the same kind: for I was aware that, as a rule, ballet was interpolated in operas, and I knew nothing of the program. Detained at Aldershot, I did not reach the theater until the moment when the curtain was going up, for the first time in London, on *L'Oiseau de Feu*. I had been so tired by the day's riding that I had nearly decided not to go — but directly the overture began to be played, I came to life. Never until that evening had I heard Stravinsky's name; but as the ballet developed, it was impossible to mistake the genius of the composer, or of the artist who had designed the setting: a genius plainly shared, too, by the chief dancers and the choreographer. Genius ran through the whole of this ballet. Nevertheless Stravinsky towered above the others, a master.

As I heard *L'Oiseau de Feu* and watched the accompanying dances, I was aware that for the first time I had been given the opportunity of seeing presented upon the stage a work of art, imbued with originality and with the spirit of its own day; not a tawdry glut of color and rushing movement — like Reinhardt's spectacles, that had somehow burst right out of the theater into enormous barns like Olympia; with them I was already acquainted — but a performance in which every gesture, every line, every tone, meant something; a work of art that could not have existed before, and would cease to be given in its perfection, within the brief season of the dancers' finest span.

Because, for the first time, I was able to watch, in addition, the dancing of great artists, Karsavina, and Adolf Bolm, who was superb in his part. Karsavina, so beautiful today, was then at the height of beauty and of her career, the greatest female dancer that Europe had seen for a century. The very poise of her lilylike neck was unforgettable, and there was about her shape and movements a perfection of grace that for the first time made me realize how near are the Russians, for all their hyperborean extravagances and childish glitter, to the ancient Greeks. Those working in the fields of art possess the same saturation with it that sets the Greeks

apart as a race; and with Russians, as with Greeks, the theater is the real dynamic center of their arts.

The long, plangent ripple of the harp strings as the Firebird entered appeared to offer to one some hidden meaning, just as the gathering of ogres and sinister satellites round the crouching, wasplike figure of their baleful master, Koscheii (played that night by the great Cecchetti), seemed to bear some relation to life as I knew it. . . . The gates of life could be opened, if one possessed the key (what could I do?), and the powers of evil, chaotic and uncreated, ill-proportioned and anomalous, could be put to flight by one feather plucked from that rare bird. The raging of the old tyrant, and his sycophantic cronies and dependents, could be faced.

Now I knew where I stood. I would be, for so long as I lived, on the side of the arts. (They needed champions, as well as exponents; at least my life in Barracks had taught me that.) I would support the artist in every controversy, on every occasion. . . . And in my bones I felt that this opportunity would most frequently come my way: but, thinking it over coolly, how? . . . To what could I turn my hand or eye? I possessed no gifts, no capacities, little perseverance, few friends, I was ill-educated, and found myself tied hand and foot to a way of life I detested. Among my own generation, I knew no one of creative genius — except two most rare, but as yet unfledged artists, my own brother and sister. And their work still lay, like mine, embedded in the matrix of the future. . . . *What could I do?*

2

PERHAPS those who belonged to my generation never had the chance of seeing pure acting at its best — for Irving was dead, and Sarah Bernhardt was an old woman — nevertheless what a privilege we enjoyed in going to hear and see Chaliapin, that rarest of salamanders, a great artist with a great voice. How fortunate I have been in that I have seen him many times as Boris, have often watched him ride onto the stage alone, on his white horse, to stare down on Moscow burning, and, in a role of an altogether different character, have applauded his gigantic sense of comedy as Don Basilio, in the *Barbiere*. In the towering and magnificent frame that housed his voice, he seemed to embody the immense spaces of his native country, to be, almost, a god of Russian music. But though, like the majority of artists, he was without class, admitting the existence of no division but that of talent, it was easy, too, to picture him working with his friend Maxim Gorky, on a barge, as formerly he had done. This man, the most splendid interpreter of Russian music, with all its grandeur and lack of pettiness, had about him, it is true, no conceit, no self-consciousness: but he was supremely confident of his powers.

Thus, one evening, in after years, when I had grown to know Chaliapin fairly well, Lady Aber-

conway and I went to congratulate him, in his dressing room, after he had taken the part of Salieri in Rimsky-Korsakov's *Mozart and Salieri*. Mozart had been played by a young Italian tenor, of whom Chaliapin was a warm supporter, having proposed him for the part, and to a certain degree coached him at the rehearsals. The Italian was small — or perhaps not, for one of Chaliapin's attributes was that, though a giant, he never looked over life-size, but merely reduced the scale of others, even tall men. At any rate, on this the first night, this protégé had enraged Chaliapin by the lightness of his singing, and by the airy way he played the harpsichord on the stage, lifting his hand up and down in a fashion against which he had been warned by the great singer. When, therefore, we arrived, and opened the door, we found the enormous Russian shaking the young Italian, as a mastiff might shake a griffon. After we entered the room, he desisted, saying in explanation, "And the plot of this opera is that I have to be jealous of him!"

3

IN the same theater in which Chaliapin appeared, on other nights or at other hours, another art besides opera was to be seen in its perfection: the ballet that blooms for a year, it seems, every century, was enjoying one of its culminations. It becomes inevitable, when writing of it at this time, that the word *genius* should recur with frequency, almost with monotony, in these few pages, for no other word can describe the quality of the chief dancers or the influences at work: Stravinsky, Diaghilev, Karsavina, Fokine, and Nijinsky. . . .

Of all the productions of these years, *Petrouchka* must be mentioned at the head of the list; the music the first work of a composer of genius grown to his full stature. (*L'Oiseau de Feu*, wonderful though its music is, was the more derivative work of a very young man); as moving and symbolic a creation of its time as Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. I have seen other great dancers, but never one inspired as was Nijinsky; I have seen other great dancers play *Petrouchka*, but never one who, with his rendering of a figure stuffed with straw, struggling from the thralldom of the puppet world towards human freedom, but always with the terrible leaden frustration of the dummy latent in his limbs, the movement of them containing the suggestion of the thawing of ice at winter's edge, evoked a comparable feeling of pathos.

This ballet was, in its scope as a work of art, universal; it presented the European contemporary generation with a prophetic and dramatized version of the fate reserved for it, in the same way that the legend of the Minotaur had once summed up, though after the event and not before it, the fate of several generations of Greek youths and maidens. The music, traditional yet original, full of fire and genius,

complication and essential simplicity, held up a mirror in which man could see, not only himself, but the angel and ape equally prisoned within his skin. The part of *Petrouchka* showed Nijinsky to be a master of mime, gesture, drama, just as, in pure dancing, his rendering of the Spirit of the Rose, in *Le Spectre de la Rose*, was the climax of romantic ballet. His profoundly original ballet, *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*, to the music of Debussy, produced at Covent Garden on February 17, 1913, and his amazing feat *Le Sacre du Printemps*, a ballet that will always stand alone, the most magnificent and living of dead ends, proved his genius as a choreographer, no less than as a dancer.

But let us turn for an instant to his less revolutionary creations; to, for example, *Le Spectre de la Rose*. His miraculous leap across the window into the room in the ballet I have named was something that no one who saw it will ever forget. This great dancer seemed to hold all physical laws in abeyance and for an instant of time to remain at the height of his leap, poised and stationary; when asked how he achieved this defiance of the laws of gravity, he replied, "It's very simple: you jump and just stop in the air for a moment."

Even as I followed Nijinsky's movements on the stage, I realized that I was watching a legend in process of being born: for he was by nature fabulous, a prodigy. Now the legend is complete, even to the affliction that has fallen on him; reducing him to the status almost of the inanimate, of the puppet he so often portrayed, but with occasional chinks of light filtering through into his tragic mind. . . . No less true, though happier, is the legend of his partner in triumphs, his complement, the great Karsavina; in *Le Spectre de la Rose*, as graceful and romantic a spiritual realization of the flesh as Nijinsky, a being of a new creation born of the rose, was an epitome in flesh of the spirit.

On June 23, I was present at the initial appearance of a great new dancer, a man the coming decade was to reveal as no less individual and significant an interpreter of roles in satirical, grotesque, and baroque ballets, and no less remarkable a choreographer of them, than Nijinsky had shown himself to be in the range of classical, romantic, and revolutionary: Massine — or Miassine, as his name was then spelled — in after years a valued friend of my brother and myself. *La Légende de Joseph*, in which he first danced, had been designed as a spectacle, rather than a ballet, to the music of Richard Strauss. In it, figures costumed by Léon Bakst, and such as might have been portrayed by the brush of Paolo Veronese, feasted in an enormous scene, pitched, at a hazard, halfway between Babylon and Venice, and extravagantly furnished with huge twisted columns of bronze and gold, the creation of the fashionable Spanish decorative painter, J. M. Sert. This ballet, the last pre-1914-war production by Diaghilev, was typical of that phase of the Russian

Ballet. Lavish, profuse, full of somber colors, blues and greens, and dripping with gold, it helped, like the music, to overwhelm the dancers, even Karsavina, with her great allurements and experience, who played Potiphar's wife.

As for Massine, I think only the most expert could have foretold from the timid movements of the young man — timid, perhaps, because it was his first appearance, no less than because the sentiment he expressed fitted the role — how fiery and idiosyncratic a dancer, though ever in the great tradition, he was destined to be. The nervous youth I have described was borne onto the stage in a hammock: when he got out, he was seen to be dressed in a white goatskin, and to have the look of a typical Alexandrian portrait of the fourth century; his natural appearance, which he has always retained.

4

THROUGHOUT the three years of 1912, '13, '14, new operas and ballets were continually being produced, until it seemed as if almost every evening brought its own vision, its own experiments in dancing and music. And it would be profoundly ungrateful not to mention that the man responsible for these seasons, and for the enterprise they showed, was the then Mr., now Sir, Thomas Beecham, greatest of English conductors and wittiest of musicians. Not only did he make known to us countless foreign works, but at the same time he accomplished more than anyone else for English composers. While thus every week introducing new works at a great expenditure of money and energy, and receiving little in return except misunderstanding, coupled with a certain amount of that deliberate malice which the stupid always have in reserve for the creative, this most unusual man went on his way, undeterred by the lack of support he occasionally encountered. He started life the son of a very rich man, and has at times, through his work for the English musical world, been a poor one. Both conditions stood equally in his way: English people do not expect musical genius from the rich, nor expensive seasons from the poor.

Let us consider some of the works he brought to the attention of the audiences of 1914. I have already described *La Légende de Joseph*. A fortnight earlier, on June 9, *Daphnis and Chloe* had been mounted, to the exquisite music by Ravel, and a week before, on June 15, came the first night of *Le Coq d'Or*. Here was a production such as none had dreamed of in the world of opera, and such as had only been brought into the realms of possibility by the simultaneous presence in London of the two great Russian companies of opera and ballet, who were thus able, in a single effort, to combine. The stage was set between two choirs of singers, dressed in petunia color, and ranged, tier above tier, to the summit almost of the proscenium: and the action

part of each dancer was accompanied by an appropriate solo voice. Besides giving us some of the most dramatic and haunting music of the past century, *Le Coq d'Or* constituted a great satire. In its stilted, dreamlike rhythms, displayed against a background of huge flowers and brightly hued buildings, was to be felt a mockery of the great, a kind of joy in the doom of lordship. Fortunately for its success, the fashionable audience could revel in the beauty and strangeness of it without concentrating too much on its meaning or implications. I mention it particularly and at length because it was so laden with omen and portent for those who watched it. King Dodon was a symbol to the youth of the world: and who can ever forget the Astrologer and his song?

Three nights after the introduction of *Le Coq d'Or*, we were given another combined opera and ballet, Stravinsky's *Le Rossignol*: a work now rather seldom mentioned, and perhaps in its first version not altogether successful. It did not manifest the miraculous sense of growth, of fullness of the earth, that *Le Sacre du Printemps* possessed, of the blocks of ice bumping and clanging together in the freed rivers, of the furry buds bursting from their boughs with the loud grunts and cacophonies of spring: it had not *Petrouchka's* drama and pathos, nor the mellifluous enchantment of *L'Oiseau de Feu*, yet it had about it a kind of pure, flat, two-dimensional beauty, very rare and full of delicacy. . . . At the end of the performance I was excited to see the Russian composer, the master of the epoch, walk before the curtain. Slight of frame, pale, about thirty years of age, with an air both worldly and abstracted, and a little angry, he bowed back with solemnity to the clustered, nodding tiaras and the white kid gloves, that applauded him sufficiently to be polite: yet for all their genteel tepidity, how little did the audience comprehend the nature of the great musician to whom they were doing honor, or the often eschatological import of his work.

By one of the most singular paradoxes in the history of art, the tiaras and the gloves at least were *there*, doing him honor from the stalls and boxes; whereas the audience that should have been in their place, the advanced painters and musicians of England, convinced that nothing esthetically good could come from such a quarter, rigorously abstained from being present at any performance at Drury Lane and Covent Garden. Thus the enthusiasts for beauty missed, for some years, the most vital influence in the art world. Few of them saw Diaghilev's ballet until 1918, and I myself in the autumn of that year introduced the great Russian impresario to Roger Fry. To him, and his followers, all sumptuousness was always suspect; haunted by the specter of *L'Art Pompier*. . . . And so it was that the fashionable and, for the most part, inappropriate audience had been the first to be aware of the revolutionary genius of these dancers, decorators, and composers. It is always a gamble: no one can be sure

of the direction from which the next development of art, or the next artist, will arrive. Fortunately for myself, I came from the stalls, the wrong side of the house, and at Covent Garden and Drury Lane found the esthetic and musical education that had been denied me elsewhere.

5

AMONG the occupants of the stalls, there were, moreover, some genuine patrons and persons of discernment; chief of whom was Lady Ripon, a memorable personification of the old order. Alas, I never knew her well, but I met her sufficiently often to be able to admire her unusual beauty, personal dignity, and intelligence. She carried herself with the supreme grace of her generation, and with her gray hair, and distinguished features, of so pure a cut, she remained, though no longer a young woman, the most striking person to look at in any room she entered. A daughter of Lord Herbert of Lea, and sister of Lord Pembroke, as became a member of her family she was a patron of the arts, as well as a leader of the social world. Perhaps it was her Russian ancestry, so visible in her appearance — for she was a great-granddaughter of Prince Simon Woronzow, brother of the celebrated Princess Daschkaw — which may have been partly responsible for her great love of the Russian Ballet.

I first saw in her company Sergei Diaghilev; with his burly, tall, rather shapeless figure, he seemed formed like a bear, to wear a coat of fur, but his clothes were smart and well cut. His black hair carried a badger's stripe of white in it, and he was of an impressive and alert appearance, with a robust elegance pertaining to him. Nevertheless, when he was preoccupied, his massive head, with a nose of the flat, not aquiline, Russian type, had something of a Velásquez dwarf's air of solemn pathos and listless fatality: but this was quickly banished by the intense energy of his eyes, as they came to life again, and as he gave his very charming smile. The great impresario would never talk English — and, indeed, almost the only time I heard him speak it was at luncheon one day. He was intensely interested in food, and said suddenly and very distinctly, "*More Chocolate Pudding!*": a dish for which he had a curious foreign mania. French he spoke with wit and ease.

At Covent Garden, the house would contain many foreigners: music and dancing knew no barrier of race. Indeed the whole world of amusement was international. Similarly, among the people I saw of my own choice, talk turned as much on doings in Paris, Berlin, Rome, Vienna, and St. Petersburg, as on events at home. There was none of the hatred and dissension that has devoured nations and classes ever since 1914. In June of that year Richard Strauss, for example, came over to London for the rehearsals of *La Légende de Joseph*, and was present

at a reception at the French Embassy (that evening, the only hint of the approaching conflict was when a well-known American hostess went up to the German composer, and remarked to him in a confiding and congratulatory voice, "Monsieur Strauss: in England we think your music very vulgar": a scene which must have ravaged the heart of that accomplished diplomat, Monsieur Cambon).

To show the high place that London held as a music center, the *Morning Post* was able to announce on June 12 that the Music Club would give a reception to Dr. Strauss on the twenty-first, in celebration of his fiftieth birthday, and that besides the guest of honor there would be present Monsieur Igor Stravinsky, Monsieur Chaliapin, Madame Karsavina, and Monsieur Claude Debussy; that Mr. Thomas Beecham would conduct Strauss's early suite for thirteen wood-wind instruments, and that Madame Elena Gerhardt would sing a group of his songs, accompanied by Herr Nikisch. . . . This particular occasion, I believe, never saw the full realization of the program designed for it, but that it could come so near fruition shows how far, how deep, how bitterly, we have fallen from the standards of those days.

On the evening in question Strauss did, in fact, join in the performing of his Sonata in E Flat for pianoforte and violin, Lady Speyer playing the second instrument. And, as if to return these international compliments in the arts, a few evenings later Debussy went to Lady Speyer's house in Grosvenor Street. Behind a frowning, rusticated Palazzo Strozzi front, it sheltered the sort of art collection that is seldom seen in England but is more common in America. Many of the items might have been chosen by a magpie who had found himself a millionaire: some were dark in tone, it is true — dark in the manner of oak, walnut, armor, red velvet — yet all glittered and were rich in luster. There was something in the atmosphere, too, that recalled the public rooms of an expensive liner. French staircases, German woodcarving, Augsburg plate, crystal vases from China, Persian tiles, and some of the furnishing of Marie Antoinette's boudoir, all these were united by the taste of the owners for objects of luxury.

At the back of this mansion, on the ground floor, was a music room, built at the further side of a small garden court, in the middle of which stood a Renaissance fountain. And in the summer months, if there was to be an entertainment, there would appear on the water in this basin, as a sort of mute herald of a party, a large white water lily tied by a piece of string to a ring at the bottom.

My admiration for Debussy was so enormous that I remember nothing of his appearance. I shook hands with him: I recall my emotion, I remember clearly Madame Debussy's face — but that is all! . . . By then the first impact of his music had already a little worn off, and he was recognized as the

presiding genius of French music, though only a few years before, even to the most musically endowed of concertgoers, his work had seemed as difficult to understand as would be a picture viewed through spectacles that did not focus. His music sounded, it may be, a little incongruous, a little over-pure, between the rich walls of the Speyer mansion; even the water lily hardly enticed the breath of Nature into the garden: but it cannot be gainsaid that here it was possible to hear Debussy's music played, and to meet the illustrious composer, and that everything modern and enlivening in music would before long find its way to these hospitable doors.

More in keeping with the surroundings, however, was the music of Richard Strauss, so essentially *nouveau riche*: but, in spite of that, not appreciated by the English world in general — though in no country were *nouveaux riches* more popular. Indeed, Lady Speyer's neighbors entertained no liking for the subtleties of modern music of any kind. In the mean streets which surrounded the back of the house, all that the hard-working populace wanted to hear was "Home, Sweet Home" or, at the liveliest, "Pop Goes the Weasel." Having to rise early every day, these workers were roused to fury by perpetual musical parties that continued throughout the night, and, by a paradox, their anger reached its climax when an Alpine Band, of which Strauss was the patron, was brought to play in the music room at the back, and gave a concert of popular Tyrolean and Swiss music.

The sounds the band made were, indeed, unconventional, unusual in a city; the simple music of a mountain people, suffering from iodine deficiency, and intended to carry great distances from peak to peak, a translation of yodeling into other terms. After a few pieces had been played, assorted objects, chiefly fish heads — which seemed greatly in supply — began to fall among the startled guests, arrayed in their finery, in the garden-court, and the first casualty was Sir Claude Phillips, a rotten egg exploding on the large pearl stud which held together his expansive and exquisitely laundered shirt front, as he lingered outside, by the tethered water lily. . . . It was the forerunner of many an evening with the Marx Brothers.

It seemed singular that Lady Speyer, devoted to music though she was, seldom or never appeared at the opera: but it was said that there was never a box for her. In the world of opera and ballet, Lady Cunard reigned alone. Her boundless and enthusiastic love of music placed all those who enjoy opera in her debt: for it was largely her support, and the way she marshaled her forces, that enabled the wonderful seasons of opera and ballet in these years to materialize. There appeared to be no limit to the number of boxes she could fill. Her will power was suffi-

cient, her passion for music fervent enough, to make opera almost compulsory for those who wished to be fashionable. She had grasped the fact that in the London of that time, in order to ensure the success of such an art luxury as Grand Opera, it was absolutely necessary to be able to rely upon a regular attendance by numskulls, nitwits, and morons addicted to the mode, even if they did not care in the least for music.

It was in Lady Cunard's house at 20 Cavendish Square that I first met Delius, and for him I cherished a feeling of the deepest respect, not only for his music, with its warm, melodious climate, but because he was the one Englishman I have ever met who knew personally the giants of the Post-Impressionist Movement, recognized them for what they were, and was privileged to frequent their studios. He used, for example, regularly to attend the Sunday evening at-homes of the Douanier Rousseau, social occasions that now exhale a legendary quality unrivaled in the art history of a period comparatively near to us. Thus Delius linked the present day to a fabulous past, and though then still in middle age was as solitary a survivor here as would be the last Blue Man in Tasmania.

I do not know that his looks precisely interpreted his nature. He was rather tall and thin, possessed a high, narrow forehead, an aquiline nose, delicately cut, and a finely drawn face, of the Roman intellectual type. He might, from his appearance, more easily have been a great lawyer than a great composer. In talking — and he was a voluble and delightful conversationalist — his tongue betrayed, not an accent, exactly, but a slight foreign stress and lilt, attractive, and personal enough to make a contrast with the theories and speculations of which his soliloquies were full. The most gifted of English composers living at that time, head and shoulders above his buttercup-and-daisy confreres, a musician of the world, he found himself somewhat of a stranger in London. Indeed, without Sir Thomas Beecham's enthusiasm to support him, his music would have scarcely obtained a hearing in England.

To revert to that evening, after dinner, Thomas Beecham played through some of the score of *Der Rosenkavalier*. I was to hear it many times that summer, superbly sung; but so far I had only been acquainted with the waltz, which for the two years preceding the war had formed the background to every dance, so that if I can ever catch the rhythm of it today, the world is again for the moment peopled with a legion of the young, enjoying themselves, who have long since ceased to exist. . . . Looking round, not even the most somber-minded of prophets in that flowering summer — for never can England have known a more ideal season — could have foreseen the extinction of the young men as a whole, within so short a space of time.

(To be concluded)



A young and pungent novelist, BUDD SCHULBERG is a native son of California who after his graduation from Dartmouth worked in the Hollywood studios first as a reader and occasionally as a writer of scenarios. When his short stories found favor, he branched out on his own to complete his first successful and sardonic novel of Hollywood, What Makes Sammy Run? and to lay the groundwork of his more recent narrative, The Harder They Fall. To this paper, his survey of Hollywood's crude beginnings, its early successes, and its many failures, he brings the aspiration of a creative writer and the technical knowledge of an insider.

MOVIES IN AMERICA: AFTER FIFTY YEARS

by BUDD SCHULBERG

1

FADE IN, Koster and Bial's Music Hall in New York City, fifty years ago. A curious but apprehensive audience has crowded into the small vaudeville theater to see the first public exhibition of movies in America. Defying gloomy predictions that the projector would explode, that the flickering images would ruin eyesight, and that delinquent elements would take advantage of the darkness to pick pockets or even — God forbid! — force their attentions on defenseless young ladies, the intrepid spectators edge forward in their seats. They are rewarded — as the *New York Times* will report next morning — with “living pictures of two precious blonde young persons of the variety stage doing the umbrella dance with commendable celerity . . . a burlesque boxing match between a tall, thin comedian and a short, fat one . . . an instant of motion in Hoyt's farce, ‘A Milk White Flag,’ repeated over and over again . . . all wonderfully real and singularly exhilarating.”

Americans had begun to discover their favorite form of entertainment. Two generations have been sufficient time to map the boundaries of this more cowardly than brave new world. But after fifty years this great new continent of the arts remains as unexplored as central Greenland.

In 1900, hundreds of thousands were introduced to movies when vaudeville managers used them to break the first theatrical strike. But the return of the rebellious actors left the movies out in the cold, a homeless child of four. The displaced medium was taken in by penny-arcade owners who added films to the shooting galleries, the midgets, and the traffic in French postcards. Whereas in France the approach of the pioneer Méliès was closer to that of artists in more established media, in America the movie was a gutter child growing up

without guidance or traditions in an atmosphere of opportunistic commercialization of the cheap thrill. It's been a long, impressive climb from those crummy arcades to magnificent cinematic cathedrals like the Music Hall. But psychologists will tell you it's the first ten years that mold our characters, and it could be that this applies to our films as well. For despite their spectacular development in technique and the occasional film of real beauty, it may be that they have yet to outgrow their penny-arcade origin and point of view.

By the end of the first decade of nickelodeons, millions had caught the movie habit without the slightest realization that they were watching the development of a new art-form, destined not only to be the most popular but perhaps even the most advanced yet discovered in man's restless, endless search for new means of self-expression and entertainment.

Americans, scorned so long for their indifference to the seven traditional arts, can lay claim to a major role in creating the eighth. It was Edward Muybridge who first proved to a skeptical public at the Chicago World's Fair of 1893 that pictures could be made to move. Edison, Latham, and other American scientists developed the principle of film projection. Edwin S. Porter, an Edison mechanic drafted as a cameraman, created the first realistic storytelling films and indicated, with *The Life of an American Fireman* and *The Great Train Robbery*, the new medium's dramatic potential. An unsuccessful playwright so ashamed of the profession into which exigency had forced him that for years he hid behind a pseudonym, D. W. Griffith staged a one-man revolution in cinematic technique. The close-up, intercutting for dramatic suspense, dramatic lighting, the moving (or trucking) shot, the

flash-back, and the breakdown of a scene into brief individual but component shots spliced together to a dramatically rhythmic plan — these are only a few of Griffith's innovations which accelerated the development not only of American films, but of French, German, Russian, and Italian as well. To this day the French call a close shot *plan américain*, and the Italians, *piano americano*.

The monumental comitragedies of Chaplin, the vigorous absurdities of Sennett, Walt Disney's animated world of fantasy, and some memorable films from such directors as Von Stroheim, Murnau, Vidor, Ford, Milestone, Wyler — in the long run these remarkably mature achievements for an infant art may balance the sins of tastelessness, unimaginativeness, and artistic amorality a majority of American film makers have committed systematically for generations.

These offenders have taken an instrument as sensitive, as delicately balanced, as capable of indescribable beauty and subtle emotion as the finest Steinway; they have set themselves in front of the keyboard before the largest audience in the history of the world — and have proceeded to play chopsticks.

For, with half a century of motion picture exhibition behind us, it is high time we were honest with ourselves and our great machine for making art. Hollywood finishes at least one feature-length picture every day of the year, and six of the seven turned out each week are just plain chopsticks, the same tune everybody knows, repeated in a repeated series of repetitions.

How can it be that the only nation in the world with a tradition of popular education produces 98 million movie-goers a week who happily keep on paying their two bits, four bits, six bits (and sometimes three times that much) to see and hear chopsticks year in and year out? Or a symphonic arrangement of chopsticks (scored by a great European producer making more money in a month than in his entire previous career) in a spectacular production number that involves hundreds of identical pianos?

Is it because, for all our compulsory education, we're numbed to anything more challenging? Or do we keep coming back week after week simply for want of something better to do? Is it that Hollywood can't play anything that requires more than two fingers and a kindergarten rhythm? How is that possible when Hollywood has gathered to her sun-tanned bosom more geniuses, assistant geniuses, and apprentice geniuses than were assembled in Athens in the Golden Days: some of the most renowned writers of today, Huxley, Faulkner, Odets; top European directors, René Clair, Hitchcock, Renoir, Lang; such cameramen as Gregg Toland, Joe August, and Rudy Maté, who deserve the name of artist; world-famous actors like the Barrymores, Olivier, and Barry Fitzgerald.

Yet, despite this impressive catalogue of talents,

more creative ideas are thrown away in the incessant shoptalk of a good Hollywood party than are seen in a year of movies. There are a few honest-to-God geniuses in Hollywood, several more whose lack of honesty corrodes their genius, and several hundred clearly gifted. But, with notable exceptions, these talents inevitably drain off into the same old ruts.

What's the trouble? Is it just that Hollywood is a low-pressure area in our national culture? It's not quite so simple as the easy conclusion that Hollywood's hierarchy is composed of a breed inferior to the general public. Instead, too often their shortcomings lie in their reluctance to lift themselves above the lowest common denominator of public taste. How to raise the standards of all our mass-consumption arts is the basic problem; Hollywood is merely an outstanding and spectacular example. The aesthetic bankruptcy that drops *Stage-Door Canteen* onto the All-Time List of Box-Office Champions (while films of less obvious attraction like *The Informer* and *The Ox-Bow Incident* are lucky if they get their costs back), that permits tens of millions to enjoy movies that are false, shallow, and cliché-cluttered, is the same Idiot Muse that enables countless radio listeners to submit uncomplainingly to the brain-crushing banalities of the soap operas and the routine terrors. Sex, not as defined by Hemingway but as dished up by Kathleen Winsor. Crime, not as penetrated by Dostoevski but as batted out by Erle Stanley Gardner. Love, not as dignified by Tolstoy, but as standardized, streamlined, and sweetened to taste (everybody's) in our radio dramas, love magazines, and movies. Is this the price we have to pay for being not the best-educated people in the world but merely the most literate, with more leisure than we know what to do with and so much money for recreation that the recreative pursuits must be geared to mass production?

2

FROM the nickelodeon days of forty years ago, American films seem to have suffered from a surfeit of public approval. Whereas the French, with their artistic traditions, approached films with serious purpose, the chief motivation in America was profit; the emphasis in the formative years was speed in production and quick turnover. Since the American people apparently possessed a bottomless and indiscriminate capacity for pie-in-the-face comedies, action pictures, naïve pornography, and melodrama, these are what they got.

As early as 1905, Edwin S. Porter was caught in a dilemma that has been trapping well-intentioned but something less than steel-willed film makers ever since. Developing in the muckraking period that produced Lincoln Steffens, Jack London, Frank Norris, Upton Sinclair, Theodore Dreiser, and other

social critics, Porter began to explore not only the photographic possibilities of the new medium but its effectiveness as social commentary as well. One Porter film distinctive in a day of prat-falls and clumsy chases was *The Kleptomaniac*, which contrasts a wealthy shoplifter, whose suave lawyer saves her from judicial wrath, with a poor woman driven to stealing bread for her children, who receives a harsh sentence. Another Porter film attempted to deal with the problem of a released criminal whose prison record blocks his efforts at rehabilitation, a theme explored with considerable success in Wanger and Lang's *You Only Live Once* some thirty years later.

Crude as those pioneer films were in both content and technique, they were hailed as artistically revolutionary by early film critics. But meanwhile Porter's *The Great Train Robbery* had become the first "super-colossal hit." The public wanted more Great Train Robberies. So did nickelodeon owners. The Edison Company was in business to see that they got them. Porter cranked out a picture a week to keep up with the demand. He gave them train robberies, bank robberies, and mail robberies; there was no time and no financial incentive to continue to develop the techniques with which he had led the field in 1903. Soon the critics were saying that one Porter movie was like another. But the public was back in growing numbers every week.

Looking across the span between *The Great Train Robbery* and *Brute Force* (or a dozen other recent entries that do not spare the rod) it would seem that America's favorite film actors have been shooting it out in dead earnest for forty-three years. The popular enthusiasm for vicarious mayhem and glorified criminality made Porter a rich man but choked off his talent. It may be the ghost of Edwin S. Porter that haunts so many directors today — men like King Vidor, who came to the film center twenty-five years ago with a fresh point of view, artistic independence, and the ambition to do the first honest films of American life. *The Crowd*, *Hallelujah*, and *Our Daily Bread* were courageous attempts to live up to this purpose. But the big studios, frowning on experimentation, wanted him to revert to such second-rate perfection as *The Big Parade* and *The Champ*. The sales departments, geared to standard merchandise, balked at what they sneeringly called "arty stuff." And the public wasn't there.

Vidor, like Porter, gradually succumbed to the machine. Now and then a film like *The Citadel* reminded his fans of his essential qualities. But his artistic identity, the association of his name with those individualized films which most deeply expressed him — this has come to be sacrificed on the altar of a bloodthirsty and uncompromising god called Box Office.

Since the days of Porter and his one-reel thrillers, movie attendance has increased 1000 per cent, until today the gluttonous, overstimulated appetite of

the movie fans consumes well over 400 pictures a year in 16,500 theaters (one seat for every 12½ persons of our total population). It is to Hollywood's credit that it possesses sufficient creativity to produce perhaps half a dozen excellent films a year, and a dozen more that aim at excellence. But to service those thousands of movie houses with a change of program at least once a week, Hollywood must feed into the nation's projection machines some 40,000 miles of film a week, while grinding out 600 miles of "original" entertainment films a year. That's a lot of mileage, especially when three out of four pictures are probably retreads and beginning to wear alarmingly thin.

To service 100 million American habitués of double features (plus another 30 million in England, and millions more throughout the world), films have had to be produced in large factories with tremendous overheads. In our inflationary market a film that costs less than a million dollars is tagged as a "B" and a two-hour feature that draws on the best talents in all departments can hardly be brought in, as they say, for less than three million. With major studios producing from thirty-five to fifty features a year, film-making has become big business. But despite profits that have been mounting steadily for fifty years (depression troughs excepted), *Fortune's* survey of the film industry charges it with not enjoying the profits it should, considering the worldwide popularity of its product. Automobiles, it would seem, are a less spectacular but more dependable investment. So is Coca-Cola. These businesses are efficient because they have standardized their production and minimized their risks. That is good NAM talk. Now, when a single picture can gross over thirty million dollars, when total film grosses reach a billion and a half dollars a year, when the Rockefeller and Morgan interests, through their Chase National Banks, RCA's, Western Electrics, and A.T. & T.'s, control the major film factories, which in turn control the distribution systems and exhibition outlets, you are going to get minimization of risk and standardization of production.

3

ONE of the surest minimizer-standardizers over the years has been the star. Until 1910 the original movie companies which formed the first monopoly (as members of the Motion Picture Patents Company) purposely kept their featured players anonymous in the shortsighted belief that publicizing their names would encourage them to hold out for higher salaries and so increase production costs. But the nickelodeon fans were already beginning to show spontaneous signs of that fawning adoration, worshipful submission, and vicarious passion that has become one of the more significant phenomena of our high-blood-pressure culture. Forty years ago letters were pouring in requesting the name of "The

Biograph Girl," or "The Man with the Sad Eyes," "The Handsome Indian," or "Little Mary." Thus the craze began. It spread, as one pioneer producer has so poetically expressed it, like wild flowers. The status-quo mentalities of the early monopolists resisted it, and perished. The enterprising independents — Zukor, Lasky, Goldwyn, Laemmle — recognized it, encouraged it, institutionalized it, and thrived.

Star worship is a sociological, psychological, pathological, and 64-million-dollar question (the net profit for last year). Since we shall probably be buried with our stars, it can even become an archaeological question. A star isn't made by critical acclaim. It is something much more basic, more frightening — essential to a people sapped by frustration. Mary Pickford's salary didn't jump from \$50 to \$10,000 a week before World War I because she was a fine actress (although she was one of the first to demonstrate what film acting was) but because she was America's Sweetheart. This was no mere publicity slogan. She literally was. And women didn't tear the clothes off Valentino because they were so impressed with the histrionic talent he revealed in *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*. A provocative study of American morality could be based on our changing taste in female stars: the fluttery Victorian heroines — Gish — before World War I; the wicked (still in a Victorian sense) Theda Bara of the war years; our Dancing Daughters of the twenties — Colleen Moore, Clara Bow, Phyllis Haver; our new-found sophisticates — Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri; the Sex-without-qualms group — Mae West, Jean Harlow, Marlene Dietrich, Hedy Lamarr; and lately the romanticized normalcy of Greer Garson and Ingrid Bergman with some leg-art (Grable) thrown in for the boys.

Today, if a star can act — or create a living character on the screen — it is only an incidental embellishment of his stature as a member of our contemporary mythology. More often, men and women who came to the screen as actors have had to suspend or freeze their gifts in order to fit into the fixed roles they are playing in the minds, hearts, or emotionally immature libidos of the movie fans (short for *fanatics*). Jimmy Cagney, for instance, was an actor before he became the God of Hard-boiled Goodness, Soft-boiled Badness, and Small-Fry Sex Appeal. Long before Spencer Tracy was deified, he went to the chair in *The Last Mile*, and went effectively. But he is a grown-up Eagle Scout now, the Bumbling, Practical, Hard-headed but Soft-hearted AMERICAN. Why let him play any other part, the producer argues with terrifying logic, when we already have box-office proof that this is the part the public wants him to play?

Just as Gable, whether he speaks the language of Rhett Butler or of a colloquial accounts-executive in radio, can only be Gable the Traveling Salesman, the wickedly handsome fellow it's

fun to dally with but dangerous to marry, for whom every woman from Park Avenue to RFD 1 secretly longs. That Flynn? Another Traveling Salesman. Van Johnson? The King of the Cute Dates. Lana Turner may be cast as the murderously lustful wife of a hamburger-stand owner in *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, but what she really represents is a glamorously groomed mannikin, not a tramp alive with disruptive passion as James M. Cain had written her, but a professional model in a white turban and tailored shorts, Miss Hamburger Stand of 1946, made up for her peacock walk down the reviewing ramp.

Perhaps this is what the loyal young men and women of the Lana Turner Fan Clubs of America, Inc., insist she should be. For regardless of any individuality she once possessed, she has been grooved and shellacked into a standard brand. It is the box-office magnetism of these standard brands that insure a film against the hazards of fortune that haunt all creative effort. Not the play but the star is the thing. More than any other single factor, the star has kept the business of motion pictures on its feet and the art of motion pictures on its back.

4

A STAR like Chaplin, of course, can create an unforgettably valid, three-dimensional personality that seems to have a life of its own like the enduring characters of literature. And there have been fine pictures in which the stars were subordinated to the theme and general conception — Gary Cooper and James Stewart in memorable Capra films; Spencer Tracy and Sylvia Sydney in *Fury*; Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, and David Niven in *Wuthering Heights*; Ray Milland in his Academy Award interpretation of Don Birnham in *The Lost Weekend*. But these are only some of the exceptions that prove how much more often this rule could be broken if there were more individual courage and artistic conviction among the film makers and a more mature response from a glamour-happy public. Too often, under the star system, great stories have been reduced to vehicles, character development has been sacrificed to the exploitation of surface personality, and Don Ameche has portrayed Alexander Graham Bell.

Even in the age of the star system, some of our more enduring pictures have been those with non-star (euphemistically called *all-star*) casts: John Ford and Dudley Nichols's *Stagecoach*, *The Informer*, and *The Long Voyage Home*; Milestone's *Of Mice and Men* and *A Walk in the Sun*; Cowan and Wellman's *G.I. Joe*, and most recently *Crossfire*, a precedent-shattering attack on race hatred that adds RKO studio head Dore Schary, producer Adreon Scott, director Edward Dmytryk, and writer John Paxton to the honor roll of Hollywood innovators.

If we can learn to forsake narcissistic images and hand-me-down reveries for real actors interpreting believable characters in honest situations, if we can begin to demand more of Hollywood than the gilded, faded lilies to which most of us have become accustomed, our screen may begin to prove consistently what it now indicates only spasmodically: that it is not only the most entertaining but the most satisfying and compelling of all the art-forms, synthesizing, as it does, composition, pantomime, spoken drama, photography, rhythmic motion, and music.

When the Grable and Van Johnson Clubs have given way to the Ford and Wyler Clubs, the Nichols and the Sherwood Clubs, or the Society for the Appreciation of the Photography of James Wong Howe — seriously, if just one of our puerile fan clubs were to be transformed into a society for the understanding and encouragement of better films, like those that have sprung up in England and France, it would be a sign that we are beginning to give this abused medium the adult attention it deserves.

Meanwhile, it is still sound business to put those standard-brand stars in standard-brand stories, stories which have stood the test of ordeal-by-box-office. There is an anecdote going the rounds about the head of a large studio — let's call him A.C. — who ran a Marine picture for a fellow production head. The competitor liked the picture and asked A.C. what else he was working on. "A submarine picture," A.C. said. "Got a good story?" the competitor asked. "Sure — you just saw it," A.C. said. Whether or not this anecdote is apocryphal, no one could doubt that any similarity between the Marine picture and the submarine picture, when they later appeared, was purely intentional.

5

EVER since *The Great Train Robbery*, the "cycle" has been a favorite crutch of the rabbit-hearted and the bookkeeper-brained who would rather beat out a measly bunt than run the risk of striking out to knock one over the fence. We have had Western outlaw cycles, rural romance cycles, *femme fatale* cycles, ancient spectacle cycles, Civil War cycles, flapper cycles, gangster cycles, wicked-heroine cycles, and most recently, a slew of alleged psychiatric stories through which amnesia has spread like a common cold. It is not improbable that some knowledge of mental illness, its complex causes and its various therapies, would be of assistance to screen writers and directors in motivating and adding new facets to their characters and plots. But like a Midas wand which turns everything it touches into a single consistency, Hollywood points its golden finger at psychiatry, and lo, the psychiatrist becomes a beautiful young damsel who falls in love at first sight with her tall, handsome patient whose one convenient dream she spells out like a Freudian

crossword puzzle. Bombarded by a two-year barrage of psychopathology plots, the public might be expected at least to have acquired a more enlightened attitude toward this vital new branch of medicine. But about all movie-goers could have learned from the current cycle is that the murderer will most likely turn out to be the head psychiatrist.

Since the surface writing, the direction, the photography, the editing, the visual tricks, and all the other phases of this complex art have been steadily improving while content has lagged, it seems that more and more technique is lavished on less and less, until today the average Hollywood film comes off the assembly line like a well-made can: canned love, canned adventure, canned psychiatry, canned history, canned spiritual values, hermetically sealed, untouched by human hand or human heart. When one film critic described *No Leave, No Love* as "a cheap picture on which no expense has been spared," he was being specific where ace screen writer Dudley Nichols generalized in accusing most Hollywood films of being "slick, smooth and bright as steel, and . . . just as devoid of life."

In recent months there has been a growing demand from responsible film critics for more films dealing honestly with contemporary American life. From his fortified position on the New York *Times*, Bosley Crowther has been blasting away at Hollywood's "fancified stereotypes" and pleading for films which come to grips with contemporary problems and contemporary ideas. From Louisville, Boyd Martin, the *Courier-Journal's* drama editor, has been waging a campaign against escapist fairy tales and threadbare formulas, in favor of "genuinely dramatic problems of these critically momentous times." The public, Mr. Martin seems to think, are tired of warmed-over pipe dreams and ready for stronger stuff.

But to most Hollywood executives, the safest stories still seem to be those which do the people's dreaming for them. Reverie by experts, a silent star once summed it up. Away from your troubles, away from your responsibilities and your punch-in-punch-out monotony, you sit there in the enveloping darkness and let DeMille or some other genius of mediocrity spin out for you a million-dollar dream. The homely secretary takes off her glasses and blossoms into a beautiful woman and the ideal mate for the boss. The rich and spoiled but beautiful heiress meets her match in an even more headstrong man of the people. The efficient and successful career woman who has forgotten that she is a woman is reminded of the fact by a forceful gent who puts her back in the home, where, it turns out, she wanted to be all along. Just in the nick of time, the villain is caught, the game is won, the show goes on.

Now there is nothing wrong with a little honest reverie now and then. We all have a bit of Walter Mitty in us and go around doing heroic, romantic

things on the private stages of our minds. It is only natural that the screen should reflect and embellish these reveries.

But when an individual begins to have more and more and longer and longer reveries, when he retreats from every difficult situation into the prettier world of fantasy, he is on his way toward becoming a schizoid personality who can no longer distinguish his fantasies from his real existence. Social psychologists may speculate about whether as a people we aren't running this same danger of turning away from our problems and escaping for longer periods than is healthy into our celluloid reveries. No other medium has had the power both to lift people completely out of themselves into a billowy world of romance, and to show things completely as they are — to look into your home or the home of your neighbor or of some distant community (it could be no further than Harlem from Radio City) you would never have the chance to see. Only the motion picture camera can look so closely into the face of a man that it can even record the unsaid things that come into his eyes — and then swing away, over the buildings, over the city, to place him in long-shot perspective as just one more of the city's millions. Movies can be used either as an ether cone to wipe out our consciousness and drug us into stupid oblivion, or as adrenalin, shot into our failing hearts to stimulate us to new vitality, broaden our knowledge, deepen our understanding.

6

A good businessman, we have noted, aims to please as many people as possible while minimizing risk and standardizing production. The aim of the good artist, on the other hand, is exactly the opposite. He turns his back on every formula, keeps breaking new ground, risks everything, and whether he succeeds or fails, prepares to risk again. When the definitive history of Hollywood's first fifty years is written, or the big novel that catches the whole spirit of the place, it will concern itself with this still unresolved struggle between the business machine and those men and women of talent who failed to check their personal integrity and artistic conscience at the gate when they came in.

From this tug-of-war have issued some of Hollywood's best films. Ford and Nichols's plans for *The Informer* went begging until finally, with a conviction all too rare among film professionals, they offered to do their picture for nothing and gamble on the returns. *The Lost Weekend* might never have seen the light of a projection machine if writer Charles Brackett and director Billy Wilder, Paramount's Gold Dust Twins, hadn't insisted on adapting the Jackson novel as their price for doing a musical more to the taste of "the front office." This take-one-to-do-one theory has been a long-time formula of Hollywood compromise. John Ford

not only wins three Academy Awards; he also stoops to *Wee Willie Winkie*, *Steamboat Round the Bend*, and *Submarine Patrol*.

Conversely, *Fortune* may say of Darryl Zanuck, in approving his right to head a major studio, "His taste, his desire, his convictions are average — as they should be." Yet Zanuck, the Super-Average Man, in his topical, hard-hitting early days at Warner Brothers, came up with *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*, *The Public Enemy*, and *They Won't Forget*. He gambled on *The Grapes of Wrath*. He dared to make *Wilson*, a well-intentioned film without stars. He bought *Anna and the King of Siam* and resisted what must have been for him an excruciating temptation to fill it full of formula love. Recently, Zanuck instructed his Eastern story department to corral the best new novels, regardless of whether or not they measured down to familiar movie plots. Thus Zanuck, the Common Denominator, eventually comes into conflict with the Zanuck who dares reverse his own well-trodden field and challenge spreading bigotry with *Gentleman's Agreement*.

Samuel Goldwyn — hardy perennial among independent producers — recently accused Hollywood of having run dry of ideas. There were not nearly enough good stories and good writers, he charged, to supply those four to five hundred pictures a year. The enthusiasm, if not desperation, with which film studios pounce on almost every new play or novel which does not deal with incest or perversion indicates Hollywood's failure as an indigenous creative source. Producers blame writers for this; writers tell you the fault lies with producers. Actually this buck-passing on both sides is camouflage for moral cowardice. Producers who will pay a quarter of a million dollars for a daring Broadway hit will not pay a quarter of a dollar for the same story presented in film-outline form. There is almost no price they will not pay for a New York success, since this protects them against the risk of backing their own judgments. As a result, there has been little incentive for writing off-the-beaten-path material directly for motion pictures. Instead, the so-called "original stories" fed into the studio thrashing machines almost inevitably deal with worn-out types in worn-out situations, old shoes polished to a bright, deceptive shine in the accepted trickery of all secondhand merchants.

Some of our most promising writers have submitted to this golden degradation. With their novels or their poems or their plays behind them, they immerse themselves in Hollywood's seductive comforts. Able and industrious as many of them are, they have cut themselves off from the experiences, the roots, the vital stimulants that invariably generated the works which won them their original reputations. Commuting between the Tennis Club and a major studio writers' building, without sufficient curiosity even to explore the sprawling, trans-

planted Middle Western city that spreads around them, an alarming percentage of Hollywood's more successful scenarists write in a contracting circle of empty facility.

7

BUT as the American film industry heads into the Late Forties and Frightening Fifties, there are at least ten conditions for change (if not improvement) creating a more dynamic atmosphere than at any other time since the Years of the Independent Rebellion, 1910-1916 (starring Goldwyn, Lasky, Zukor, Laemmle, and others).

Condition One. The gradual elimination of block booking, whereby major studios are able to foist on the public dozens of careless and inferior films which exhibitors are forced to rent in order to get the superior films they want.

Condition Two. The possible disappearance of the double feature, a hang-over from the depression doldrums when free dishes, money, cars, and added attractions were part of the desperate effort to lure movie patrons back into the theaters.

Condition Three. Inflationary prices and the resulting drop in purchasing power, making an anachronism of the wartime definition of a smart showman: one who throws open his doors and jumps out of the way to avoid being trampled in the rush. Movie-goers are beginning to pick and choose. Whether they will continue to choose *Coney Island* in preference to *The Ox-Bow Incident* across the street is another question.

Condition Four. Sharply rising costs of film production. There is a growing conviction on the part of Hollywood executives that "A" pictures are going to require new quality in order to do better than break even.

Condition Five. Growth of independent production. Last year nearly half of Hollywood's total output was made independently, which means outside of the production controls, though not necessarily outside of the financial controls, of the major studios. Whether the directors, writers, and stars set up their own corporations for income tax or loftier motives, the odds for better pictures are all on the side of those which bear an individual stamp and are made with individual care. The rash of independents, while not necessarily providing better pictures, may provide a more creative atmosphere in which to attempt them.

Condition Six. Signs of flexibility on the part of some big studio bosses who are entrusting production programs to younger, more liberal producers drawn from the ranks of writers and directors, while allowing others an unprecedented amount of creative elbowroom within the major company frameworks. Among the more intelligent innovations is Schary's plan to devote RKO's low-budget pictures

to artistically advanced experimentation that may eventually eliminate the pulp-level "B" pictures.

Condition Seven. The influence of war experiences on Hollywood's film men. Many directors and writers who did documentary film work for the armed services have returned to Hollywood with a broadened conception of what a motion picture can be. The documentary technique reflected in several recent films may in time pull down to earth Hollywood's traditional prettified naturalism. Willie Wyler's direction in *The Best Years of Our Lives* shows a regard for realistic detail and a feeling for the way Americans really behave that are not only refreshing but a significant improvement over his best (which was good enough) pre-war films.

Condition Eight. The renaissance of European film production, including such successful importations as the Italian masterpiece *The Open City*, the French *Well-Digger's Daughter*, the Russian venture into pure entertainment, *The Stone Flower*, and the consistent high quality of British productions which carried off a disproportionate majority of the votes for the Critics' Circle's Best Ten Pictures of the Year. These foreign films not only offer competitive stimulation to Hollywood creators but serious economic competition to our Big Five anxious to re-establish their domination of world markets.

Condition Nine. An increasingly mature attitude toward their craft on the part of a growing number of film makers who, in local organs like the *Screen Writer* and the *Hollywood Quarterly*, the trade papers, and in frequent group discussions, express a growing sense of responsibility toward the medium which has become, if not "the unacknowledged legislator of the world," certainly Everyman's University.

Condition Ten. Hopeful indications of a stirring desire for something better on the part of film audiences, some of whom learned to laugh at the dramatic inadequacies of the Special Service movies that helped to interrupt the monotony of military life. An overwhelming proportion of the "preview cards" on *Crossfire*, for instance, expressed a desire for "more films like this that give us something to think about."

In the second fifty years of American film production, our movies may drift along in the listless calm of creative cynicism and public indiscriminate. Or they may forge ahead to a new maturity which will enable us to be not merely the most entertained people of all time, but the most capable of empathy—that ability to experience someone else's emotions which is the basis of civilized behavior and the ultimate power of the motion picture.

This is the challenge, not only for our film makers, but for all 98 million of us who line up at our favorite theater every week. Which will we choose, the stupor of anesthesia or the stimulus of adrenalin?



TWO POEMS FOR NOVEMBER

by ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH

ALL SAINTS' DAY

TODAY no breath
Of life's allowed
For Autumn spins
Her crystal shroud.

Thread upon thread
The earth is bound
(November's needle
Round and round).

No wind may lift
The fallen leaf;
No flower split
The face of grief.

No flight of birds
Distracts the eye
Across the smooth
Unravelling sky.

The shuttle stilled
Within the loom,
Imprisoned in
Her crystal womb,

Earth waits a miracle
— I too;
Perhaps your spirit
Might come through!

BURNING TREE

O BURNING tree upon the hill
And burning tree within my heart,
What kinship stands between you still,
What cord I cannot tear apart?

The passionate gust that sets you free,
— A flock of leaves in sudden flight —
Shatters that bright interior tree
Into a shower of splintered light.

O moments fused with ecstasy
When flame in eye and heart unite,
Come you from earth, or can you be
The swallows of eternity?



Britain's most distinguished dramatist, whose plays, whose letters, and whose postcards have delighted people the world over, GEORGE BERNARD SHAW is just a little wiser and older than the Atlantic. He was born in Dublin in July, 1856, and these are the dates which stand out in his record: 1876, when he captured London for life; 1884, when he became the leading spirit of the Fabian Society; 1898, when he was married; and 1925, when he received the Nobel Prize for Literature.

ART WORKERS AND THE STATE

by G. BERNARD SHAW

BEING old enough to have been educated by Macaulay and John Stuart Mill on the subject, all that has lately been written about State selection of budding novelists, poets, painters, composers, scientists, statesmen, and philosophers, with State nurture of them by tax-exemption, prizes, endowments, and so forth, seems to me obsolete. A State department for such selection would be like one for the selection and support of possible Derby winners.

In a Socialist State, with the Marxian class war between proprietors and proletarians abolished, there will come to the front the conflict between the energetic few who want to work until they must go to bed or for a holiday tour of at least six weeks, and retire at forty, having paid scot and lot for their education, subsistence, and pension, into a private life of leisure and experiment, and the easy-going who want to work four hours a day or less for five days or fewer in the week, and retire at sixty or later.

There will always be such people; and Socialism will have to organize employment for them, just as it will have to organize the lives of those who make docile and useful prisoners and soldiers in a condition of complete tutelage, but, left to themselves, become helpless and incorrigible criminals, beggars, borrowers, tramps; in short, burdensome good-for-nothings. In these last the human stock is not necessarily degenerating: it is in fallow, recuperating for future harvest. It may include brothers and sisters, sons and daughters, of the world's greatest geniuses. Mozart's son was only a fair musician like his grandfather. Mendelssohn's father complained that he had begun as the son of his father and ended as the father of his son. Beethoven's nephew was a scapegrace; and none of the kindred of Shakespeare or Dickens achieved anything like their eminence. Selection by heredity, the weak point in

the feudal system, is thus ruled out under Socialism. So is extermination of the defective.

Nature, which our religious sects rightly call Providence, somehow sees to it that as many geniuses as are socially necessary are born; but under Capitalism most of it is extinguished by lack of leisure from breadwinning. I myself, after five years' commercial servitude, had to burn my boats and sponge upon my parents for my livelihood for nine years of literary apprenticeship, before I could earn my keep by my pen. From commercial habit I worked daily at fiction, like Trollope, day by day, without waiting for inspiration; but the publishers were unanimous in their refusal to select me as an author; and the better I wrote, the more resolved they were to have nothing to do with me.

Their advisers, who included George Meredith and John Morley, knew their business as well as any State department could.

What, then, was needed to tide me over this period had my parents been unable to feed, lodge, and clothe me?

Clearly and simply a bread-and-butter job in the four-hour-five-day-a-week division, leaving the novice daily leisure enough to write fiction as a would-be novelist, to paint pictures, to compose music, to invent machines, to excogitate philosophies or scientific theories, taking the chance of imposing on the world as a professionally self-supporting storyteller, painter, composer, philosopher, inventor, or what not. Rousseau lived by copying music, Spinoza by grinding lenses, Wagner by conducting (and borrowing), Dickens as a clerk, Wells as a schoolmaster, others as journalists or what not. But nowadays few such employments leave sufficient leisure to maintain the natural supply of geniuses. Sterndale Bennett was extinguished by having to teach five-finger exercises to young ladies when he should have been composing. Newton

might have got as far as Einstein if he had not been employed as Master of the Mint.

There is, as far as I can see, no other solution of the problem of original work under Socialism than routine jobs and shorter hours for aspirants. Some business training does no harm to artists and thinkers; on the contrary, it saves them from being the feckless nuisances they now often are, living in an imaginary world and ignorant of the real one. The Harold Skimpole side of Leigh Hunt was an extremely undesirable one.

I must warn the Soot-or-Whitewash Brigade, the All-of-One-Piece-Beginners who make Socialism and every other change so difficult, that I am not renouncing all my Fabian doctrine and advocating the instant and catastrophic discontinuance of all tests of fitness for public employment except the Trial and Error test. All that I have written suggesting that the present promiscuous popular selection of our rulers be restricted to panels of persons with a minimum of education and sanity is as valid as ever. People with the mental scope of villagers should be eligible only as parish councillors, and should at least establish their ability to read an agenda paper, and to have some notion of the surviving items in the ten commandments and the limits of religious and political toleration. For the highest offices of State a grasp of the two elementary

laws of political economy (rent and exchange value), and of the scope and importance of the fine arts, physical science, law and the religions, should be exacted. This much is roughly but sufficiently ascertainable, and does not include individual technical accomplishment as distinct from comprehension. Until the popular electoral choice is limited to some such extent, our present system of election of anybody by everybody will continue to operate as a guarantee of mediocrity and reaction interrupted only by paroxysms of Hitlerism.

Socialists who want to have everything socialized, Liberals who want to have everything Cobdenized, Conservatives who want to have nothing changed, and people who are unaware that all civilization is based on a foundation of Communism and a surrender of individual liberty in respect of totalitarian agreements to do or not to do certain fundamental things, should be disfranchised. Some of them should be sent to mental hospitals. Every competent citizen should be Communist in some things, Conservative, Liberal, and even Capitalist in others all at once, before he or she can rank as a competent citizen.

But the social provision for genius will still be leisure for voluntary experimental apprenticeship. No better anthropometry is yet within our knowledge.

EACH MONTH hereafter the *Atlantic* will feature a series of papers on the Arts. In subsequent issues we shall publish the contributions of Francis Henry Taylor, Virgil Thomson, George Biddle, MacKinley Helm, John Crosby, Huntington Cairns, and James S. Plaut.

"I PERSONALLY" AWARDS

FROM the first the *Atlantic* has earned the reputation of being hospitable to new writers. Acting on the principle that anyone of intelligence has a good story to tell, the *Atlantic* editors have brought into print a succession of autobiographical narratives, true stories of men and women who have shared with their generation the truth, the humor, and the beauty of a remarkable experience.

There was Mary Antin, the impassioned immigrant who spoke for millions in her touching account of "The Promised Land"; there was Hans Coudenhove, a Viennese nobleman who, after the First World War, renounced his title to live as a hermit in deepest Africa. There was that remarkable quartet of valiant "primitives": Lucy Furman and Olive Tilford Dargan, who wrote so tellingly of the Southern mountaineers; Eleanor Risley, operating — on a shoestring — her apple orchard in the

Ozarks; and far north, Hilda Rose on her Stump Farm. Bill Adams and Hugo Johanson sent us their salty stories of the sea. There were Nora Waln in the House of Exile, Agnes Newton Keith in North Borneo, and Betty MacDonald on her incomparable Egg Farm. Every one of them broke into print in the *Atlantic*.

The *Atlantic* would like to encourage more of such stories — stories which are drawn from experience and veritable in detail. For the three best autobiographical narratives submitted between now and June 1, 1948, we shall pay \$1000 each. These awards are not intended for war material, and fiction will be disqualified. The narratives may be as short as 2000 words or as long as 7000; they may be written by an amateur or by a professional writer. On page 1 the contestant should write, "For the I Personally Award." — THE EDITORS

Accent on Living

THIS MONTH

Midway through the war, the Editor of the *Atlantic* opened up in these pages a new department. It would concern itself not with killing but with living. While larger matters would be accounted for elsewhere in the *Atlantic*, these pages would try out the lighter, the lesser, the frivolous. A recipe for roasting a leg of lamb might not wag the world, but people were still eating — after a fashion — and our recipe *was* a good one. We could hardly expect to shape the peace by attacking quiz programs and soap operas, yet our contributors have given them a passing kick, just on general principles.

I say our contributors, because these pages have been turned over to so many of them and their quite unpredictable subjects. In one field or another — theater, music, fine arts, cookery, travel, journalism, and a wide area of miscellany — the ranks of Accent on Living writers now number upwards of 225. A fair sprinkling of college students and veterans joined up. We have published businessmen and retired businessmen. Our youngest author was aged thirteen. The men, we know not why, outnumber the women by three to one. At least half the listings in these pages have been first appearances in print by newcomers, and our main search is still for the fresh talent, the non-professional, especially among *Atlantic* readers. It baffles us to realize that the most carefully read and provocative subject to appear thus far in Accent on Living was Clyde Brion Davis's set of doubts that horses are faithful animals or that they have any sense at all. We mention this fact for the guidance of prospective contributors but with little or no understanding of why it is so.

Wines and wine tasting have always given rise to much legend and nonsense, especially in this country, where the produce of France is usually too dear for frequent experiment. One school holds that the whole thing is bosh, that one wine is just like the next, and that none is worth identifying. A belliger-

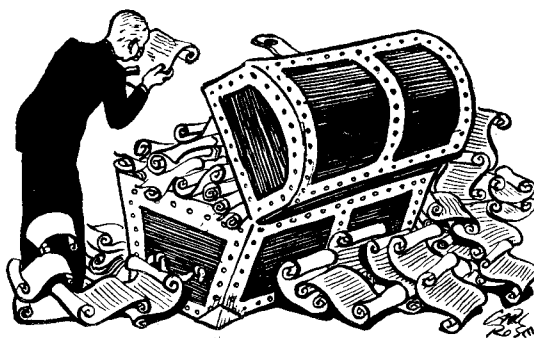
ent member of this group once told me that he had refilled, from a jug, two Château Margaux bottles and "nobody knew the difference," although he seemed to ignore the probability that most guests reserve their tirades for the ride home and do not accuse the host at his own table. This episode alone convinced him that wine is a fake and that those who profess to enjoy it are frauds. The other school regards wine as too intricate a cult, believes too much of it, and, believing, despairs of ever master-

ing so many rules and regulations. Both groups are bound by a common suspicion that vintages, regions, and marks are an artful scheme thought up by the French for the exploitation of honest foreigners.

The candor of Henry Hollis's "Wine Magic" (page 129) should enable skeptics to re-examine the

subject. His advice about labels recalls the cynical bridge player's remark, "A good peek is better than a poor finesse," but those who have sampled Hollis "selections" over the years know that his expertness results from far more than meets the eye. As for the French, they have too genuine a respect for the pleasures of the table and for hard cash to tamper with the verities of food and drink. A French waiter once lifted an eyebrow at me and held up a siphon when I ordered a split of Vichy for a man whose taste would have been just as well served, the waiter felt, by seltzer. Such a waiter, and his compatriots at home, would never wish to provide fine wines for the undeserving palate, and they would be equally opposed, I feel certain, to any labeling masquerade in which meaner potions were palmed off as the great wines of France.

Munitioning a cellar involves, to be sure, a certain amount of self-denial en route, a willingness to forgo the present pleasure for greater blessings to come. But the maturing of a good wine in one's own home is one of the few consolations to be derived from the passing of time. The proprietor may



be a year older, but his cellar is a year better. There are other important implications in laying out money and putting down wines for use in the distant future. It implies, in such a mess of a world as we live in today, a fine self-assurance, confidence in things to come. It means that the householder expects to continue to live comfortably, and to lack neither the good health nor the friends to enjoy the

wine at its peak ten or twenty years later. For those who may be buying French wines within the next year or two, we can report that 1945 is agreed to be the best year in decades. The '45s, it seems, will be the vintage so casually consumed by characters in the Angela Thirkell novels of 1970 and recollected years later by Saintsburys as yet unborn.

C. W. M.

JOHN MOORE is the author of several novels. His latest book, *The Fair Field*, a charming account of an English village, was published in 1946. He was a Lieutenant Commander in the British Fleet Air Arm during the war.

ELEHOG

by JOHN MOORE

WHEN I found the cardboard box with holes in its lid awaiting me on the hall table, I took the usual precaution of holding it up to my ear, for in this way it is possible to make a rough-and-ready diagnosis of the contents of such boxes with which kindly neighbors humor the whim of amateur naturalists. If there is a scrabbling of little feet, I expect to find a lizard, a bat, a field mouse, or a mole trying to dig his way through the bottom of the box with an action like the breast stroke of a strong swimmer. If there is a buzz or a frantic drumming of wings, I take care to shut the windows before I look inside the box, for the captive will probably turn out to be a butterfly, a hawk moth, a cockchafer, one of those big dragonflies which look like dive bombers, or even an infuriated hornet.

On this occasion, however, there was no sound at all — neither feet nor wings nor squeak nor chirrup; and that meant, in my experience, either that the prisoner was a caterpillar or that it was moribund: a shrew, perhaps, chewed by a cat, a nestling fallen out of a tree, or a leveret partially decapitated by the scythe. I opened the box anticipating that I should have to put something out of its misery.

But as it turned out, the little beast inside it looked far from miserable; he was without exception the most contented little beast I had ever seen. He had made himself, already, a neat and cozy nest out of mosses and ferns which his captors had thoughtfully provided, and he lay there sleeping, nose to tail. When the light fell upon him, he stirred slightly and yawned. He was a very small hedgehog, so young that his prickles were not yet prickly, and were no stiffer than coarse hair.

The first thing to do, when little beasts arrive in cardboard boxes, is to feed them; so I put some milk in a fountain-pen filler and held it adjacent to the baby hedgehog's nose. His response to this trifling kindness endeared him to me immediately. Without

opening his eyes, he widely opened his mouth; and without troubling to move his body, which was arranged so comfortably in the improvised nest, he sucked and sucked until the fountain-pen filler was dry. Then he licked his nose with a pink tongue, closed his mouth, and resumed his slumbers.

This trustful acceptance of fate, this attitude of "open your mouth and shut your eyes and see what the good Lord sends you," this touching confidence that the world had nothing but good in store for him, was characteristic of the small urchin throughout his short life. When he grew too big for the box, he lived for a time among a pile of old clothes in a corner of our sitting room. Accepting without question this bigger and better bed as a gift from the kindly providence, he straightway made a new nest and promptly went to sleep in it. We placed a saucer of milk in the fireplace at the other end of the room, and two or three times a day, for our own amusement or for the entertainment of visitors, we removed the hedgehog from his nest and carried him across to the saucer. He never bothered to open his eyes to see what was in it. If it had con-



tained hemlock or arsenic, he would have trustfully lapped it up. When he had drunk the lot, he turned round, opened his eyes at last, and waddled slowly back to his nest. He had discovered, while only a few weeks old, the secret of perfect happiness. He feared nothing and questioned nothing, desired nothing more than he had, ate and slept, and dreamed no dreams.

His ponderous waddle, when he was on his way home full-fed from the saucer, resembled the action of a slightly drunken sailor; his hindquarters, as he

walked, swayed gently from side to side. His brief and rather fat gray tail, and the genial appearance of his undulating backside, reminded one somewhat of a miniature elephant, and this got him his name. He was undoubtedly a Hedge Elehog, declared my wife; and improving on this next day, she christened him Elehog.

Although he was far too wise ever to go out of his way in search of anything that didn't fall into his reach like manna from heaven, he soon became both inquisitive and acquisitive about things which he happened to find in his path during his journeys from the saucer to his nest. If they seemed edible, he ate them; if not, he carried them home. Thus, when he encountered in the fireplace some paraffin fire-lighters, he devoured nearly half of one before we saw what he was up to and dragged him away; and apart from acting as a gentle purge the strange meal did him no harm. If he met with a pair of boots he would always lick the polish off them before proceeding on his way. As for less edible things, he seemed to like them for their own sake and not for their utility, as misers love their gold; for if he found a matchstick he would pick it up, carrying it in his mouth like a retriever, and take it to his nest, where he kept a little pile of matchsticks, bits of string, ribbons, cinders, and scraps of paper. But I repeat, he never deliberately sought these things; that would have been far too much trouble, that would have been a waste of precious eating and sleeping time, that would have been incompatible with the dignity of a small Elehog.

It is often said that hedgehogs are excessively verminous, but we never found any fleas on Elehog, although he would sometimes pause in the course of his slow and dignified walk home to scratch himself in a contemplative way, with his hind leg. Anyhow, Elehog's stiffening bristles gave shelter to nothing that jumped or crawled; and it was for quite a different reason that he had to be banished from our sitting room. His little messes, which were bright green, unfortunately did not match the green of the carpet; so his nest was removed to a back room where, in his easygoing and contented fashion, he quickly settled down and began to add quantities of raffia and binder twine to his store of ribbons, matchsticks, and string. We had thought of turning him out into the garden, but he was still very



small and we were afraid lest our neighbor's dog, notoriously allergic to hedgehogs, might discover him before he had retired to a secret hibernaculum. Winter was coming on, and he was very comfortable in the back room. We filled a second saucer with some crisp wheat-flakes, which he carried one by one into his bed and from time to time devoured with a loud crunching noise, as if he were cracking nuts. The first frosts, however, made him even more slumberous than he had been before, he woke up only on the mildest days and made less frequent journeys to the two saucers for a drink of milk or to collect another wheat-flake to increase his winter store. In his heap of old shirts, surrounded by his numerous and oddly assorted possessions, the little capitalist dozed on happily.

Alas, it is too harsh a world for such gentle philosophers; it is too full of roughs and toughs with hungry bellies and long teeth. In one of the floor boards of the back room there was a small hole caused by dry rot, and out of this hole one night there crawled the swift assassin. We can only guess what happened after that. Perhaps the rat, lithe and silent and terrible, crept upon Elehog as he slept, and slew him as Macbeth slew Duncan; perhaps Elehog, who was so trustful and unquestioning, accepted his murderer as merely another gift of the good providence — and went forward without fear or doubt to play a game with him. It must surely have happened that way, for Elehog's prickles were already stiff and sharp, and they provided him with a ready defense if it had occurred to him to use it. But he had not learned — he had never needed — to use it; in all the three months he was with us we had never known him to curl up, and he would allow himself to be picked up and handled without even troubling to raise his backward-sloping spines.

I can imagine him waddling slowly towards the hateful rat and sniffing it with the same friendly inquisitiveness with which he sniffed boots and matchsticks and bits of string; and then, I suppose, it was quickly over, for the assassin had him by the throat. Poor little Elehog discovered too late what pacifists wiser than he have often discovered too late: that there is a kind of aggression which doesn't even allow you sufficient time to turn the other cheek. You can't reason with a rat any more than you can negotiate with a bomb.

His slayer dragged Elehog to the hole, where we found him in the morning, jammed halfway down it by his prickles, gnawed and bloody, with his hind legs stiffly sprawled out, and his absurd backside and his short fat elephant-gray tail ridiculously pointing at the ceiling. Nothing peaceful, nothing comforting, nothing in the least heroic about that ending; only the ancient grotesquerie of violent death, the cruel parody of a lifelike attitude, which is always the signature of the roughs and toughs when they write their sneering answer to gentle creatures who live and let live.

HERBERT COGGINS has been an ornithologist, grape picker, publisher, cement contractor, and stationer. He is now engaged in an automotive-parts and machine business in San Francisco.

ENJOYING TAXES

by HERBERT COGGINS

DURING the war many people speculated whether Stalin, Churchill, or Roosevelt would emerge as the dominant figure of the post-war world. We all know now that the ultimate and victorious survivor is the tax collector. War, defense, and diplomacy may carry on for years, but the nation's eternal future rests with the Collector of Internal Revenue.

He will have a profound effect upon our race. Already neuropsychiatrists are reporting cases of tax shock, a new disease more to be feared than the strain of battle, and one that shows little response to sulfa derivatives. Its victims, who once faced enemy shell stoically, grow hysterical at the mention of shelling out. The malady often leaves the patient paralyzed in the check-writing fingers, and unable to raise a hand up to the small-change pocket.

There is but one way to face the inevitable: condition ourselves to it. Orientals can nap on a bed of spikes, South Sea Islanders tread barefoot on glowing coals, and some of our most stable people have learned to swallow raw oysters and olives. A widespread taste for taxes, however, promises to be of slower growth.

We shall have to start in the nursery. The growing infant fortunately has to accept the world as he finds it. So far as he knows, war, disease, and poverty are normal and desirable. Since he learns of them gradually, they are not disturbing. He can just as readily accept the problem of government revenue. When the child's first questioning indicates a serious interest in the facts of national life and he asks, "Where do taxes come from?" we must answer frankly and leave no trace of guilt or embarrassment.

As a first step in building a nation of smiling taxpayers we must have the mint strike off millions of new small coins of trifling value. These are to be supplied to the parent for education and training and must become so commonplace to the child that he will not object to parting with them. He should be taught to play with the coinlets even in the cradle, and the parents should take part as if with ball and marbles. Then very gently, at the proper time, a coin or two should be taken from the child. The gesture should be repeated at intervals until he shows no resistance or outcry.

The purpose is several fold — to save the child from the ultimate peril of excess purchasing power and to teach him that, in future, ownership will be fleeting at best. At the same time it prepares him to accept the function of tax collector and greatly softens the impact when, in later years, he meets the genuine official.

As a safety measure very young children should wear muzzles to prevent the swallowing of coins. This is more than a surface precaution, for it is now recognized that accidents of like nature have a psychological effect and can mark a person for life. Otherwise later, as an adult, the victim may be unable to part with the smallest token without symptoms of retching and distress.

It is now generally believed that many of our unpopular money-changers owe their allergy to taxes to coins swallowed in infancy.

As soon as the child shows no hostile reaction to parting with money, he should be given a small well-filled purse. Thereafter coins should be taken from him only on planned occasions, related in his mind with something pleasant. It would be particularly constructive to relieve him of a coin while

handing him his milk bottle or when he plays with his favorite toy. A subtle trading with cookies or lollipops might implant within the child the feeling that he is getting something for his taxes — an attitude hard to acquire in later life.

During the speech-forming period the infant should be taught to spell and pronounce the word tax, learning it lightly and-musically

in happy moments. This will dispel in advance the disturbing reactions of the future adult. Introducing the term into nursery rhymes and bedtime stories will add an aura of good feeling. In the tales such characters as ogres and robbers might significantly be identified with tax evaders.

Throughout the training, one precaution is imperative. The child must never be left empty-handed. The relation between property owner and tax taker, already severely strained, should never be definitely broken. We must not overdevelop the giving-up impulse and destroy the constructive urge to become a large taxpayer.

Already there is a popular school of economic thought which blames all our national ills on taxation. They point with reason to the enormous cost of tax collection. This they would correct by having no taxes to collect. They propose that we all take our belongings, move into publicly owned buildings, and do government chores for food, board, and pocket money. With the money thus saved they propose to retire the national debt.



ODDS AND ENDS

by DAVID BROCK

GHOSTS of the dead haunt single places
 And on one object turn sad faces,
 But live ghosts, infinitely split,
 On many beats at once can flit.
 With half a hundred towns and friends
 And houses I've left odds and ends
 Of ghost behind me, each a tatter
 Of ragged immaterial matter.

How much remainder have I got?
 And will God resurrect the lot
 With angels on a paper-chase
 Picking me up from every place,
 Or leave each part where it may be
 And call the unmortgaged fraction ME?



An international lawyer long resident in Paris, HENRY F. HOLLIS is a former United States Senator from New Hampshire. He is widely regarded as the outstanding authority on the wines of Burgundy.

WINE MAGIC

by HENRY FRENCH HOLLIS

A MAN once launched, at a club dinner in Paris, a successful career as a judge of wines. His undoubted knowledge prompted him to attempt the identification of a Burgundy that was not on the menu. He did not see the label. I watched with interest because I knew the club purchased its Burgundies from a house in Beaune whose wines all bore a family resemblance, and besides smelled of the caravan. One sip was enough to tell me that this bottle had no distinctive taste. It was a cheap wine from Gamay grapes below the road — not from Pinot grapes on the slopes above.

There was the usual pursing of lips, sucking of air, and apparent mental struggle. The conclusion was "a Corton of a recent vintage from the Côte de Beaune." The label supported the verdict.

Congratulations followed. The recipient was modest about it, saying that Corton had an unmistakable flavor of bamboo — quite correct for a genuine Corton. The party broke up.

On the way home I remarked to my wife: "That chap must be a mind reader. The wine had no taste of Corton, or of bamboo either."

"No," she said, "he's no *mind* reader, just a *lip* reader. I was watching his girl friend in the

mirror, and I saw her frame the word Corton with her lips. She framed the vintage too, but he was too dull to get it. So he took refuge in 'a recent vintage.'"

I missed a similar chance to easy fame one night after the liberation, while dining with the staff of an American Air Force outside Paris. One Colonel was keen on wine and eager to learn — willing to spend his money too, which is quite as important. After the first wine was served, he asked my opinion. It was obvious: anyone could see that it was a white wine, poured from a Bordeaux bottle. And it had the clean, sea-shell taste of a dry Graves.

"A good sound Graves *sans année*" was my reply after tasting. "When you dine with us tomorrow night, I shall serve a Graves 1918, the only really good white Graves bottled at the château — Château Carbonnieux."

The Colonel was alert at once. "Château Carbonnieux is a *red* wine, isn't it?" he queried. I replied that it was usually white, but there *was* a red Carbonnieux; I hadn't tasted a red one for years.

Now how did this beginner know that there was *red* Carbonnieux? It was as much a signal as those ruby lips in the mirror. But I did not think it out. I turned to the ruby lips at my right, more interesting at the moment than the color of wine.

When the next bottle came along, it was wrapped in a napkin. I had a glance as it passed and saw that the capsule was red and fresh, and I gained the impression that the bottle had the champagne shape. It was routine and without conscious thought that I set myself for a red Burgundy of a recent year. Would it be a Côte de Nuits, or a Côte de Beaune? The Colonel said no word, but raised his glass.

I smelled of course before tasting. The *bouquet*

was young and fresh to match the capsule; but it was too slight to shake me out of my trance. Next a sip — and then bewilderment. Expecting a round, fruity savor, my mind was well out on the wrong track. But the taste was not pronounced. I was lost in a maze familiar to any wine lover, victim of a mistaken hunch. It seemed minutes before my mind could stop, turn about, and

come back for a fresh start. And when it became apparent that I was tasting a claret, and not a Burgundy, my bolt was shot — my powers of identification were exhausted. The best I could do was to confess that I had been thrown off the track by mistaking the shape of the bottle; that the wine was a claret — but I did not recognize it.

This was honest, and good so far as it went. But I could see that the Colonel was pleased with the



thought that I was not infallible — that I was not so far ahead of him after all. He informed me that I was drinking a red Carbonnieux. I remarked that after ten years the flavor had slipped my mind and let it go at that. But if I had not been misled by my glance at the bottle, I should almost certainly have detected the sea-shell flavor, mentioned above, common to white and red Graves alike; and then my mind would have been prepared to draw the proper deduction from the Colonel's knowledge of red Carbonnieux. But the ball had been tossed to me — breast-high — and I had muffed. If I had caught it, I hope that I should have been honest enough to own up like a man — to explain my deduction. But one cannot be sure; wine *amateurs* are a vain lot. They are prone, as we have seen, to accept the breaks and make no explanations — like mediums.

Sometimes an expert will recognize the distinctive flavor of a wine or spirit as he will recognize the peculiar features of Winston Churchill, or the towering mass of General de Gaulle passing in the street. But when he has never tasted the wine before, he falls back on elimination.

For example, I clearly recall the first time I encountered a Château Carbonnieux; this time it was *white*, and the bottle was clearly high-shouldered. It was on the *Maréchal Joffre*, a canal boat moored in the Seine one summer just off the Place de la Concorde, rigged as a pleasant restaurant. I was lunching there, the guest of an American friend.

An excellent dry wine came with the fish. I liked it and looked for the label; but the bottle was in an ice bucket, so the label was covered. I was puzzled. My mind ran over the dry white wines I knew — Meursault, Montrachet, Chablis, Vouvray, even Pouilly Fumé and Muscadet. But none of them fitted. At length I caught that sea-shell taste, and recalled the praises I had heard bestowed on Château Carbonnieux.

"Is it a Château Carbonnieux?" I inquired of our host.

"Look at the label," he replied with seeming indifference, though I knew he was flattered at my interest. He probably did not know himself what the wine was; some men are like that — willing to spend a lot on wine and food, but careless enough to leave the choice to the waiter or to order something because it is dear. An *amateur de vins*, on the con-



trary, takes pride in finding an inexpensive wine, or an unfamed restaurant, that will surprise his guests by its quality.

My elimination test worked; the wine on the *Maréchal Joffre* was indeed a Château Carbonnieux 1922 — a very good year in that bottle.

It pays to look at labels — always. The printed word seems to help fix the flavor in the mind and to associate the flavor with the vintage. And of course it confirms a sound deduction and reinforces a shaky one. A glance at the sideboard as one enters the dining room may disclose the presence of old friends — and possibly some strangers, so that one must watch his step. And it makes a good impression to be able to recognize a label across the room, too far off to read print but not too far to distinguish color and design. A true *amateur de vins* should be able to recognize at a glance and a long way off all the labels for the principal châteaux — Lafite, Latour, Margaux, and the rest; they are all distinctive.

I recall another occasion when I was invited to name a wine of whose identity I had no hint. The incident arose from the faith displayed in my abilities by a charming woman in Paris, and the incredulity of her husband, an important client of mine. His wife was much interested in my search for rare bottles and in what I had to say about different wines and vintages. Her faith piqued her husband, who made no secret of his skepticism; to him it seemed like piffle. So he determined to show me up. His wife did not tip me off like the lady in the mirror scene. But I was not hurried; I took no chance shot. I proceeded to a methodical elimination. It went like this.

I received one day by messenger from my client two bottles of white wine with the request that I identify them — tell him their origin, their kind, and their vintage. There was no label of any sort, no stamp on the corks, and no help from the shape of the bottles. In fact the bottles were misleading. They had the shape common to Champagne, Burgundy, Rhône wines, and Vouvray, but the contents were none of these. A sip of each was enough to show that they were twins, and that they were sweet — undoubtedly Bordeaux. But there are scores of sweet Bordeaux wines; even Graves is often sweet. But why those Bordeaux wines in Burgundy bottles? I must cover that in my reply if I could discover the reason.

I took my time, studied the problem, and then answered my skeptical client as follows: —

"We seldom recognize a wine as we should recognize Lloyd George if we met him in Piccadilly — never of course if the wine is one we have not tasted before. There are thousands of wines, and few stand out as does the small, big-headed Welshman. In the case of an unfamiliar wine we must work it out by elimination, step by step. Here are my steps with your wines.

"When I see, before the corks are out, that your

wines are white, my problem is much reduced, for there are many more red wines than white, and white wines have greater diversity of taste. For example, there are excellent white wines that are sweet, but there are no sweet red wines that commonly appear on the table.

"When I taste, I find your wines not only sweet, but honey sweet. Moreover they are old — twenty years at least. This brings me down to two sorts; for I know they must be wines of repute or they would not have been kept so long, and there are only two really good sweet wines in France — Sauternes and Monbazillac — of which Sauternes is easily the finer. But I catch the flavor of a Monbazillac I have in my cellar — a Château Labrie 1916. I bring up a bottle and compare them. I was right about the similarity in taste, but your wines have more distinction — more *race*. So I conclude that they are Sauternes.

"My problem is now greatly simplified, for there are fewer than twenty high-class Sauternes, of which the greatest is Château Yquem. I happen to know the flavor of Yquem, and your wines do not have it. With other Sauternes I am not familiar; as a rule, I avoid them. In the first place I do not care for sweet wines; then again they are not just the drink for a man who inherits a tendency to gout and a high blood pressure. But I find in your bottles the flavor of a certain Sauternes of high degree which I have tasted once — only *once*, mind you — a Château Rieussec. So I plump for Rieussec.

"And now for the vintage. Your bottles are getting a little seedy — letting down a bit, though still delectable. This might be due to a leaky cork. But since I have tasted two bottles and found them both past their prime I cannot fairly blame the corks; it is hardly likely that both would be defective. So your Rieussecs must be older than my Château Labrie 1916, a lesser wine, but sound as a rock. Back of 1916 there is no vintage of good conservation till we come to 1911, which is a three-star year; but a Rieussec 1911 would be in perfect shape now. There is nothing good to be said for 1910 or 1909, but 1908 is sound in white Bordeaux — a two-star year. So I shall call your wines Château Rieussec 1908. The years 1906 and 1904 are both better than 1908, but a Rieussec of either of these famous vintages would hardly show signs of age; so I exclude them.

"Perhaps I ought to add that your wines were bottled in Paris. H.F.H."

My client's reply was generous: "You are right as rain," he wrote. "The man who sold me those bottles owns a restaurant in Paris. He says they are Rieussec all right, but he is not sure of the vintage. He thinks they are 1906, but he is inclined to agree with you that a 1906 would be in better shape. On that point your guess is as good as his. Accept apologies for my doubts, and my compliments on your Hawkshaw gifts. I was mean enough to send

you two bottles, hoping you would be misled, and give them different names or at least different years. Please tell me why you put an 's' on the end of 'Sauterne' when you speak of a single bottle. And how in hell did you know that these wines were bottled in Paris? My friend says this is so."

I answered: "Sauternes is a Bordeaux wine and there is no one in that region who would put a fine Sauternes in anything but a white Bordeaux bottle. These were in Burgundy bottles, so I concluded that the wine was brought in the cask to Paris and put in any old bottles that came handy. It was easy to tell from the taste that both were filled from the same cask at the same time. Even if you are speaking of one bottle, there is always an 's' at the end of 'Sauternes.' It is the name of a wine district near Bordeaux. Yours for good wine and better spelling. H. F. H."

Another occasion comes to mind in which elimination played no part; the Lloyd George method was dominant from the start.

It was a large formal dinner on the left bank. At my right was a gushing widow who opened on me as follows: "I am *so* interested in wine, Mr. Hollis; they tell me you know all about it."

I disclaimed any approach to omniscience, but admitted that I was an earnest student — an *amateur*. We began to talk about wines and where to find them.

After I had assured her that there was practically no genuine Burgundy in Paris, and that few people could tell whether Burgundy was genuine or not, she asked me if I could identify the wines that would be served that evening. I did not hesitate, but bowed a prompt assent. She raised her finger archly

and said: "Better watch your step. I shall remember and put you to the test. Here comes the white wine. Don't look at the label."

Her admonition was not exactly whispered. Those near us heard it and began to take notice.

The white wine was poured. My fair American seized her glass and began to drink. After a gulp or two, she turned to me and said, "Haven't you smelled it long enough? Why don't you taste and tell us what it is?"

I took my time and smelled the wine. "There are not many white wines as good as this," I said, thinking aloud, "wines that show no weakness after twenty years in bottle — long enough to de-



velop this rich and satisfying *bouquet*. I should say it is a Chablis — a really *great* Chablis is rare." More smelling.

"Yes, it is a Chablis — but quite unusual — not mentioned in the books — a Chablis Clos des Hospices of the wonderful vintage 1911. I do not have to taste to know that. But I *shall* taste and drink my share with pleasure. I advise you to drink with attention and remember well, for you may never see its like again. The only place I have found it is at Marguery's on Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle."

She glanced at the label and then at me. "Absolutely correct," she said, "even to the Marguery label." Perhaps she thought I should stand up and invite applause! Two or three guests opposite did indeed raise their glasses and drink to me. But they were old friends.

"And now about the red wine," pursued my neighbor. "Can you tell that as easily as the white — and as correctly?" I replied that I would do my best; but there were so many kinds of red wine, I might have to taste it — perhaps more than once.

"Here it comes," she announced presently, as much to those near us as to me. Perhaps half the guests were watching. Up went her finger once more. "Now don't ask the man."

She and the others kept careful eyes on me as the wine was poured — as I smelled it attentively, then tasted, and tasted again. She seemed to count it a personal victory that I had to taste, and more than once.

"This wine is also unusual," I declared at length, unconsciously assuming a formal tone, like a professor in a class. There was ample reason, so many were hanging on my words. They were not exactly hostile; but none of them recognized the wine, and all seemed to hope that I would miss this time. Even those who make no claim to be *amateurs* dislike to feel inferior.

"It is certainly a claret," I continued with conviction and loud enough for all to hear. "A Pomerol — Château Gazin, I should say."

"Yes," assented my widow, who had possessed herself of the bottle. "It's a Château Gazin all right. But how about the vintage?"

"Oh, the vintage?" I mused. "This wine is younger than the Chablis — a 1920, perhaps. Am I right?"

"Exactly right," said my side partner so that all might hear. And then she proceeded to chatter about my exploit across the board and around it. You may believe it lost nothing in her telling. But the widow was not yet satisfied. She turned to me once more. "Now I want to know how you can tell?" she demanded.

"No mystery, madame," I spoke up, loud enough for all to hear. "Our hostess, as it happened, had no wines on hand good enough for a dinner like this, so I gave her these out of my own cellar."

This is taken in part from *Dahl's Brave New World*, a book of drawings by Francis W. Dahl with text by Charles W. Morton, published October 22 (Atlantic-Little, Brown).

BRAVE NEW HOUSING

by CHARLES W. MORTON

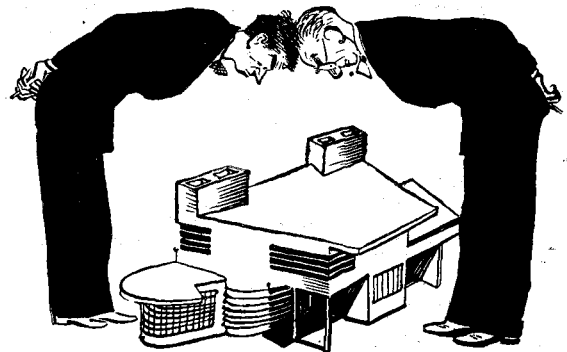
WE SEEM to be poised, at the moment, in one of those uncomfortable intervals of transition between two civilizations, the stuff that Arnold Toynbee writes books about — *ave atque vale*, on with the new, and so forth. We know an awful lot, and the question is what, if anything, to do with it. The old tale about the book agent who called on the Vermont farmer sums it up well enough: —

"If you read these books you'll learn how to farm better," the salesman argued.

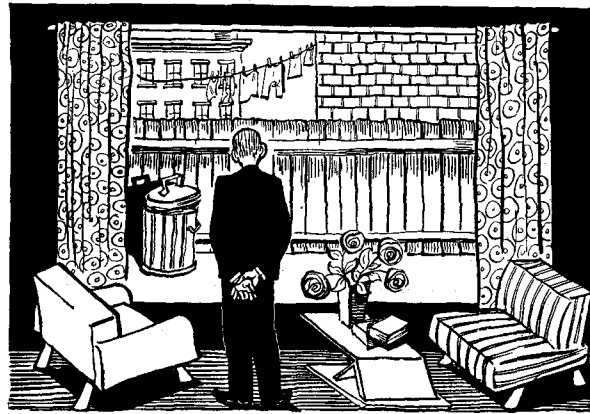
"Shucks," quoth the rustic, "I ain't farmin' as good as I know how to now."

It reminds me of the wistful spate of articles about American railroads which appeared earlier this year. All the editors must have been struck simultaneously by the belief that the railroads are not so bad as Chesapeake's Robert Young says they are, and I found myself reading about playroom cars for the little folks, Ritz café and night-club effects, scenic cupolas in the roof, airy bedrooms en suite, and everything but a Pompeian pool and Finnish baths. It was a magazine writer who sounded a word of caution. Two hundred miles an hour train speeds were being talked up, he acknowledged, but this was really pretty fast, perhaps too fast. True, some of the airplanes did it. But why not, for the present, take a comfortable train speed of a hundred miles an hour? Let's dream about the 100 m.p.h. train for a few paragraphs and postpone 200 m.p.h. Meanwhile, the Pennsylvania Railroad, he boasted, already has a train, the Congressional Limited, that actually runs on a schedule of sixty miles an hour!

The same kind of hiatus confronts us in housing. We enjoy reading about the globular aluminum house with pie-shaped rooms, revolving on its foundation mast and warmed by solar rays for only a few cents a day. These houses are so inexpensive — \$6500, I believe — that I should have expected to see them mushrooming all over the countryside by this time. I have yet to see one anywhere.



The modern house is thus primarily a visual challenge. It clamors to be looked at, whether from the street outside or by conscientious inspection within. It must be of a piece, modern to the last sink stopper, light switch, or shoe cabinet. No litter of garden hose, children's vehicles, defunct electrical gadgets, snow shovels, picnic kits, and such can offend the eye in basement or garage. Permanently on display, the house must never expose an unmade bed or indeed anything that resembles a bed with sheets and pillowcases. All beds must look like sofas under their tufted or quilted or hand-loomed coverings, and no one ever removes these and crawls in and goes to sleep. The bathrooms show no signs



by YETZA GILLESPIE

WHEN by God's mercy you have got to bed,
Received the blanket's blessing on the bone,
With the soft pillow underneath your head,
And the heart-cold that you cannot disown
Abates a little, and a little more,
And you drift off like down of soft black thistle
Into nothing at all, is it not sore
In that kind place to hear a far-off whistle
Like a slow rocket rise and arc and break
Into a shower of mournful stars that fall
On you, and shivering you jerk awake
And catch the echo of the fading call,
And mutter (knowing that it was a train)
"Morning will come. I must get up again."



Books and Men



*When W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, England's foremost novelist, was asked to name the ten best novels in world literature, he thought at once of Balzac, Dickens, Tolstoi, and Dostoevski; then the choice became difficult. For his list he chose three novels from France, two from Russia, one from America, and four from England, and thereupon resolved to write an essay in appraisal of each. Mr. Maugham spent much of his boyhood in France; he served as an intern in a London hospital, and since *Of Human Bondage* has scored repeated successes with his books and plays. It is with such experience that he makes this appraisal of the master craftsmen in fiction.*

THE TEN BEST NOVELS: MADAME BOVARY

by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

I

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT was a very unusual man. The French are of the opinion that he was a genius. If I were pressed to say what genius this twentieth century of ours has produced, I think that Albert Einstein is the only name that would occur to me. The nineteenth century was richer, but whether Flaubert can be counted among those who had this special gift the reader of this introduction may be able to decide for himself.

One thing admits of little doubt: Flaubert created the modern realistic novel and directly or indirectly has influenced all the writers of fiction since his day. Thomas Mann when he wrote *Buddenbrooks*, Arnold Bennett when he wrote *The Old Wives' Tale*, Theodore Dreiser when he wrote *Sister Carrie*, were following a trail that Flaubert blazed. No writer that we know of devoted himself with such a fierce and indomitable industry to the art of literature. It was not with him as it is with most authors, an activity of paramount importance, but one that allows for other activities which rest the mind, refresh the body, or enrich the experience. He did not think that to live was the object of life; for him the object of life was to write: no monk in his cell ever more willingly sacrificed the pleasures of the world to the love of God than Flaubert sacrificed the fullness of life to his ambition to create a work of art.

The sort of books an author writes depends on the sort of man he is and that is why, if he is a good writer, it is well to know what is possible of his per-

sonal history. In the case of Flaubert this is peculiarly important. He was born at Rouen in 1821. His father was head of the hospital and lived there with his wife and children. It was a happy, highly respected and affluent family. Flaubert was brought up like any other French boy of his class; he went to school, he made friends with other boys, he worked little but read much. He was troubled by that sense of inner loneliness which the sensitive carry with them all their lives.

"I went to school when I was only ten," he wrote, "and I very soon contracted a profound aversion to the human race." That is not just a quip; he meant it. He was a pessimist from his youth up. It is true that just then romanticism was in full flower and pessimism was the fashion — one of the boys at Flaubert's school blew his brains out, another hanged himself with his necktie. One cannot quite see why Flaubert, with a comfortable home, affectionate and indulgent parents, a doting sister and friends of whom he was passionately fond, should have found life intolerable and his fellow creatures hateful. His early stories, written when he was a boy, are a hotchpotch of the worst extravagances of romanticism, and the pessimism with which they are imbued might reasonably be looked upon as merely a literary affectation. But Flaubert's was enduring; it was certainly not affected nor was it attributable to foreign influence. He was pessimistic by nature, and if one asks why, one must

look into the abnormality of his physical constitution.

When he was fifteen an event took place that affected his whole life. His family went in the summer to Trouville, then a modest village by the sea with one hotel; and there that year they found staying Maurice Schlesinger, a music publisher and something of an adventurer, with his wife. It is worth while to transcribe the portrait Flaubert drew of her later: "she was tall, a brunette with magnificent black hair that fell in tresses to her shoulders; her nose was Greek, her eyes burning, her eyebrows high and admirably arched, her skin was glowing and as it were misty with gold; she was slender and exquisite, one saw the blue veins meandering on her brown and purple throat. Add to that a fine down that darkened her upper lip and gave her face a masculine and energetic expression such as to throw blonde beauties into the shade. She spoke slowly, her voice was modulated, musical and soft." I hesitate to translate *pourpré* with *purple*, but that is the translation and I think Flaubert used it in recollection of Ronsard's most celebrated poem without considering the impression it would make when used to describe a lady's throat.

He fell madly in love with her. She was twenty-six and was nursing a baby. But Flaubert was timid and he would have been afraid even to speak to her if her husband had not been a jovial, hearty fellow with whom it was easy to make friends. Maurice Schlesinger took the boy riding with him. On one occasion the three of them went for a sail; Flaubert and Éliisa Schlesinger sat side by side, their shoulders touched, her dress was against his hand, she spoke in her low, sweet voice; but Flaubert was in such a turmoil that he could not remember a word she said. The summer came to an end, the Schlesingers left, the Flauberts went back to Rouen and Gustave to school. He had entered upon the great, the lasting passion of his life.

Two years later he returned to Trouville and was told that she had been and gone. He was seventeen. It seemed to him then that he had been before too wrought up really to love her; he loved her differently now, with a man's desire, and her absence only exacerbated his passion. When he got home he took up again a book he had started, *The Memoirs of a Madman*, and told the story of the summer when he fell in love with Éliisa Schlesinger.

2

WHEN he was nineteen, to reward him for having graduated, his father sent him with a certain Dr. Cloquet on a trip to the Pyrenees and Corsica. He was then full-grown. His contemporaries have described him as a giant, but he was only five foot eight and in California or Texas they would call a man of that height a little fellow; he was thin and graceful; his black lashes veiled enormous sea-green

eyes, and his long fine hair fell to his shoulders. A woman who knew him then said forty years later that he was as beautiful as a young Greek.

On the way back from Corsica the travelers stopped at Marseilles and one morning, coming from a bathe, Flaubert noticed a woman sitting in the courtyard of the hotel. She was young, and her sensual languor was attractive. Flaubert addressed her and they got into conversation. She was called Eulalie Foucaud and was waiting to join her husband, an official, in French Guiana. Flaubert and Eulalie Foucaud passed that night together — a night, according to his own account, of that flaming passion which is as beautiful as the setting of the sun in the snow. He left Marseilles and never saw her again. It was his first experience of the kind and it made a deep impression upon him.

Shortly after this episode he went to Paris to study law, not because he wanted to be a lawyer, but because he had to adopt some profession; but he was bored in Paris, bored by his law books, bored by the life of the university; and he despised his fellow students for their mediocrity, their poses, and their bourgeois tastes. It was during this period that he wrote a novelette called *November* in which he described his brief adventure with Eulalie Foucaud. But he gave her the shining eyes with their high arched brows, and the upper lip with its bluish down, of Éliisa Schlesinger.

He got in touch with Éliisa again by calling on her husband at his office who invited him forthwith to one of the dinner parties he gave every Wednesday in his apartment. Éliisa was as beautiful as ever. When last she had seen Flaubert he was a hobbledehoy; now he was a man, eager, passionate, and handsome. It did not take her long to discover that he loved her. He was soon on terms of intimacy with husband and wife and dined regularly with them on Wednesdays. But Flaubert was as timid as ever and for long he had not the courage to declare his love. When at last he did she was not angry, as he had feared she might be, but she refused to become his mistress.

Her story was curious. When first Flaubert met her, in 1836, he thought, as did everyone else, that she was the wife of Maurice Schlesinger; she was not; she was married to a certain Émile Judée who had got into trouble, whereupon Schlesinger had come forward with the offer to provide money sufficient to save him from prosecution on the condition that he left France and gave up his wife. This he did and Schlesinger and Éliisa Judée lived together, there being at the time no divorce in France, till Judée's death in 1840 enabled them to marry. It is said that notwithstanding his absence and death Éliisa continued to love Émile Judée; she was bound to Maurice by gratitude; and it may be that this old love, a sense of loyalty to the man who had saved her, made her hesitate to accede to Flaubert's desires. But he was ardent and at last per-

sueded her to come one day to his apartment; he awaited her with feverish anxiety; it seemed that at length he was going to be rewarded for his long devotion. She never came.

Then, in 1844, once more an event occurred that was to have momentous consequences to Flaubert. One dark night he was driving back to Rouen with his brother from a property of their mother's which they had been visiting. His brother, nine years older than he, had adopted their father's profession. Suddenly, without warning, Flaubert "felt himself carried away in a torrent of flames and fell like a stone to the floor of the trap." When he recovered consciousness he was covered with blood; his brother had carried him into a neighboring house and bled him. He was taken to Rouen, where his father bled him again; he was dosed with valerian and indigo, a seton was put in his neck; he was forbidden to smoke, drink, or eat meat. He continued for some time to have fits of great violence. He had visual and auditory symptoms, a convulsion, and then he lost consciousness. Afterwards he was exhausted and his nervous system was in a state of frantic tension.

A great deal of mystery has surrounded this illness and the doctors have discussed it from various points of view. Some have frankly said it was epilepsy and that is what his friends thought it was; his niece in her *Recollections* has passed the matter over in silence; M. René Dumesnil, himself a doctor and the author of an important work on Flaubert, claims that it was not epilepsy, but what he calls hystero-epilepsy, I think with the idea at the back of his mind that to acknowledge that a distinguished writer was an epileptic somewhat took away from the value of his work.

It is possible that the attack did not come as a complete surprise to his family. He is reputed to have told Maupassant that he had first had auditory and visual hallucinations when he was twelve years old; when Flaubert was sent on a journey at the age of nineteen it was with a doctor and since change of scene was part of the treatment his father afterwards prescribed, it does not seem unlikely that he had had something in the nature of nervous attacks. Flaubert even as a boy had never felt himself quite like the people whom he came in contact with. Is it not possible that the curious pessimism of his early youth had its cause in the mysterious disease which must have even then been affecting his nervous system? Anyhow he was faced now with the fact that he was afflicted with a terrifying malady the attacks of which were unpredictable. It was necessary to change his mode of life. He decided, willingly enough it may be supposed, to abandon law and never to marry.

In 1845 his father died and two months later his sister Caroline, whom he adored, after giving birth to a daughter died also. As children they had been inseparable and till her marriage she was his dearest companion. Some time before his death Dr. Flau-

bert had bought a property, called Croisset, on the banks of the Seine, with a fine stone house two hundred years old, a terrace in front of it, and a little pavilion looking over the river. Here the widow settled with her son Gustave and the baby daughter of Caroline; her elder son, Achille, was married and, a surgeon like his father, succeeded him at the Rouen hospital.

3

CROISSET was to be Flaubert's home for the rest of his life. He had been writing off and on from a very early age and now, cut off as he was from living as most men live, he made up his mind to devote himself wholly to literature. He had a large workroom on the ground floor with windows on the river and the garden. He adopted methodical habits. He got up about ten, read his letters and the papers, lunched lightly at eleven, and till one lounged about the terrace or sat in the pavilion reading. At one he set to work and worked till dinner at seven; then he took another stroll in the garden and went back to work till far into the night. He saw nobody but a friend or two whom now and then he invited to stay with him for a few days so that he might discuss his work with him. For the rest he denied himself any form of relaxation. But he was aware that to write, it was necessary to have experience of the world and that he could not afford to live entirely the life of a recluse. He made a point, therefore, of going to Paris for three or four months every year.

In course of time, as he became well known, he made the acquaintance of the intellectuals of the day. I seem to gather that he was admired rather than liked. His companions found him very sensitive and very irritable. He would suffer no contradiction and they took care not to disagree with him since if they ventured to do so his rage was alarming. He was a harsh critic of other men's work and shared a delusion common to authors that what he could not do himself was worthless. On the other hand he was infuriated by any criticism of his own work and ascribed it to jealousy, malice, or stupidity. In this too he was not unlike many another distinguished author. He had no patience with the writers who wanted to earn their living by their pens or made any effort to advance themselves. He was of opinion that the artist demeaned himself by making money. It was of course less difficult for him to take up this disinterested attitude since he had for the period a substantial fortune.

But this is somewhat to anticipate. In 1846, during one of his visits to Paris, he met in the studio of Pradier, the sculptor, a poetess called Louise Colet. Her husband, Hippolyte Colet, was a professor of music; her lover, Victor Cousin, a philosopher. She was one of those writers, far from rare in the world of letters, who suppose that push

and pull are an adequate substitute for talent; and with beauty to help she had acquired something of a position in literary circles. She had a salon frequented by celebrities and was known as the Muse. She wore her fair hair in ringlets that framed her round face; her voice was passionate, violent, and tender. Within a month Flaubert became her lover, not of course displacing the philosopher, whose attachment to her was official; and when I say he became her lover it is in a manner of speaking, for to his mortification his excitement or his timidity had made it impossible for him to consummate the union.

He returned to Croisset and wrote to Louise Colet the first of a long series of as strange love letters as a lover can ever have written to his mistress. The Muse loved Flaubert, but she was exacting and jealous: he was neither. I think we may guess that he was proud to be the lover of a woman who was beautiful and very much in the public eye; but he was a man who lived a rich life of the imagination and, like many another day-dreamer, found that the realization fell sadly short of the anticipation. He discovered that he loved the Muse more when he was at Croisset than when he was in Paris, and he told her so. She wanted him to come and live in Paris; he told her that he could not leave his mother. Then she asked him to come more often either to Paris or to Mantes where on rare occasions they met; he told her he could only get away if he had a reasonable excuse, whereupon she answered angrily: "Does that mean that you're watched over like a girl?"

She suggested coming to Croisset, but this he wouldn't let her do in any circumstances. "Your love isn't love," she wrote. "In any case it doesn't mean much in your life." To this he replied: "You want to know if I love you? Well, yes, as much as I can love; that's to say, for me love isn't the first thing in life, but the second."

He was really very tactless: he asked her to find out from a friend of hers who had lived at Cayenne what had happened to Eulalie Foucaud, the object of his adventure at Marseilles, and even asked her to have a letter delivered to her; he was astonished that she accepted the commission with some show of vexation. He went so far as to tell her of his encounters with prostitutes, for whom he had, according to his own story, an inclination which he frequently gratified. But there is nothing men lie about so much as their sex life and I ask myself whether here he was not boasting of a virility which he somewhat lacked. No one knows how often he had the fits that left him weak and depressed, but he was constantly under the influence of sedatives and it may well be that he saw Louise Colet so seldom — he was then only twenty — because his sexual desires were not pressing. The affair, such as it was, lasted for nine months.

In 1849 Flaubert started for the Near East with

Maxime du Camp. The two friends visited Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and Greece and in the spring of 1851 returned to France. Flaubert resumed relations with Louise Colet and, as before, engaged in an increasingly acrimonious correspondence. She continued to press him to come to Paris or to let her come to Croisset; he continued to find reasons not to do the one nor to allow her to do the other; and in the end, in 1854, he wrote to tell her that he would not see her again. She hurried to Croisset and was roughly turned away.

This was Flaubert's last serious affair. There had been more literature than life in it, more play-acting than passion. The only woman Flaubert sincerely and devotedly loved in his life was Élisabeth Schlesinger. Her husband's speculations had ended in disaster and the Schlesingers had gone with their children to live in Baden. When Flaubert saw Élisabeth again, it is supposed at Croisset, twenty years had passed since she failed to keep the appointment she had made. She was thin, her skin had lost its delicate hues, her hair was white; Flaubert had grown corpulent, he had an immense mustache, and he concealed his baldness by a black cap. They met, they parted. In 1871 Maurice Schlesinger died and Flaubert, after loving her for thirty-five years, wrote his first love letter to her: instead of beginning as he always had done, "Dear Madame," he began, "My old love, my ever loved one." She had to come to France on business. They met at Croisset, they met in Paris. After that, so far as anyone knows, they never met again.

4

DURING his journey in the East, Flaubert had been turning over in his mind the idea of a novel which was to be for him an entirely new departure. This was *Madame Bovary*. How he came to write it makes a curious story. On a trip to Italy he had seen at Genoa a picture by Breughel of the Temptation of St. Anthony which greatly impressed him and on his return to France he bought an engraving by Callot of the same subject. He then set about reading all the relevant material and when he had acquired the information he required he wrote the book which these two pictures had suggested to him. Having finished it, he sent for his two most intimate friends to come to Croisset to hear him read it. He read for four days, for four hours in the afternoon and for four hours at night. It was arranged that no opinion should be given till the whole work had been heard.

At midnight on the fourth day Flaubert, having read to the end, banged his fist on the table and said: "Well?"

One of them answered: "We think you ought to throw it in the fire and not speak of it again." It was a shattering blow. Next day the same friend, looking for some way to soften it, said to Flau-

bert: "Why don't you write the story of Delamare?"

Flaubert gave a start, his face lit up and he said: "Why not?" Delamare had been an intern at the hospital at Rouen and his story was well known. I will not tell it since Flaubert has followed it very closely in his novel and I do not want to lessen the reader's interest.

Flaubert was thirty when he began this book. He had published nothing. With the exception of *The Temptation of St. Anthony* the more important of his early works had been strictly personal; they were in fact novelizations of his amorous experiences. His aim now was to be not only realistic but objective. He determined to put the facts he had to tell and expose the characters of the persons he had to deal with without comment of his own, neither condemning nor praising; if he sympathized with one, not to show it; if the stupidity of another exasperated him, the malice of a third outraged him, not to allow a word of his to reveal it. This is what he did and that perhaps is why many readers have found a certain coldness in the novel. There is nothing heart-warming in this calculated detachment. Though it may be a weakness in us, as readers we find a comfort in knowing that the author shares the emotions he has made us feel.

But the attempt at complete impersonality fails with Flaubert as it fails with every novelist because complete impersonality is impossible. It is very well that the novelist should let his characters explain themselves and, as far as may be, let their actions be the outcome of their characters, and the author may easily make a nuisance of himself when he draws your attention to his heroine's charm or his villain's malevolence, when he moralizes or irrelevantly digresses, when in fact he is himself a personage in the story he is telling. But this is only a matter of method, a method that some very good novelists have used, and if it happens to have gone out of fashion at the moment, that is not to say it is a bad one. But the author who avoids it keeps his personality only out of the surface of his novel; he reveals it willy-nilly by his choice of subject, his choice of characters, and the point of view from which he describes them.

Flaubert as we know was a pessimist. He had no patience with stupidity. The bourgeois, the commonplace, the ordinary filled him with exasperation. He had no pity. He had no charity. All his adult life he was a sick man oppressed by the humiliation with which his disease filled him. His nerves were in a constant state of exacerbation. He was violently intolerant. He was a romantic who feared his romanticism. He flung himself into the sordid story of Madame Bovary with the zest of a man revenging himself on life that has not met the demands of his passion for the ideal by wallowing in the gutter. He did not keep his personality out of his novel when he decided to write the story

of Delamare nor when he constructed the characters who were to take part in it. We are introduced to many persons in the course of the novel's five hundred pages and with the exception of Dr. Larivière, a minor character, not one has a redeeming feature. They are base, mean, stupid, trivial, and vulgar. A great many people are, but not all; and it is inconceivable that in a village there should not be found one person at least, if not two or three, who was sensible, kindly, and helpful.

5

FLAUBERT's deliberate intention was to choose a set of characters who were thoroughly commonplace and devise incidents that would inevitably arise from their nature and their circumstances; but he was faced with the possibility that no one would be interested in persons so dull and that the incidents he had to relate would prove tedious. How he proposed to deal with this I will come to later. Before doing so I want to consider how far he succeeded in his attempt.

First I want to point out that the characters are drawn with consummate skill. We are convinced of their truth. We no sooner meet them than we accept them as living creatures, in the world we know. It never occurs to us that they are figures in a novel. Homais, to mention one, is a creature as humorous as Mr. Micawber. He has become as familiar to the French as Mr. Micawber is to the English. We believe in him as we can never quite believe in Mr. Micawber, and unlike Mr. Micawber he is always consistently himself. But I cannot persuade myself that Emma Bovary is the ordinary farmer's daughter. That there was in her something of every woman and of every man is true. When Flaubert was asked who was the model for her he said: Madame Bovary is me. We are all given to extravagant reveries in which we see ourselves rich, handsome, successful, the heroes or heroines of romantic adventures, but most of us are too sensible, too timorous or too unadventurous to let our reveries seriously affect our behavior.

Madame Bovary was exceptional in that she tried to live her dream-life; she was exceptional in her beauty. Nor have the incidents quite the inevitability that Flaubert sought. When Emma Bovary is let down by her first lover she has an attack of brain fever that brings her to death's door and lasts for forty-three days. Now brain fever, for long a favorite illness with novelists who wanted to dispose for a while of a character, is not, I understand, a malady known to the medical profession, and if Flaubert let her suffer from it in so severe a form I suspect it was only because he wanted her to have a long and expensive illness. The episode does not enforce belief; nor, for the matter of that, does Bovary's death: he dies merely because Flaubert wanted to finish his book.

As is well known, author and publisher were prosecuted on the charge that *Madame Bovary* was an immoral work. I have read the speeches of the public prosecutor and of the defending counsel. The prosecutor read a number of passages which he claimed were pornographic; they make one smile now, they are so decent in comparison with the descriptions of the art of love to which modern novelists have accustomed us; but one cannot believe that even then (in 1857) the prosecutor was shocked by them. The defending counsel pleaded that these passages were necessary and that the moral of the novel was good because *Madame Bovary* suffered for her misbehavior. The judges accepted his view and the defendants were acquitted. It does not seem to have occurred to anyone at the time that if *Madame Bovary* came to a bad end it was not because she committed adultery but because she ran up bills that she hadn't the money to pay. If she had had the economical instincts of the French peasant that we are told she was, there is no reason why she should not have gone from lover to lover without coming to harm.

I hope the reader will not think that I am tiresomely finding trivial faults in a great book; the point I want to make is that Flaubert did not quite succeed in doing what he was attempting because he was attempting the impossible. A work of fiction is an arrangement of incidents devised to display a number of characters in action and to interest the reader. It is not a copy of life as it is lived. Just as, in a novel, conversations cannot be reproduced exactly as they take place in real life but have to be summarized so that only the essential points are given and then with a clearness and concision which is not found in real life, so the facts have to suffer some deformation in order to conform with the author's plan and to hold the reader's attention.

Irrelevant incidents must be omitted; repetitions must be avoided, and heaven knows, life is full of repetitions; events that may in real life be separated by a passage of time and unrelated occurrences may often have to be brought into proximity. No novel is entirely free of improbabilities and to the more usual ones indeed readers have become so used that they accept them as a matter of course. The novelist cannot give a literal transcript of life; he draws a picture for you which, if he is a realist, he tries to make lifelike; and if you believe him he has succeeded.

Flaubert has succeeded. *Madame Bovary* gives an impression of intense reality and this, I think, arises not only because his characters are eminently lifelike, but because, with his peculiar acuity of observation, he has described every detail essential to his purpose with extraordinary accuracy. The book is very well constructed. Some critics have found it a fault that though Emma is the

central character it begins with a description of Bovary's early youth and first marriage and finishes with his disintegration and death. I think Flaubert's idea was to enclose the story of Emma within the story of her husband as you enclose a painting in a frame. He must have felt that so he rounded off his narrative and gave it the unity of a work of art. If this was his intention it would have been more evident if the end were not hurried and arbitrary.

There is one part of the book which I have not seen mentioned by the critics, but to which I should like to draw the reader's attention since it is an admirable example of Flaubert's skill in composition. The first months of Emma's married life were passed in a village called Tostes; she was immensely bored there and for the balance of the book this period had to be described at the same pace and with the same detail as the rest.

Now it is very difficult to describe a boring time without boring the reader, yet you read this long passage with interest; I was curious to see how it had been done and read it over again. I discovered that Flaubert had narrated a long series of very trivial incidents, each one new, none repeated; and you are not bored because you are reading something fresh all the time; but because each little incident is so commonplace, so lacking in excitement, you do get a vivid, even a devastating sensation of Emma's boredom. There is a set piece of description of Yonville, the village in which the Bovarys settled after leaving Tostes, but it is the only one; for the rest of the descriptions of country or town, beautifully done all of them, are interwoven with the narrative. Flaubert introduces his persons in action and we learn of their appearance, their mode of living, their setting in a continuous process, as in fact we come to know people in real life.

6

I REMARKED a few pages back that Flaubert was conscious that in setting out to write a novel about commonplace people he ran the risk of writing a very dull one. He was determined to produce a work of art and he felt that he could surmount the difficulties presented by the sordid nature of his subject and the vulgarity of his characters only by means of beauty of style.

Now I don't know if such a creature exists as the natural born stylist, certainly Flaubert was not one; his early works, unpublished in his lifetime, appear to be verbose and rhetorical and his letters, written in a faulty French, show little sign that he had a feeling for the elegance and distinction of his native tongue. With *Madame Bovary* he made himself one of the greatest stylists in France. This is a matter upon which a foreigner, even if he knows a language well, can be but an uncertain judge; the finer points can hardly fail to escape him, and obviously in a translation the music, the subtlety, the aptness, the

rhythm of the original must be lost. All the same it seems to me worth while to tell the reader what Flaubert was aiming at and how he set about achieving his aim, for much can be learned from his theory and practice that will be useful to the writer of any country.

Flaubert adopted as his own the maxim of Buffon that to write well, one must at the same time feel well, think well, and say well. He was of the opinion that there were not two ways of saying a thing, but only one, and that the wording must fit the thought as the glove fits the hand. His desire was to write a prose that was logical, precise, swift, and various. He wished to make it as rhythmical, sonorous, and musical as poetry and yet preserve the qualities of prose. He was prepared to use the words of everyday life, vulgarisms if need be, so long as he could so use them as to produce an effect of beauty.

Now all this is surely admirable. One may be permitted to think that sometimes he went too far. "When I find a dissonance or a repetition in one of my phrases," he said, "I know that I'm ensnared in something false." He would not allow himself to use the same word twice on a page. That seems absurd; if it is the right word in each place it is the right word to use and a synonym or a periphrase can never be as good. He was careful not to allow his sense of rhythm to obsess him but took pains to vary it. He had a peculiar skill in combining words and sounds to give an impression of speed or languor, of lassitude, intensity, in fact of whatever state he desired to represent. I have not space here to enlarge further on the particular qualities of Flaubert's style, but I should like to say a few words about how he became the master he did.

First of all he worked hard. Before starting on a book he read everything he could find that was pertinent. He made voluminous notes. When writing he would sketch out roughly what he wished to say and then work on what he had written, elaborating, cutting, rewriting, till he got the effect he wanted. That done, he would go out on his terrace and shout out the phrases he had written, convinced that if they did not sound well to the ear, there must be something wrong with them. In that case he would take them back and work over them again until he was at last satisfied.

In one of his letters he writes: "The whole of Monday and Tuesday were taken up with a search for two lines." This of course does not mean that he only wrote two lines in two days; it means that with all that labor he only succeeded in writing two lines as perfect as he wanted them. It is no wonder that *Madame Bovary* took him fifty-five months to write.

I have little more to say. After *Madame Bovary* he wrote *Salammbô* which is generally considered a failure; then he wrote another version of *The Senti-*

mental Education, a novel he had written many years before and had been dissatisfied with, in which he again described his love for Élisabeth Schlesinger. It is by many good critics in France looked upon as his masterpiece. A foreigner must find it hard to read because great sections of it are concerned with matters that today can be of no interest to him. After this, for the third time, he wrote *The Temptation of St. Anthony*.

It is curious to note that so great a writer should have had so few ideas for books which he developed sufficiently to write. He was apparently content to take up again and again the subjects that obsessed his youth: it is as though he could not disembarass his soul of the burden of them until he had written them down in a definite form. Time passed and his niece Caroline married. Flaubert and his mother were left alone. His mother died.

After the defeat of France in 1870 his niece's husband found himself in financial difficulties, and finally, to save him from bankruptcy, Flaubert handed over to him his whole fortune. He kept for himself only the old home he could not bear to part with. As long as he was affluent he had held money in some contempt, but when by his own disinterested act he was reduced to comparative poverty the worry brought on again the fits from which for a decade he had been almost free and then, whenever he was in Paris and went out to dinner, Guy de Maupassant went to fetch him and see him safely home. Though on the whole unfortunate in his love affairs he had always had a few devoted, loyal, and affectionate friends. One by one most of them died and his last years were lonely. He seldom left Croisset. He smoked too much. He drank too much apple brandy.

The last work he published was a volume of three stories. He engaged upon a novel called *Bouvard et Pécuchet* in which he determined to have his final fling at the stupidity of the human race and with his usual thoroughness he read fifteen hundred books to provide himself with the material he thought necessary. It was to be in two volumes and he almost reached the end of the first. On the morning of May 8, 1880, the maid went into the library at eleven to bring him his lunch. She found him lying on the divan muttering incomprehensible words. She ran for the doctor and brought him back with her. He could do nothing. In less than an hour Gustave Flaubert was dead.

A year later his old friend, Maxime du Camp, spent the summer in Baden and one day when he was out hunting found himself near the lunatic asylum of Illenau. The gates opened to allow the inmates to take their daily walk and they came out two by two. Among them was one who bowed to him. It was Élisabeth Schlesinger, the woman whom Flaubert had so long and so vainly loved.

(The next novel to be discussed by Mr. Maugham will be Fielding's *Tom Jones*.)



Books and Men



BILL MAULDIN entered the Infantry in his nineteenth year, picked up a

Purple Heart in Italy, and later was assigned as a combat artist in one of the bloodiest campaigns of the war. His cartoons of Willie and Joe in Stars and Stripes were syndicated and won the Pulitzer Prize. With unsparing ridicule and indignation, he now exposes the sore points of peace. His crusade lands him in plenty of hot water as he candidly describes in his book, *Back Home* (William Sloane, Associates), the November choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club, of which this is an excerpt.

AMATEUR CITIZEN

by BILL MAULDIN

I

IT is a great disappointment to us bubbling young sprouts who grew up in the Franklin D. Roosevelt era when we pick up a history book and find that our enthusiasm for all sorts of star-gazing and crusading is not a new thing, that we are not blazing fresh trails for mankind to follow to its glorious destiny. Like immigration. We think of the fancy inscription on the base of the Statue of Liberty: —

Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed, to me:
I lift my lamp beside the golden door.

Fired by these words, we turn shudderingly to our newspapers and read about the death rattle of the Stratton bill, which would have let 400,000 huddled characters into the country. The bubbling young sprouts feel an urge to punch Congressmen in the nose, and this particular sprout draws all kinds of pictures designed to arouse the hospitable instincts of his fellow citizens. In fact, I feel so strongly about it that once I forgot to uphold my reputation for hating Army officers; I brought my secret admiration for George C. Marshall into the open by doing a picture of him lighting Liberty's dead torch, when one of his first acts as Secretary of State was to recommend the entry of DP's into America.

But us champeens of the teeming shores aren't doing a new thing. The immigration battle has been going on in this country ever since the flag had thirteen stars. Every generation for 170 years has produced two schools of thought about immigration. One has been convinced that the country has reached its saturation point, that more material for the human melting pot that produces Americans will result only in lowering the standard of living, reducing wages, and producing a crop of "furrin ideas." The other group believes — rightly, I think

— that when a country reaches the stage where it can't expand its population, add new blood, and realize fresh potentialities, it might as well fold its flag because it has reached the summit and can only go downhill until it expires.

The people who belong to the current anti-immigration faction love to refer sardonically to the opposition as bleeding hearts and do-gooders and pipe-dreamers, and on most of us I guess they can make the rap stick. But they can't hang it on George C. Marshall or any of the other gents of his caliber who have certainly proved themselves immune to charges of not looking out for their country's best interests. History pretty well bears out the fact that the anti-immigration people have been the pipe-dreamers, and the other side has produced the realists.

I feel strongly enough about this to do what I cuss others for doing — propagandize. Since I happen to be a citizen of this country, I would like to think of it as a living and growing thing, not as a satisfied hog interested only in wallowing in its accumulated slop and waiting for old age or the butcher's knife. I feel like doing all the propaganda I can on subjects pertaining to progressives versus mossbacks in America because picture-drawing is a reasonably lucrative trade when you're lucky enough to be syndicated, and I can already feel signs of becoming contented with my lot. I may be voting straight conservative in a few years.

I want to get all this idealistic stuff down on paper now, because after I build a house and raise a family I will be too busy supporting it and voting to protect it to be realistic about my politics. I will probably oppose immigration because a lot of excellent cartoonists live in Europe, and if one of them should sneak through Ellis Island he would not only produce work that would make me and a lot of others look sick, but also he would sell it for

reasonable sums and we would have to hump it twice as hard as we do to buy a new Buick every year.

2

WHEN the battle between the British and the people of Palestine started hitting the front pages regularly in 1946, another war started on the inside pages of the same newspapers. A number of different Jewish factions and organizations naturally took an intense interest in the Palestine fight. Each of them had a different idea about what was right and what was wrong in Palestine, and each spent a great deal of money buying full-page newspaper ads to support its special views. The Battle of the Ads started out in a gentlemanly way, but in no time at all it had developed into a fracas fully as explosive in words, if not in deeds, as the argument between the Irgun and the British Army.

So many vituperative attacks were made upon "opposition" Jewish leaders and Jewish organizations that unless you remembered, while reading the ads, that they were written and paid for by other Jewish factions, you would have sworn you were looking at a page from the anti-Semitic publications of the late Julius Streicher. Jews were calling other Jews warmongers, dirty liars, and bums in general. I couldn't blame any Jewish organization for feeling strongly and bitterly about some phase of the Palestine problem, nor for disagreeing with other members of that faith on the subject, but in view of the widespread anti-Semitism that already exists in America, I thought they could have done better than to wash their linen in public where their enemies could snicker at them.

Because I like to read a lot of papers, I haven't had much trouble spotting several around the East Coast that never lose a chance to display a subtle but persistent anti-Jewish bias. Every one of these papers carried its share of the ads, and it seemed terribly ironic to me that their editors, who had always feared the public indignation and shock that would result from carrying on open warfare against the Jewish faith, suddenly had the opportunity to call Jews dirty names right in their papers, and to make Jewish money out of the job at that.

I did a cartoon on the subject because I had learned a lesson that most people learn sooner or later if they dabble around in the field of bigotry with the idea of trying to correct some of it: victims of bigotry can sometimes display a wide streak of it themselves, toward their own comrades, and toward other victims of persecution.

I didn't exactly expect the cartoon to make anybody think twice; the factions that were so angry they were cutting their own collective throats in paid advertisements could hardly be influenced by a piddling two-column cartoon. But I hoped my picture would make one or two of the ad-writers wince as they were making me wince for them.

The lesson I learned about prejudice among victims of prejudice was thoroughly pounded into me by the Catholic Church shortly after I did the picture about the Zionist scrap. A rather substantial portion of the Church fell on my bean with a resounding smack after I drew some pictures about Generalissimo Francisco Franco, the boss-man of Spain. Try as I will, I somehow can't see rhyme or reason in his system — which is gaining in popularity around the world — of imprisoning, deluding, and horsewhipping citizens to protect them from communism. It smacks somewhat of paternalism, and very rugged paternalism at that. The kind that tells a man what he shall read, whom he shall talk to, and what he shall hear, allows him no say-so in his own affairs, takes away most of his money to pay an army to push him around, and kicks his teeth in if he talks back. Communism may be a pretty awful thing, but it would have to work hard to be any worse than the systems set up to fight it.

I spent five years in an army that was mustered to fight Franco's kind. I would hate to think that I was taken for a sucker during those five years, and wore my uniform on the wrong side.

It has sickened me somewhat to see the little man still prominent in the world, and it has sickened me even more to hear his setup called the last stronghold between Western Christianity and the Great Red Menace. Although I don't work hard at it, I belong to the Christian faith, and I feel insulted at the idea of being defended by a bloody-handed punk who used to lick the boots of Adolf Hitler. If Christianity ever has to depend upon Franco and his friends for protection, then it will be a good time for the Church to wonder how it has failed its people so badly that there aren't enough decent ones around to support it. Christianity can't be defended by force and brutality any more than communism can be defeated by it. A lot of us kidded ourselves that fascism could be whipped that way, but all we succeeded in doing was knocking off a lot of soldiers who were on the payrolls of the governments that espoused fascism. Sure we weakened it, but it is far from dead.

With all these notions running around in my head and all this high dudgeon in my innards, I did some pictures about Franco, including one of a man about to be shot by a tough-looking firing squad, back of which was a sign saying, "Viva Franco! Defender of the Faith and Protector of the Church!" Under the cartoon was Webster's definition of Christianity: "The precepts and doctrines taught by Christ." I didn't realize how strongly certain segments of the Catholic Church felt on the subject, but I found out very quickly. I received a pile of letters that smoked with anger. When I came across one that called me nothing worse than a red s.o.b., I felt positively happy, because the one preceding it was unprintable.

Then I did a drawing that really upset some

folks, and the irony is that nothing was further from my mind than religious issues when I drew the thing. A number of ladies and gentlemen, who had become communists when it was more or less safe and fashionable, had recently pulled out of the party and written fascinating exposés of it. One man, who had grown up in Russia and joined the party early in that country, started the stampede by jumping ship while working for the Soviet Purchasing Commission in Washington, and a book published under his name became a best-seller. He was pretty well sponsored by Willie Hearst, who bought a lot of his stuff and who collects reformed communists by the dozen for his stable. In no time at all the magazines were full of True Confessions by ex-comrades. It became not only fashionable, but also a doggone profitable business, to pull out of the dank rooms full of thick spectacles and eczema, and pop out into the bright, clean air of Free Enterprise, Unlimited.

In the caption of the cartoon, I used the unfortunate word "convert." Now, Webster's Unabridged has a lot of definitions for the word "convert," and its religious connotation does not appear until after a number of other meanings. You can convert your politics, or convert from coal to oil, or own a convertible car, or do lots of other kinds of converting without necessarily joining the Church. I hope the above doesn't sound flippant, but I wish to make it quite clear that I meant something besides religion when I drew a picture of two communists discussing the merits of converting.

My misfortune in the choice of words was made doubly sad by the fact that, although the cartoon had been drawn weeks before, it appeared simultaneously with the first of a series of magazine articles by Clare Boothe Luce, explaining her reasons for joining the Catholic Church. Obviously, Mrs. Luce had not been a Commie. But a fancy sum was paid for the articles (it was later announced that Mrs. Luce gave the money to a charity project), they were in a national magazine, and they were about converting (religious connotation). Also, the former managing editor of the communist *Daily Worker* had just converted (religious connotation again) with a loud bang, and was writing a series of exposés for publication. I was already suspect, I guess, because I had questioned Franco's value to the cause of Christianity in a couple of cartoons. So a lot of people put their own meaning into this one.

Several Catholic dignitaries made angry mutters about the picture, and the Brooklyn *Tablet*, which has stanchly supported Father Coughlin's Christian Front, and which suspects everybody but the toughest conservative of being a communist, ran a front-page editorial about the cartoon, with a headline stating that the New York *Herald Tribune* (a steady Republican paper) was going pink because it had printed the drawing. Several organs

of the Knights of Columbus reprinted the *Tablet* editorial, and added a few choice words of their own.

It's the first time in my life I have been so roundly cussed in print, and I reacted as do most people who make a career of poking at other people and who suddenly find that they have to put up with a little of what they dish out; I didn't take it so well. I was so hopping mad that I thought of suing some of the more violently insulting sheets. I was talked out of this notion by several people who, I now suspect, were grinning up their sleeves, and I recovered after sulking behind my drawing board for a few days.

The thing that made me wild-eyed was the fact that several of the Church dignitaries and publications that called me an anti-Catholic bigot had made most unholy reputations for themselves by dealing in such truck as anti-Semitism and general venom directed against everything left of Generalissimo Franco.

It didn't matter that I had done dozens of cartoons about the Ku Klux Klan, which bitterly fights Catholicism, or that I had plumped for the entry into America of more than a million displaced persons, 65 per cent of whom were Catholic. I had criticized Franco, and I had done a drawing that appeared to make fun of some of the Church's recent and prized converts. I was a blankety-blank bigot and that was that.

After running afoul of the hard-boiled section of the Church, I figured that for a while it would be wise to give Saint Patrick's Cathedral a wide berth when my travels took me to the vicinity of Fifth Avenue and 50th Street in New York City. I also decided to stay clear of my Catholic stepmother and my Catholic friends for fear they would become contaminated and automatically excommunicated by my presence. My eyes nearly dropped out shortly afterward when I received a copy of a Catholic Youth publication. It ran a long story about the cartoons I was doing and said some flattering things about me. I had been under the impression that when the Church is down on you it means business, and as far as the faithful are concerned you are a pariah.

Now I pass Saint Pat's with my coat lapel turned down and my head held high, and I am at peace with the world of religion. Even if a few old moss-backs in there don't like me, I can get along with the kids.

3

IN the middle of 1947 I received a telegram signed by former Supreme Court Justice Owen J. Roberts, which had been sent to a number of people around the country. It read:—

"AM DEEPLY CONCERNED ABOUT POSSIBILITY OF CONGRESS NOT TAKING PROMPT

ACTION ON UNIVERSAL MILITARY TRAINING FOLLOWING PUBLICATION OF COMPTON REPORT WHICH ADVANCES COMPELLING REASONS FOR IMMEDIATE ADOPTION. MEASURE CAN PASS THIS SESSION IF LEADING CITIZENS SPEARHEAD PUBLIC SUPPORT. WILL YOU JOIN ME IN FORMING CITIZENS EMERGENCY COMMITTEE FOR UNIVERSAL MILITARY TRAINING TO FURTHER THIS VITALLY NEEDED LEGISLATION?"

Flattered that I should receive a communiqué from such a distinguished gentleman, and doubly flattered that a person of my tender age and questionable politics should be referred to as a leading citizen, I said yes by return wire.

My reason for saying yes to Justice Roberts was simply that I am no longer sure that the UN can be depended upon to keep the peace. I don't belong in the ranks of those who say a war between Russia and the West is inevitable, but I certainly believe it is a growing possibility. I would much rather see the UN have the only army, navy, and air force in the world, plus control of the atomic bomb and other superweapons. But evidently such ideas will be vigorously opposed by all the big peace-loving nations as a threat to their idea of peace. A stuffy UN investigator might poke around and turn up a poison-gas or machine-gun factory, thereby violating somebody's precious peace-loving sovereignty. So long as UN is kept ineffectual by its members, so long as the world respects only force, I want my country to be strong enough to take care of itself.

I have heard people say we should be strong so that if there is another war we can win it, then show the world the right way to live afterward. This is old stuff, and it is poppycock. Our behavior hardly qualifies us as world leaders. Ours is one of the most conservative governments in the world today, and one of the most bumbling. We have more provincialism and bigotry and superstition and prejudice per square mile than almost any other nation. We like to think of ourselves as a young, progressive country, but, while we do have energy, we have become smug and self-satisfied.

We do have one thing — a fairly free opportunity to say what we think. Despite the Dies Committee, Harry Truman's "loyalty tests," and the fact that people do lose jobs for having the "wrong" politics, it is still possible to join political movements and express opinions without too much fear

of going to jail. I think this is one thing that gives this country the right to survive. The people in it like to think for themselves and to be individuals, and anybody is going to have a hard time talking them out of it.

I don't want to see Russia win if there is another war, because that country has proved it is capable only of replacing one kind of tyranny with another. I want my bumbling side to win, because where there is a chance for free speech and honest thinking there is always hope that somebody will figure out a way to make order out of the chaos which would result from that war. I hope it doesn't ever come to that, but so long as the UN is hamstrung by the selfish interests of its members, I feel pretty grim about the future.

If we must become well armed and powerful again, we should agitate against the professional militarists, the imperialists, the bigots, and the little Führers in our midst; it would be a terrible thing if the strength we built up fell into their hands. And we have even more reason to raise hell about our policy of buddying up with the world's worst characters — many of whom were recently our enemies — and lending support to oppressive regimes such as those in Greece and China. I think our way of life can bear inspection if it needs the world's fascists for allies.

One of my pet cartoon subjects in recent months has been military versus civilian control of atomic energy. So long as we have that damn bomb, I think it is one of the most important controversies in the world. If the pro-military side wins, my pessimism about the future is going to turn into real despair. I've done a lot of drawings about it because I think most military people are destructive by training and by necessity and would take this force and use it to wreck everything. They would unquestionably succeed in making the United States lord and master of the globe. This would cause a lot of people to go to the trouble of bringing about a revolution to unseat us, because we would behave exactly like every other lord and master of the earth. I would rather see the thing in the hands of civilians with milder ambitions.

Sometimes I really wonder why anybody thought to ask me to come out in favor of universal military training. I don't trust the Army, I don't like the Army, and I even poke fun at its recruiting program. Perhaps, under all the pompous and high-sounding words I have mouthed about why we should have an army, I want it around so I can draw more pictures about it.

Books and Men

Late in life Henry James destroyed many letters and papers, but several working notebooks survive. By 1881 he had begun to set down each new theme that occurred to him for his fiction, together with a projection of episodes, names of characters, and at intervals remarkable passages of self-criticism. In this summing up, James spoke more intimately of his aspirations than he permitted himself to do in his published autobiographies. The Notebooks, admirably edited by PROFESSORS F. O. MATTHIESSEN and KENNETH B. MURDOCK of Harvard, are to be published by the Oxford University Press this autumn.

THE NOTEBOOKS OF HENRY JAMES

Edited by F. O. MATTHIESSEN and KENNETH B. MURDOCK

When James began the first of the notebooks with his sketch of Confidence, he had completed more than twelve years of apprenticeship to his craft. Daisy Miller had come out in the Cornhill Magazine that summer; and The Europeans had just been serialized by the Atlantic Monthly. But James's best work was still to come, and his notebooks were to serve him well in his achievement of it. To read them is to see at once many different ways in which they helped him gain that saturation in his material which he always held to be the first requisite for viable art.

London, January 27, 1879. — A story upon some such situation as this. Henry Irving, the actor, broke with the Batemans and got rid of Isabel B. in order to get up *Hamlet* on a great scale, and replace poor Isabel by Ellen Terry, a much more brilliant attraction. Ellen Terry appears with immense *éclat* and the thing is a great success. Isabel lapses into obscurity and is quite forgotten. One may imagine that Ellen Terry falls ill, and that Irving is suddenly in want of a substitute. Casting about for one he be-thinks himself of Isabel B. — rejected and wounded, having witnessed the triumph of the other, and brooding over her wrong. Suppose then that, after a short struggle with her wounded pride, she responds to Irving's appeal — she sacrifices her resentment — makes herself little — and resumes the part in which Ellen T. has so completely effaced her. The sacrifice is an heroic one — that of a woman's most passionate personal vanity. Explanation and revelation — because she is secretly in love with the great actor. These *circumstances* might easily be changed; the idea, otherwise arranged, would remain the special sort of sacrifice made by a woman — and its motive.

James's continuing interest in situations dealing with the life of the theater found its fullest expression,

a decade later, in The Tragic Muse (1890) and in the story "Nona Vincent" (1892).

London, February 21, 1879. — In a story, some one says — "Oh yes, the United States — a country without a sovereign, without a court, without a nobility, without an army, without a church or a clergy, without a diplomatic service, without a picturesque peasantry, without palaces or castles, or country seats, or ruins, without a literature, without novels, without an Oxford or a Cambridge, without cathedrals or ivied churches, without latticed cottages or village ale-houses, without political society, without sport, without fox-hunting or country gentlemen, without an Epsom or an Ascot, an Eton or a Rugby. . . !!"

James presently incorporated this passage, almost word for word, into his biography of Hawthorne (1879), where he made it constitute his well-known enumeration of "the items of high civilization, as it exists in other countries, which are absent from the texture of American life." His one significant alteration was to drop "a picturesque peasantry" and to add "no museums, no pictures." Many critics have noted that such an enumeration throws more light on James than on Hawthorne, and that fact, as well as the rhetorical flourish that has given the passage its quotability, seems accounted for by its having originally been conceived in the terms of James's own fiction.

Brunswick Hotel, Boston, November 25, 1881. — Here I am back in America . . . after six years of absence, and likely while here to see and learn a great deal that ought not to become mere waste material. Here I am, *da vero*, and here I am likely to be for the next five months. I am glad I have come — it was a wise thing to do. I needed to see again *les miens*, to revive my relations with them,

and my sense of the consequences that these relations entail. Such relations, such consequences, are a part of one's life, and the best life, the most complete, is the one that takes full account of such things. One can only do this by seeing one's people from time to time, by being with them, by entering into their lives. Apart from this I hold it was not necessary I should come to this country. I am 37 years old [he was actually 38], I have made my choice, and God knows that I have now no time to waste. My choice is the old world — my choice, my need, my life. There is no need for me today to argue about this; it is an inestimable blessing to me, and a rare good fortune, that the problem was settled long ago, and that I have now nothing to do but to act on the settlement.

My impressions here are exactly what I expected they would be, and I scarcely see the place, and feel the manners, the race, the tone of things, now that I am on the spot, more vividly than I did while I was still in Europe. My work lies there — and with this vast new world, *je n'ai que faire*. One can't do both — one must choose. No European writer is called upon to assume that terrible burden, and it seems hard that I should be. The burden is necessarily greater for an American — for he *must* deal, more or less, even if only by implication, with Europe; whereas no European is obliged to deal in the least with America. No one dreams of calling him less complete for not doing so. (I speak of course of people who do the sort of work that I do; not of economists, of social science people.) The painter of manners who neglects America is not thereby incomplete as yet; but a hundred years hence — fifty years hence perhaps — he will doubtless be accounted so. My impressions of America, however, I shall, after all, not write here. I don't need to write them (at least not *à propos* of Boston); I know too well what they are. In many ways they are extremely pleasant; but, Heaven forgive me! I feel as if my time were terribly wasted here! . . .

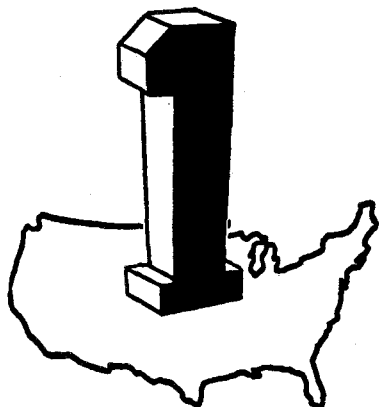
If I had nothing better to do, I might indulge in a retrospect that would be interesting and even fruitful. . . . I could remember without effort with what an irresistible longing I turned to Europe, with what ardent yet timid hopes, with what indefinite yet inspiring intentions, I took leave of *les miens*. I recall perfectly the maturing of my little plan to get abroad again and remain for years, during the summer of 1875; the summer the latter part of which I spent in Cambridge. It came to me there on my return from New York where I had been spending a bright, cold, unremunerative, uninteresting winter, finishing *Roderick Hudson* and writing for the *Nation*. (It was these two tasks that kept me alive.) I had returned from Europe the year before that, the beginning of September, '74, sailing for Boston with Wendell Holmes and his wife as my fellow passengers.

I had come back then to "try New York," think-

ing it my duty to attempt to live at home before I should grow older, and not take for granted too much that Europe alone was possible; especially as Europe for me then meant simply Italy, where I had had some very discouraged hours, and which, lovely and desirable though it was, didn't seem as a permanent residence, to lead to anything. I wanted something more active, and I came back and sought it in New York. I came back with a certain amount of scepticism, but with very loyal intentions, and extremely eager to be "interested." As I say, I was interested but imperfectly, and I very soon decided what was the real issue of my experiment. It was by no means equally soon, however, that I perceived how I should be able to cross the Atlantic again. But the opportunity came to me at last — it loomed before me one summer's day, in Quincy St. The best thing I could imagine then was to go and take up my abode in Paris. I went (sailing about October 20th, 1875) and I settled myself in Paris with the idea that I should spend several years there. This was not really what I wanted; what I wanted was London — and Paris was only a stopgap. But London appeared to me then impossible. I believed that I might arrive there in the fulness of years, but there were all sorts of obstacles to my attempting to live there then. I wonder greatly now, in the light of my present knowledge of England, that these obstacles should have seemed so large, so overwhelming and depressing as they did at that time. . . .

I went to Paris, and lived for a year at 29 Rue de Luxembourg (now Rue Cambon). I shall not attempt to write the history of that year — further than to say that it was time by no means misspent. I learned to know Paris and French affairs much better than before. . . . In the spring, at Madame Turgenieff's, I made the acquaintance of Paul Joukovsky. *Non ragioniam di lui — ma guarda e passa*. I don't speak of Ivan Turgenieff, most delightful and lovable of men, nor of Gustave Flaubert, whom I shall always be so glad to have known; a powerful, serious, melancholy, manly, deeply corrupted, yet not corrupting, nature. There was something I greatly liked in him, and he was very kind to me. He was a head and shoulders above the others, the men I saw at his house on Sunday afternoons — Zola, Goncourt, Daudet, etc. (I mean as a man — not as a talker, etc.) I remember in especial one afternoon (a weekday) that I went to see him and found him alone. I sat with him a long time; something led him to repeat to me a little poem of Th. Gautier's — *Les Vieux Portraits* (what led him to repeat it was that we had been talking of French poets, and he had been expressing his preference for Théophile Gautier over Alfred de Musset — *il était plus français*, etc.) I went that winter a great deal to the Comédie Française — though not so much as when I was in Paris in '72. Then I went every night — or almost. And I have been a great deal

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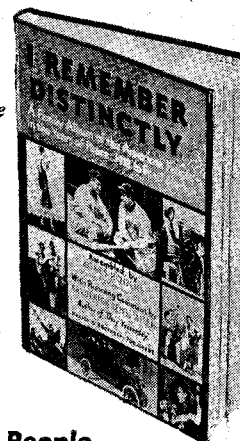
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since. I may say that I know the Comédie Française.

Of course I saw a great deal of the little American "set" — the American village encamped *en plein Paris*. They were all very kind, very friendly, hospitable, etc.; they knew up to a certain point their Paris. But ineffably tiresome and unprofitable. Their society had become a kind of obligation, and it had much to do with my suddenly deciding to abandon my plans of indefinite residence, take flight to London and settle there as best I could. I remember well what a crime Mrs. S. made of my doing so; and one or two other persons as to whom I was perfectly unconscious of having given them the right to judge my movements so intimately. Nothing is more characteristic of certain American women than the extraordinary promptitude with which they assume such a right. I remember how Paris had, in a hundred ways, come to weary and displease me; I couldn't get out of the detestable *American Paris*. Then I hated the Boulevards, the horrible monotony of the new quarters. I saw, moreover, that I should be an eternal outsider. I went to London in November, 1876. . . .

I don't remember what suddenly brought me to the point of saying — "Go to; I will try London." I think a letter from William had a good deal to do with it, in which he said, "Why don't you? — That must be the place." A single word from outside often moves one (moves *me* at least) more than the same word infinitely multiplied as a simple voice from within. I *did* try it, and it has succeeded beyond my most ardent hopes. As I think I wrote just now, I have become passionately fond of it; it is an anchorage for life. Here I sit scribbling in my bedroom at a Boston hotel — on a marble-topped table! — and conscious of a ferocious homesickness — a homesickness which makes me think of the day when I shall next see the white cliffs of old England loom through their native fog, as one of the happiest of my life!

The history of the five years I have spent in London — a pledge, I suppose, of many future years — is too long, and too full to write. I can only glance at it here. I took a lodging at 3 Bolton St., Piccadilly; and there I have remained till today — there I have left my few earthly possessions, to await my return. I have *lived* much there, felt much, thought much, learned much, produced much; the little shabby furnished apartment ought to be sacred to me. I came to London as a complete stranger, and today I know much too many people. *J'y suis absolument comme chez moi*. Such an experience is an education — it fortifies the character and embellishes the mind. It is difficult to speak adequately or justly of London. It is not a pleasant place; it is not agreeable, or cheerful, or easy, or exempt from reproach. It is only magnificent. You can draw up a tremendous list of reasons why it should be insup-

portable. The fogs, the smoke, the dirt, the darkness, the wet, the distances, the ugliness, the brutal size of the place, the horrible numerosity of society, the manner in which this senseless bigness is fatal to amenity, to convenience, to conversation, to good manners — all this and much more you may expatiate upon. You may call it dreary, heavy, stupid, dull, inhuman, vulgar at heart and tiresome in form. I have felt these things at times so strongly that I have said — "Ah London, you too then are impossible?"

But these are occasional moods; and for one who takes it as I take it, London is on the whole the most possible form of life. I take it as an artist and as a bachelor; as one who has the passion of observation and whose business is the study of human life. It is the biggest aggregation of human life — the most complete compendium of the world. The human race is better represented there than anywhere else, and if you learn to know your London you learn a great many things.

February 9, 1882, 102 Mt. Vernon St., Boston. — When I began to make these rather ineffectual records I had no idea that I should have in a few weeks to write such a tale of sadness as today. I came back from Washington on the 30th of last month (reached Cambridge the next day), to find that I should never again see my dear mother. On Sunday, Jan. 29th, as Aunt Kate sat with her in the closing dusk (she had been ill with an attack of bronchial asthma, but was apparently recovering happily), she passed away. It makes a great difference to me! I knew that I loved her — but I didn't know how tenderly till I saw her lying in her shroud in that cold North Room, with a dreary snowstorm outside, and looking as sweet and tranquil and noble as in life. . . .

It is impossible for me to say — to begin to say — all that has gone down into the grave with her. She was our life, she was the house, she was the keystone of the arch. She held us all together, and without her we are scattered reeds. She was patience, she was wisdom, she was exquisite maternity. Her sweetness, her mildness, her great natural beneficence were unspeakable, and it is infinitely touching to me to write about her here as one that *was*. When I think of all that she had been, for years — when I think of her hourly devotion to each and all of us — and that when I went to Washington the last of December I gave her my last kiss, I heard her voice for the last time — there seems not to be enough tenderness in my being to register the extinction of such a life. But I can reflect, with perfect gladness, that her work was done — her long patience had done its utmost. She had had heavy cares and sorrows, which she had borne without a murmur, and the weariness of age had come upon her. I would rather have lost her forever than see her begin to suffer as she would probably have

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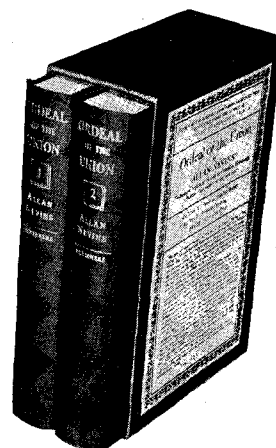
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been condemned to suffer, and I can think with a kind of holy joy of her being lifted now above all our pains and anxieties. Her death has given me a passionate belief in certain transcendent things — the immanence of being as nobly created as hers — the immortality of such a virtue as that — the reunion of spirits in better conditions than these. She is no more of an angel today than she had always been; but I can't believe that by the accident of her death all her unspeakable tenderness is lost to the beings she so dearly loved. She is with us, she is of us — the eternal stillness is but a form of her love. One can hear her voice in it — one can feel, forever, the inextinguishable vibration of her devotion. I can't help feeling that in those last weeks I was not tender enough with her — that I was blind to her sweetness and beneficence. One can't help wishing one had only known what was coming, so that one might have enveloped her with the softest affection. When I came back from Europe I was struck with her being worn and shrunken, and now I know that she was very weary. She went about her usual activities, but the burden of life had grown heavy for her, and she needed rest. There is something inexpressibly touching to me in the way in which, during these last years, she went on from year to year without it. If she could only have lived she should have had it, and it would have been a delight to see her have it. But she has it now, in the most complete perfection!

Grand Hôtel, Paris, November 11, 1882. — The dramatic form seems to me the most beautiful thing possible; the misery of the thing is that the baseness of the English-speaking stage affords no setting for it. How I am to reconcile this with the constant solicitation that presses upon me, both from within and from without, to get at work upon another novel, is more than I can say. It is surely the part of wisdom, however, not to begin another novel at once — not to commit myself to a work of *longue haleïne*. I must do *short* things, in such measure as I need, which will leave me intervals for dramatic work. I say this rather glibly — and yet I sometimes feel a woeful hunger to sit down to another novel. If I can only *concentrate* myself: this is the great lesson of life. I have hours of unspeakable reaction against my smallness of production; my wretched habits of work — or of un-work; my levity, my vagueness of mind, my perpetual failure to focus my attention, to absorb myself, to look things in the face, to invent, to produce, in a word. I shall be 40 years old in April next: it's a horrible fact! I believe however that I have learned how to work and that it is in moments of forced idleness, almost alone, that these melancholy reflections seize me. When I am really at work, I'm happy, I feel strong, I see many opportunities ahead. It is the only thing that makes life endurable. I must make some great efforts during the

next few years, however, if I wish not to have been on the whole a failure. I shall have been a failure unless I do something *great*!

James's special concern for names, vividly shown in the notebooks, is also testified to elsewhere. In "Mora Montravers" (1909), for example, one of Mr. and Mrs. Traffle's difficulties as they contemplate Mora's marriage to Walter Puddick is their dislike — and hers — for his name. And in Edith Wharton's A Backward Glance there is a particularly revealing passage. James, she writes, was "pleased" by "the magic of ancient names, quaint or impressive, crabbed or melodious. These he would murmur over and over to himself in a low chant, finally creating characters to fit them, and sometimes whole families, with their domestic complications and matrimonial alliances, such as the Dymmes of Dymchurch, one of whom married a Sparkle, and was the mother of little Scintilla Dymme-Sparkle, subject of much mirth and many anecdotes." Names left over from one story James would thriftily save for use in another.

London, January 2, 1884. — Names. Daintry — Vandeleur — Grunlus — Christian names: Florimond — Ambrose — Mathias — Surnames: Benyon — Pinder — Vallance — Nugent — Maze — Dinn — Fiddler — Higgs. Most of them are out of the Times of the above date. Very rich. — Chancellor — Ambient

August 10, 1885. — It is absolutely necessary that at this point I should make the future evolution of the *Princess Casamassima* more clear to myself. I have never yet become engaged in a novel in which, after I had begun to write and send off my MS., the details had remained so vague. This is partly — or indeed wholly — owing to the fact that I have been so terribly preoccupied — up to so lately — with the unhappy *Bostonians*, born under an evil star. The subject of the *Princess* is magnificent, and if I can only give up my mind to it properly — generously and trustfully — the form will shape itself as successfully as the idea deserves. I have plunged in rather blindly, and got a good many characters on my hands; but these will fall into their places if I keep cool and think it out. Oh art, art, what difficulties are like thine; but, at the same time, what consolation and encouragements, also, are like thine? Without thee, for me, the world would be, indeed, a howling desert. The *Princess* will give me hard, continuous work for many months to come; but she will also give me joys too sacred to prate about.

The Princess Casamassima appeared serially in the Atlantic Monthly (September, 1885–October, 1886). James hoped that it would prove "more popular" than The Bostonians, but at the beginning of 1888, he wrote to Howells, who had hailed the Princess as his

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greatest novel so far: "*I have entered upon evil days. . . . I am still staggering a good deal under the mysterious and (to me) inexplicable injury wrought — apparently — upon my situation by my two last novels, the Bostonians and the Princess, from which I expected so much and derived so little. They have reduced the desire, and the demand, for my productions to zero. . . .*"

These two books constituted James's attempt to handle the Dickensian type of social novel. Into the Princess he poured the distillation of his long observation of London's streets, in an effort to suggest the dark heaving of revolt, "irreconcilably, subversively, beneath the vast smug surface." His preface is one of his most eloquent defenses of the novel of intelligence, of the use of such "intense perceivers" as his tragic young hero, Hyacinth Robinson.

August 22, 1885. — One does nothing of value in art or literature unless one has some general ideas, and if one has a few such, constituting a motive and a support, those flippancies and vulgarities (abusive reviews in newspapers) are the last thing one troubles about.

Florence, January 12, 1887. — Hamilton (V. L.'s brother) told me a curious thing of Capt. Silsbee — the Boston art-critic and Shelley-worshipper; that is of a curious adventure of his. Miss Claremont [Clairmont is the usual form of the name, and the one used by James in his preface to *The Aspern Papers*], Byron's *ci-devant* mistress (the mother of Allegra), was living, until lately, here in Florence, at a great age, 80 or thereabouts, and with her lived her niece, a younger Miss Claremont — of about 50. Silsbee knew that they had interesting papers — letters of Shelley's and Byron's — he had known it for a long time and cherished the idea of getting hold of them. To this end he laid the plan of going to lodge with the Misses Claremont — hoping that the old lady in view of her great age and failing condition would die while he was there, so that he might then put his hand upon the documents, which she hugged close in life. He carried out this scheme — and things *se passèrent* as he had expected. The old woman *did* die — and then he approached the younger one — the old maid of 50 — on the subject of his desires. Her answer was — "I will give you all the letters if you marry me!" H. says that Silsbee *court encore*. Certainly there is a little subject there: the picture of the two faded, queer, poor and discredited old English women — living on into a strange generation, in their musty corner of a foreign town — with these illustrious letters their most precious possession. Then the plot of the Shelley fanatic — his watchings and waitings — the way he *cowers* the treasure.

The denouement needn't be the one related of poor Silsbee; and at any rate the general situation is in itself a subject and a picture. It strikes me

much. The interest would be in some price that the man has to pay — that the old woman — or the survivor — sets upon the papers. His hesitations — his struggle — for he really would give almost anything. — The Countess Gamba came in while I was there: her husband is a nephew of the Guiccioli — and it was *à propos* of their having a lot of Byron's letters of which they are rather illiberal and dangerous guardians, that H. told me the above. They won't show them or publish any of them — and the Countess was very angry once on H.'s representing to her that it was her duty — especially to the English public! — to let them at least be seen. *Elle se fiche bien* of the English public. She says the letters — addressed in Italian to the Guiccioli — are discreditable to Byron; and H. elicited from her that she had burned one of them!

The situation in James's *The Aspern Papers* is the one outlined in the first part of the note above, but Shelley has been disguised as an American poet, and Florence has become Venice.

James added to the notebook sketch by suggesting strongly that the old lady, Juliana, schemed to make the seeker for Jeffrey Aspern's papers marry the "younger one," Tina, as the price of seeing them. After Juliana dies, Tina virtually offers him the relics if he will marry her. He runs away, then wavers — only to discover that Tina will not have him now that she realizes that he cannot love her. The story ends with her destruction of the papers and his discomfited departure. Juliana is made a kind of symbol of what James, as his preface shows, wanted to see in the "Byronic" age, and her constant masking of her eyes heightens the mystery which hangs about her in a time very different from that in which she was a poet's mistress. Tina, whose transparent honesty borders on downright stupidity, supplies a sharp contrast, and in developing this James goes beyond the notebook to set up tension between the romantic charm of a "Byronic" world, and the simpler aspect of later American characters.

James's interest in names, already alluded to, is here profitably used to enhance his characterization and setting. Tina talks of the days when she and Juliana first came to Italy, and says that they led a "brilliant life." "It was Miss Tina who judged it brilliant. . . . I asked her what people they had known and she said. Oh very nice ones — the Cavaliere Bombicci and the Contessa Altemura, with whom they had had a great friendship! Also English people — the Churtons and the Goldies and Mrs. Stock-Stock, whom they had loved dearly." The very sound of the names adds to the irony implicit in Tina's magnifying into brilliance a society sadly inglorious in comparison with Juliana's romantic past.

Evan Charteris, in his *John Sargent*, tells the same story that James heard about Captain Silsbee, and also quotes Vernon Lee on that "typical American skip-



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per" with a passion for Shelley. This suggests that "Hamilton (V. L.'s brother)" was Eugene Lee-Hamilton, half brother of Vernon Lee.

James wrote *The Aspern Papers* soon after he heard the story, for it was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* in March-May, 1888.

London, May 12, 1889. — I interrupt some other work this moist still Sunday morning to make a few notes on the subject of the play I have engaged to write for Edward Compton. I needn't go over the little history of this engagement and the reasons — they are familiar enough — which led me to respond to the proposal coming to me from him while I was in Paris last December. I had practically given up my old, valued, long cherished dream of doing something for the stage, for fame's sake, and art's, and fortune's: overcome by the vulgarity, the brutality, the baseness of the condition of the English-speaking theatre today. But after an interval, a long one, the vision has revived, on a new and a very much humbler basis, and especially under the lash of necessity. Of art or fame *il est maintenant fort peu question*: I simply must try, and try seriously, to produce half a dozen — a dozen, five dozen — plays for the sake of my pocket, my material future. Of how little money the novel makes for me I needn't discourse here. The theatre has sought me out — in the person of the good, the yet unseen, Compton. I have listened and considered and reflected, and the matter is transposed to a minor key. To accept the circumstances, in their extreme humility, and do the best I can in them: this is the moral of my present situation. They are the reverse of ideal — but there is this great fact that for myself at least I may make them better. To take what there is, and use it, without waiting forever in vain for the preconceived — to dig deep into the actual and get something out of that — this doubtless is the right way to live. If I succeed a little I can easily — I think — succeed more. . . . And if there is money in it that will greatly help: for all the profit that may come to me in this way will mean real freedom for one's general artistic life: it all hangs together (time, leisure, independence for "real literature," and, in addition, a great deal of experience of *tout un côté de la vie*). Therefore my plan is to try with a settled resolution — that is, with a full determination to return repeatedly to the charge, overriding, annihilating, despising the boundless discouragements, disgusts, *écœurements*. One should use such things — grind them to powder.

His proposal is that I shall make a play of the *American*, and there is no doubt a play in it. I must extract the simplest, strongest, baldest, most rudimentary, at once most humorous and most touching one, in a form whose main *souci* shall be pure situation and pure point combined with pure brevity. Oh, how it must not be too good and how

very bad it must be! *À moi*, Scribe; *à moi*, Sardou, *à moi*, Dennery! — Reduced to its simplest expression, and that reduction must be my play, *The American* is the history of a plain man who is at the same time a fine fellow, who becomes engaged to the daughter of a patrician house, being accepted by her people on acct. of his wealth, and is then thrown over (by them) for a better match: after which he turns upon them to recover his betrothed (they have bullied her out of it), through the possession of a family secret which is disgraceful to them, dangerous to them, and which he holds over them as an instrument of compulsion and vengeance. They are frightened — they feel the screw: they dread exposure; but in the novel the daughter is already lost to the hero — she is swept away by the tragedy, takes refuge in a convent, breaks off her other threatened match, renounces the world, disappears. The hero, injured, outraged, resentful, feels the strong temptation to punish the Bellegardes, and for a day almost yields to it. Then he does the characteristically magnanimous thing — the characteristically good-natured thing — throws away his opportunity — lets them "off" — lets them go. In the play he must do this — but get his wife.

With the composition of The American, which he thought for a while of calling The Californian, James hoped to begin the realization of his dream of writing successfully for the theater. He worked out a four-act structure, but by providing a happy ending he produced a piece less substantial and less moving than his novel. His letters at the time are filled with excitement and expectation over this new venture, as is the journal of Alice James, who in an English sanitarium at this juncture was her brother's close confidante.

The *American*, with Edward Compton in the role of Christopher Newman, and his wife, Virginia Bateman, in that of Claire de Cintré, went through a promising tour in the provinces. It came to London in the autumn of 1891 for only a moderate success — a two months' run.

By the time of that production James had also completed four other plays, *Tenants*, *Disengaged*, *The Album*, and *The Reprobate*, though none of these reached the stage. But he was still full of hopes, and wrote to William James: "I feel at last as if I had found my real form, which I am capable of carrying far." But as Granville-Barker has remarked, it was too bad that James knew as his model the French theater at one of its worst periods.

Marine Hotel, Kingstown, Ireland, July 13, 1891. — I must hammer away at the effort to do, successfully and triumphantly, a large number of very short things. I have done $\frac{1}{2}$ a dozen, lately, but it takes time and practice to get into the trick of it. I have never attempted before to deal with such extreme brevity. However, the extreme brevity is a necessary condition only for some of them — the

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others may be of varying kinds and degrees of shortness. I needn't go into all my reasons and urgencies over again here; suffice it that they are cogent and complete. I must absolutely *not* tie my hands with promised novels if I wish to keep them free for a genuine and sustained attack on the theatre. That is one cogent reason out of many; but the artistic one would be enough even by itself. What I call *the* artistic one *par excellence* is simply the consideration that by doing short things I can do so many, touch so many subjects, break out in so many places, handle so many of the threads of life.

However, I have threshed all this out; it exists, in my mind, in the shape of absolutely digested and assimilated motive — inspiration deep and clear. The upshot of all such reflections is that I have only to let myself *go*! So I have said to myself all my life — so I said to myself in the far-off days of my fermenting and passionate youth. Yet I have never fully done it. The sense of it — of the need of it — rolls over me at times with commanding force: it seems the formula of my salvation, of what remains to me of a future. I am in full possession of accumulated resources — I have only to use them, to insist, to persist, to do something more — to do much more — than I *have* done. The way to do it — to affirm one's self *sur la fin* — is to strike as many notes, deep, full and rapid, as one can. All life is — at my age, with all one's artistic soul the record of it — in one's pocket, as it were. Go on, my boy, and strike hard; have a rich and long St. Martin's Summer. Try everything, do everything, render everything — be an artist, be distinguished, to the last. One has one's doubts and discouragements — but they are only so many essential vibrations of one's ideal. The field is still all round me, to be won; it blooms with the flowers that are still to be plucked. But enough of the *general*, these things are the ambient air; they are the breath of one's artistic and even of one's personal life. Strike, strike, again and again and again, at the *special*; I have only to live and to work, to look and to feel, to *gather*, to note. My *cadres* all there; continue, ah, continue, to fill them.

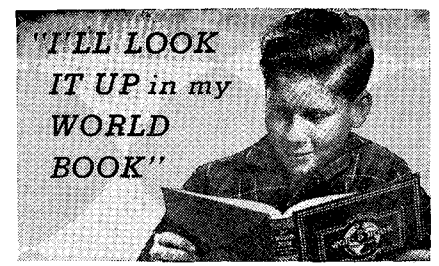
London, Saturday, January 12, 1895. — Note here the ghost-story told me at Addington (evening of Thursday 10th), by the Archbishop of Canterbury: the mere vague, undetailed, faint sketch of it — being all he had been told (very badly and imperfectly), by a lady who had no art of relation, and no clearness: the story of the young children (indefinite number and age) left to the care of servants in an old country-house, through the death, presumably, of parents. The servants, wicked and depraved, corrupt and deprave the children; the children are bad, full of evil, to a sinister degree. The servants *die* (the story vague about the way of it) and their apparitions, figures, return to haunt the house and

children, to whom they seem to beckon, whom they invite and solicit, from across dangerous places, the deep ditch of a sunk fence, etc. — so that the children may destroy themselves, lose themselves, by responding, by getting into their power. So long as the children are kept from them, they are not lost; but they try and try and try, these evil presences, to get hold of them. It is a question of the children "coming over to where they are." It is all obscure and imperfect, the picture, the story, but there is a suggestion of strangely gruesome effect in it. The story to be told — tolerably obviously — by an outside spectator, observer.

The Turn of the Screw (Collier's Weekly, February 5–April 16, 1898) has in recent years been frequently interpreted in Freudian terms — as a fantasy conjured up by the children's governess (who is the narrator) as a result of her own neurotic repression. It is therefore worth noting that the anecdote from which James started posited both that the children had been corrupted and that they were still being influenced by the apparitions of the dead servants. James is again explicit on this point in his preface, where he discusses the kind of ghost story he was attempting in his imagined treatment of demonic possession. He added his incisive formulation of how to create a sense of evil: "Only make the reader's general vision of evil intense enough . . . and his own experience, his own imagination, his own sympathy (with the children) and horror (of their false friends) will supply him quite sufficiently with all the particulars. Make him think the evil, make him think it for himself, and you are released from weak specifications."

London, January 23, 1895. — I take up my own old pen again — the pen of all my old unforgettable efforts and sacred struggles. To myself — today — I need say no more. Large and full and high the future still opens. It is now indeed that I may do the work of my life. And I will. . . . I have only to *face* my problems. . . . But all that is of the ineffable — too deep and pure for any utterance. Shrouded in sacred silence let it rest.

The significance of this entry is that James had just faced the unfavorable reception of Guy Domville. But instead of being crushed by the collapse of his hopes of working for the theater, or bewailing that he had spent so much time in vain, he felt a resurgence of new energy. He had written to Howells just the day before making this note; but though he was aware of "evil days," he also said: "I mean to do far better work than ever I have done before. I have, potentially, improved immensely and am bursting with ideas and subjects — though the act of composition is with me more and more slow, painful and difficult." He noted, as a challenge to himself: "Produce again — produce; produce better than ever, and all will yet be well."



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THE *Peripatetic* Reviewer

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

FORTY per cent of my class at Harvard were veterans of the First World War: we were older and, as we thought, wiser than the average undergraduate, and when 17 per cent of us made the Dean's List (of honor students), it was realized by our elders that we were taking life seriously. Today 35 per cent of the veterans at Harvard are on the Dean's List, and the competition, I know, is much sterner than it was twenty-five years ago. The readjustment and development of the GI's — and their wives — as demonstrated in our colleges is one of the quiet, bright spots in this troubled year.

I wonder how much constructive criticism, how much war-bred aspiration, they will bring to the communities in which they settle. I remember a letter by a young Southerner in the Army, which I clipped from *Time* during the war. He wrote: "There have been a good many hours when, hanging between wakefulness and oblivion, I have allowed myself to consider the rest of my life. These are some of the tentative conclusions I have reached: —

"1. I never intend to work as hard again as I have worked during these three years in the Army. During the easiest days of training, the working day averaged better than ten hours and about the only way we could recognize Sunday was by the absence of our Catholic colleagues. My next job will have to allow time for private, personal thinking, talking, reading and writing.

"2. I intend to live in the South again. There are the usual reasons for that decision — the ties of blood that never seem important until you've lived a long time away from home. Then, I don't think I've been really warm since I left South Carolina in 1941; in Normandy I used to sleep in a puddle and dream of the long, bright days when good Southerners sit in the shade and watch the heat

waves rise off the parched red earth and feel the sweat slowly run over their ribs.

"3. I want to build a house, water a lawn, dig a can of beer out of my own refrigerator, get elected to a school board. I want to dig my roots into a community and regain the feeling of continuity I lost a long time ago.

"4. Some day, when the weariness has passed, I'll want to get back into the old fight, of which this war is a military phase. I've come to believe that the important things, the essential freedoms, the democratic processes, are luxuries, not inalienable rights, and the price we must pay for them is high."

It is a matter of personal and indeed of editorial curiosity for me to know whether men like that *have* dug their roots in and how far they have regained the feeling of continuity which they lost while in service. Evidence on this point has been slow to come into print: more time is needed before we can see these ideas at work creatively in the short story and in the novel. Meantime, for the quick contemporary report I am reminded of a recent remark attributed to John Steinbeck, who opined that the freshest talent in America today is to be found in John Hersey and Bill Mauldin.

Soldier celebrity

For **Bill Mauldin** the war ended with a Horatio Alger flourish. Here was an apple-cheeked youngster who was eighteen when he enlisted and who looked to be not a day older when five years later he passed through the separation center at Camp Dix. As an infantryman he had seven ribbons and an overseas bar to show for those five years; as a combat artist whose cartoons were the most popular in the Army, he had a Pulitzer Prize and wide syndication through the newspapers at home; he was to write a best-seller in his book *Up Front*, and land a contract with Hollywood, earning him over \$400,000 in his first two years as a civilian.

It is to Mauldin's credit that he outlived the celebrity. There was an occupational risk in all this which Ernie Pyle himself foresaw when, in Italy, he remarked to the youngster, "I'm going to have to get rid of my house in Albuquerque, and buy one off in the sticks where I can stay until people forget Pyle the Great and I can become a working reporter with a typewriter again."

"I suspect," Mauldin adds, "that if Pyle had lived to come home and continue writing, he would have done a wise thing, because he knew the score. He would have seen how fast he could get rid



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of the pile of money that came in from his war stuff, and when he was good and broke he could have gone right on working as he used to, meeting the people he liked to meet, and doing the things he liked to do."

There is all the difference in the world between the blacks and whites in which Mauldin emphasizes the smoldering resentment of Willie and Joe and those "cheerio" cartoons in which Bruce Bairnsfather bespoke the optimism of World War I. I think the greatest compliment that I could pay Mauldin as an artist is to say that he served the GI as Pyle served him as a writer — both one-of-a-kind chroniclers of the man in the ranks. The success of Mauldin's cartoons is due to his willingness to face up to the irony and cynicism with which the GI's regarded the campaign in Italy and wars in general. Such irony may have been unpalatable to the flag-wavers, but it carried truth to the men in service who in time passed on their endorsement to a sizable part of the home public.

Mauldin applied the same technique to the United States, which was ready to pose for him in 1945; and in his new book, *Back Home*, he gives the illustrated, pugnacious record of an amateur citizen who did not like what he found at home and was not afraid to say so. "Almost from the moment I came home from overseas," he writes, "I had to start worrying about cartoon material." The syndicate was his taskmaster, and neither the syndicate nor the public took kindly to some of his more angry drawings. The first protests came in from the women when Mrs. Willie began to express her disappointment that Willie had not returned as an officer with a riding crop and pink trousers. "In my replies," Mauldin says, "I tried to explain that a cartoon is necessarily ridicule, not praise." But not all of the ladies were mollified.

A few months after they became civilians, Mauldin put Willie and Joe to work in a gas station, and there they had the chance to roast the shysters who were gypping the veteran with those second-hand, fifth-hand jalopies. That led the artist to the housing shortage, thence to the GI's in college, and then to the American Legion (the professional veteran). In Hollywood he let go at the movies ("I felt that every war picture I had seen was an insult to the soldiers it was supposed to portray"), and when, on the West Coast, he ran into old friends of the Italian front who were trying to do what they could for the families of the Nisei, his mind opened to the full force of racial intolerance and he blazed away in a new series. He came down on the California fruit farmers and on anti-Semitism. He ridiculed the Congressmen of the Dies cast, and his cartoons of the Negro problem were drawn with the belief Gunnar Myrdal had expressed, that "the American Negro problem is a problem in the heart of the American."

Mauldin writes as he draws. He can be malicious,

as in his drawing of Major Wilson, and frothing, as in his diatribe against Pegler. But for the most part his exasperation and ridicule and his irony ring true. His irritations and his sympathies are those of an eager, inquiring veteran with an honest angry core.

Home of the bean and the cod

Boston has a more invigorating climate and is more accessible to the sea and the open country than any other city on the seaboard. It is a place which, despite its loss of shipping and the western migration of its younger sons, has preserved in its physical beauty, as in the character of its people, a more lively heritage than New York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore. Socially and to some extent politically it is governed by its Brahmins. "What is a Boston Brahmin?" asks John Gunther in his *Inside U.S.A.* "It isn't easy to define the term, since copiousness of ancestry is not, as might be expected, the chief criterion. . . .

"The Brahmins today make a wonderfully close-knit archaic group, which nothing in the United States quite rivals. Harvard and trusteeships; the world placidly revolving around Back Bay; the Apley-Pulham spirit; aridity and charm and a Bloomsbury cultivation; above all, profound family interweavings. I met one eminent Brahmin who told me that his grandfather had 226 nieces and nephews; and one gentlewoman, whose husband is absolutely beyond dispute the quintessence of Brahminism, informed me quite seriously that, though she had lived in her exquisite house in Brookline for thirty years, and borne six children into the family, she was not yet finally 'accepted' — because she had been born in Rhode Island! . . .

"As typical a Brahmin as any is Charles Francis Adams, the most distinguished living Bostonian, the great-great-grandson of President John Adams, a former secretary of the Navy, and a director of some forty corporations. . . . But the Brahmins as a whole realize that most of the finite world has passed them by. . . . There are thirty-seven Cabots in the Boston Social Register; but there are forty-one Browns and Brownes."

The Brahmins do not think of themselves as Brahmins: the word is as antique as the wooden cod hanging in the State House. A description which comes more naturally to their thinking is that which Cleveland Amory has chosen for the title of his book — *The Proper Bostonians*. The Lees, the Appletons, the Sears, the Higginsons, the Saltonstalls, the Lowells, the Cabots, the Loring, and the Storeys, these are a few of the proper Bostonians. Their number is not large in an area which is now dominantly Roman Catholic. Indeed the clan prides itself on being small, as evidence of which Mr. Amory mentions the Somerset Club bachelor who always referred to the *Social Register* as a "damned telephone book" and regularly



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protested its size by making it a practice, upon receiving his annual copy, to tear it in half and return it to its New York headquarters. Boston society, according to the *Boston Social Register*, comprises eight thousand people, and probably less than half of them are proper Bostonians.

Young Mr. Amory is one himself. His family ties at Nahant, at Brush Hill Road, Milton, and his affiliations at Harvard make him a full-fledged, if somewhat unusual member of the tribe. For his first book he has chosen the theme that Boston, more than any other American city, owes its present to its past; and to prove his point he explores the past and the present of the First Families, their consanguinity, their resourcefulness, their outspoken courage and their irritating reticence, their saltiness, their strict code of behavior, and above all, their idiosyncrasies. He writes a smooth and witty prose, is nicely judgmatic for a man still in his twenties, and by wide reading and adroit questioning has brought together a compilation of character as rich as it is diverse.

The raisins in his pudding have juice and grit. He reminds us of the Boston lady who, at a meeting of the New England Poetry Society, when the talk turned to horticulture, remarked with quiet pride, "All lilies that grow north of Boston point south and all lilies south of Boston point north"; he reminds us of the capsule formula with which old Robert Gould Shaw made his million: "Keep one's countenance open and one's thoughts closed"; and of how Philip Dexter once observed, "I never invest in anything I can't see from my office window." Speaking of fortitude in the face of death, he tells the story of the elder Colonel Perkins, who scorned his family's appeal that he go to bed. "Certainly not," he replied, "I have always proposed to die dressed and sitting in my chair." (And an hour later he did.) He cites the testimony of Harvard's President, Jared Sparks, in defense of Professor Webster, the murderer of Dr. Parkman: "Our professors," said President Sparks, "do not often commit murder." Speaking of Boston's separation of the sexes, he describes the Brush Hill Bridge Club which included "just eight couples who met once a month to play bridge, all of the men at two tables at one house, all of the women at two tables in another." He quotes these thoughtful words from Major Higginson's dedication of the Harvard Stadium: "Princeton is not wicked, Yale is not base . . . Mates, the Princeton and Yale fellows are our brothers. Let us beat them fairly if we can, and believe they will play the game just as we do." And he reminds us of the Boston mother who once made this complaint to the rector of Groton: "The trouble with your school, Mr. Peabody, is that it makes boys despise their parents." "No," said Peabody, "it makes boys anxious about them."

The Proper Bostonians is written with enough

impudence, accuracy, affection, and respect to make the First Families anxious lest there be a second volume. The material has been drawn together with fairly tenuous threads, and in it the parts are surely more entertaining than the whole. It will be read with mixed and perhaps ruffled feelings by the clan, but with chuckles by the foreigners, particularly those who have weathered at least one season in Boston.

New England, New England of the softly decaying Colonial village, is the atmosphere in which **Gerald Warner Brace** has placed his leisurely, charming story of three generations, *The Garretson Chronicle*. Ralph Garretson is the son of Randall (unpublished author and professional country squire), and Randall is the son of Theodore, who resigned from the clergy and between 1860 and 1885 made enough money from his highly moral novels to set up his family in a Colonial manse in the little town of Compton, Massachusetts. The chronicle begins with Ralph's childhood in a town which for him is endowed with literary associations, cuts back to tell the story of his father's futile, fumbling attempts to cope with the world, and then in a skillful transition returns us again to the conflict of Ralph's schooling, his revolt against his family's tradition of literary gentility, and his eventual orientation as a carpenter and woodworker.

Nothing particularly exciting happens, the pace is leisurely; characters are drawn with a stroke much softer than John Marquand's, but the writing is clear and clean. The first half of the book, embracing Ralph's adventures with the Irish boys from across the track, his father's unhappy life, and the crotchety old grandfather, entices the reader into a time and place which have been well remembered. But it seems to me that as the story moves into the twenties, the page becomes less lively, the detail and the denouement conventional. What holds the book together is its strong sense of continuity with the past, and the underlying, somewhat plaintive affection for the genteel tradition.

SCIENCE FOR MARXISTS

by GEORGE RUSSELL HARRISON

"In a democracy it is the duty of scientists to explain science to the public, and the duty of the public to try to understand it." This statement on the dust jacket of J. B. S. Haldane's *Science Advances* (Macmillan, \$3.00), its title, and the fact that the author is so eminent a scientist and so able a popularizer may lead the expectant reader to think, "Ah, here at last I can get an integrated picture of what the scientists are doing, and why." Such hopes will only partly be fulfilled, for the scope



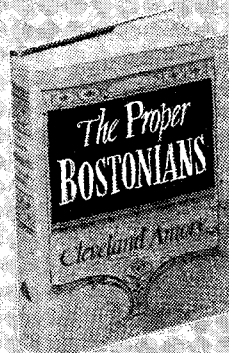
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of the book is far less broad than the title indicates.

Haldane has presented us with another collection of short journalistic essays on assorted scientific subjects, most of which are biological. They were written during his busy war years, and all are very topical and timely as to the week in which they were written, but apparently unedited except for an occasional footnote. Since 1938 Haldane has done a weekly science column for the London *Daily Worker*, of which he is, or was when the articles appeared, chairman of the editorial board. The output of the first sixteen months of his column was collected in 1939 under the title *Science and Everyday Life*. The present volume continues the pattern of the first through 1944, with its minor irritating features somewhat more noticeable.

Of the eighty-two brief excursions included, fifty-two have to do with biology and medicine, ten with the accomplishments of "some great men" (Newton and Karl Marx lead the procession, and others obviously were included because they had recently died, or were important in the contemporary scene), and thirteen with "Soviet Science and Nazi Science." This leaves seven essays to cover the remaining advances of science, most of which are not mentioned. Those included are grouped in a section called "Inventions," apparently for want of a suitable label, since the topics discussed range from fish-farming to polarized light, neither of which was invented.

In his preface the author states that he anticipates being told by critics that he has "dragged in Marxism like King Charles's head." One can hardly object to the occasional appearance of a severed head amid the scenic props if this is necessary to keep Professor Haldane at his scientific expositing. The whole book gives the impression, however, that it is King Charles who is really occupying the center of the stage, and that each succeeding scene differs from the last largely in whether the head is propped up by a discussion of blood factors or the habits of newts.

The essay on "Inventions That Made Men Free," which comes as close as any to fulfilling the promise of the title *Science Advances*, begins, "No one doubts that the great inventions of the last two centuries have revolutionized human society, and profoundly altered the course of history. To that extent everyone is a Marxist. However, opponents of Marxism go on to say that these inventions depended on the development of scientific theory, and that the really revolutionary influence has been that of scientific ideas. There is some truth in this; but only in some kinds of society does theory lead to invention, and it is worth while for Marxists to know something of inventions which were certainly not based on any scientific theories, and which changed the course of history." The inventions referred to are the modern horse collar and the iron horseshoe, the rudder, the water mill,

and improved forms of gearing. "Every teacher who is even slightly influenced by Marxism," says Haldane again, "should be able to show how human progress has depended on technological improvements."

Haldane seems to assume that every portion of the scientific parade which he chooses to show us will be most acceptable if viewed through red-colored glasses, and the book is still ostensibly addressed to readers of the *Daily Worker*, presumably because no one took the trouble to edit it from its original column form. The repeated references to Marx, Lenin, and Stalin in wholly unnecessary contexts, such as Lenin's views on electrons, and to the superior way things are done in Russia (trees there are much more appreciated by people than they are in England, because everyone owns a share in every tree) make one feel while reading as if he had barged into a private meeting of the Comrades.

If this were a book by one of lesser stature in either science or letters, or if Haldane had accurately labeled it "Slants on Science for Socialists," I could have got on much faster with this analysis of its contents. As it is, disappointment is doubly keen because it is not another book by the same name which the world badly needs. Scientists are up to tricks; some of them appear worried over the outcome and some do not. Should we be worried? Eddington and Jeans are gone, and of the science popularizers of the great English school Haldane is one of the few outstanding figures remaining. If he is not to tell us, who will?

Haldane's answer, as suggested by the publisher's jacket blurb, is that Socialism is of far more consequence to the world than the atomic bomb, and in this he may be correct. This gives him no license, however, to distort into the warped space of Marxist perspective all that is good in science, and to ascribe to the capitalistic state all that is bad.

If we read *Science Advances* with the determination quietly to ignore all ideological reference and political diatribe, we find an enjoyable series of vignettes which illuminate progress in those scientific fields which surround biometry, the application of higher mathematics to biological problems, in which Haldane is an outstanding leader. They are breezily informative and in the tradition of well-informed "good talk" at which the British popularizers are so expert.

"A comrade in the Corps of Signals has sent me a question which I cannot answer. But it is so interesting that I am going to devote an article to it. He wants to know what happens when a man learns Morse, finding it difficult at first, but finally sending signals or taking them down automatically." This serves as introduction to a brilliant discussion of the process of learning, in terms of brain cells, nerve fibers, and reflexes, which probably goes further than the inquiring signaler ever expected. Many

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others of the essays are directed toward answering questions which inevitably arise in the mind of any thoughtful person, and these Haldane discusses with the scope of intellect and awareness of scientific progress which have long been associated with his name.

The book can be recommended, but American "capitalists, aristocrats, and *bourgeoisie*" who are subject to high blood pressure will do well to subscribe to a special filtered edition.

RUSSIA, PAST AND PRESENT

by ERNEST J. SIMMONS

SIR BERNARD PARES'S *History of Russia* (Knopf, \$5.00) first appeared more than twenty years ago when treatments of the subject in English were relatively rare. Since that time many English histories of Russia have been published, short and long, scholarly and unscholarly. In this welter of books the fact that popular demand is now met by a fifth revised and enlarged edition of Pares's work must stand as a well-earned tribute to its authoritative nature and enduring qualities. There is also a special fitness in reprinting this standard work in 1947, which happens to mark the author's eightieth year. For this occasion R. W. Seton-Watson, the eminent Oxford historian, paid him the following tribute:—

Bernard Pares has always seemed a type of Englishman at his most characteristic and best — holding unshakably to deeply rooted beliefs and sentiments . . . tenacious and resourceful, yet capable of making rapid changes of plan and plucking from apparent defeat the promise of ultimate victory: not afraid to call a spade a spade, and brimful of that gift of humor which is the saving grace of all men, but especially of a pioneer in little-travelled ways or of a champion of contentious causes.

More so than any specialist in the field in the English-speaking world, Sir Bernard has lived his Russian history. As a student he first went to Russia in the 1880's; he witnessed both the 1905 and the 1917 revolutions; and his work brought him into close contact with many of the historical figures whose activities he describes in the latter part of his book. But the personalized history of the observer of stirring events is nearly always tempered and deepened by the careful scholarship of the professor of Russian history, a post which he filled for many years in the Universities of Liverpool and London.

With the exception of a final chapter, "The Second Fatherland War," and an "Epilogue," there is no substantial change in this new edition over the preceding ones. However, in recent years a considerable amount of important Soviet scholarship on Russian history has accumulated, especially with reference to historical beginnings and the Kiev

Period, and it is unfortunate that the more significant findings of these studies were not taken into account in this latest edition of Sir Bernard's book.

The new chapter is a condensed, factual survey of Russia's part in the Second World War, but the Epilogue contains the essence of the author's well-known views on the present position of the Soviet Union in the world of international relations today. Sir Bernard's approach reflects a keen understanding of Soviet policies since 1917, which he interprets against a background of profound knowledge of Russia's historical past. An absence of this knowledge of the past has led many commentators on the contemporary scene very far astray.

Sir Bernard accepts the theory, which he rightly attributes to Stalin himself, of the possibility of the peaceful coexistence of the Soviet and the democratic worlds. The principal enemy he sees is ignorance. With admirable common sense, he pleads: "Cannot we pay to that immense and to us unknown country the very small compliment of crediting her with a separate and independent life of her own, with a course of development which she alone can determine for herself?"

This approach, perhaps, ignores the strident dynamics of socialistic economics in the world today. But the author's faith in political and ideological accommodation between contending nations is solidly based on a realistic power structure rather than on the ideals of world federation or endless UN debates. And in a sense, this is what the Soviet Union has been asking for since the end of the war — an agreement between the major powers in which the Soviet's equality with them will be fully recognized. For Sir Bernard, the Truman Doctrine is rather an incantation than a cure. And any theory of containment, the author would argue, will necessarily play into the tremendous geographical advantage which the Soviet Union naturally possesses.

Implicit throughout this Epilogue is the author's conviction that, on the basis of a clear understanding of the Soviet's maximum needs, a sincere effort to meet them would result in a willingness on the part of the Soviet Union to accommodate itself to the justifiable security demands of the West. Anything less, the author feels, may well result in the realization of the ancient fear of the West — an alliance for war between the Soviet Union and a resurgent Germany.

GIDE: A SELF-PORTRAIT

by THEODORE SPENCER

THE first of three volumes to be translated of the *Journals of André Gide* (Knopf, \$5.00), this book covers the years 1889–1913. Justin O'Brien's translation is excellent, and his introduction and notes are intelligent and helpful. Sometimes they are



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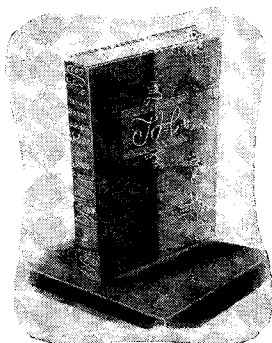
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even over-helpful. Are American readers so cultureless that they need to be told that *Wilhelm Meister* is a "novel of biographical interest by Goethe," and that *The Fall of the House of Usher* is "one of Edgar Allan Poe's Tales"?

This, however, is a small matter. The important thing is that Mr. O'Brien has made available for American readers one of the most important works of one of the most important intellects of our time, and since we can never have enough of French influence on our culture, we must be grateful that he has done his job so well.

Gide's evident aim is to be as conscious as possible, and he has a rich and complex nature to be conscious of. His childhood was, he says, "sullen

and solitary," presided over by three anxious women and the stern God of Protestantism. This background is reflected, in the early part of the *Journal*, in a number of self-admonitions: —

I must learn to take myself seriously; and not to hold any smug opinion of myself. To have more mobile eyes and a less mobile face. To keep a straight face when I make a joke. Not to applaud every joke made by others. Not to show the same colorless geniality toward everyone. To disconcert at the right moment by keeping a poker face. . . .

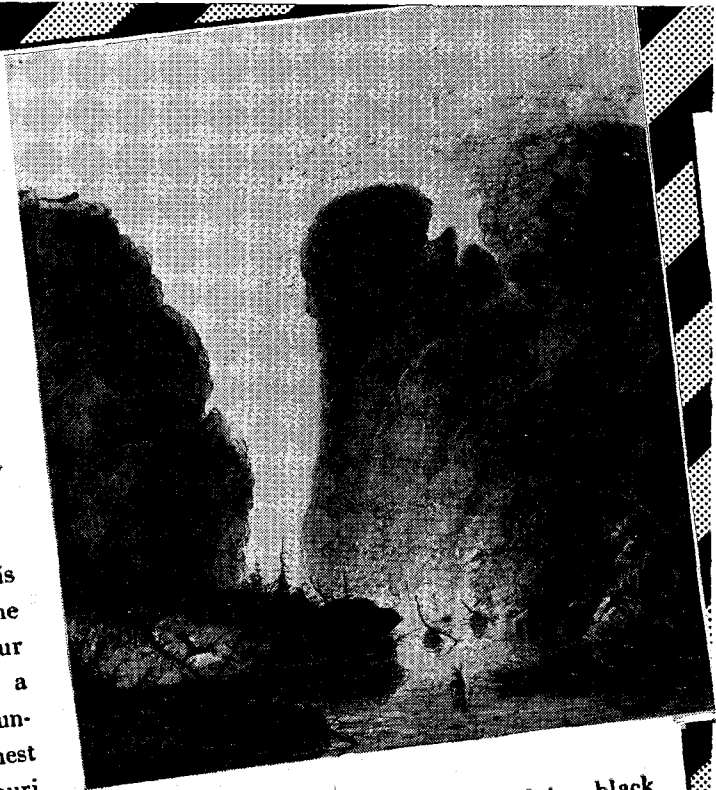
"Everything in life," he writes, "must be intentional, and the will constantly taut like a muscle." Together with this rigidity, however, is another impulse: "One must at any price manage to free one's

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soul." The conflict in Gide's nature ("I am a creature of dialogue; everything within me struggles against and contradicts itself") is partly the result of the difference between these two impulses; the *Journal* is an account of the various paths of emotion, thought, and action down which he has been led. "I am merely a little boy having a good time — compounded with a Protestant minister who bores him."

Until 1895 the *Journal* is largely introspective, full of the aphorisms — very good ones — of youth; after that crucial year, when Gide discovered his sexual direction, it becomes more objective, and we have many revealing accounts of the French literary scene, in which Gide played an important part.

The descriptions are sharply etched: "Paul Claudel came to lunch. Too short a jacket, aniline-colored necktie; his face still more square than the day before yesterday; his speech both precise and full of images; his voice staccato, clipped, and authoritative." We are also given an excellent picture of Léon Blum, of Valéry, and of Gide's other literary friends. The most moving passage is the lengthy account of the death of Charles-Louis Philippe. The cold, rather inhuman character of the *Journal* (reflected in Gide's masklike photograph) is here warmed by real feeling about someone other than Gide himself.

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WAR AS I KNEW IT closes with two characteristic chapters; one, a list of the rules by which the General fought and the second, a list of occasions on which the General felt he had really earned his pay. The book is illustrated with twelve maps, a frontispiece and endpapers.

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work. He has not been guilty of a sloppy sentence from the *Cahiers d'André Walter* to the last pages of the *Journal*. Each of his books has had a fresh shape, a fresh character, and Gide has never succumbed to the writer's worst temptation, to copy his own writing instead of returning continually to life. He has worked scrupulously and hard; his own maxim is an indication of how hard that work has been: "The sentence that is personal to us must remain as peculiarly difficult to stretch as the bow of Ulysses."

In Gide's writing, which of course is a reflection of his personality, two things are eminent: his absolute honesty, and his consciousness of the necessity of being in front, of being in the vanguard of awareness. That is why he seems, at seventy-nine, to be still so admirably young. He has allowed no callosities to grow on his sensibility or his intelligence. It is for this reason that he has been so fine an example to writers. He has kept his instrument always screwed up to the right pitch, always in tune, and in this respect he is a challenger and a model.

The *Journals* have been compared with two of Gide's favorite books, the *Essays* of Montaigne and Eckermann's *Conversations with Goethe*. This is only partly correct. They are in the same genre, but they are not, admirable as they are, of the same size. They are, for example, almost entirely devoid of humor. They have wit, penetration, edge; they record suffering and pride, but the uneasiness which is a corollary of their honesty leaves no room for the assured humorous sympathy which is so important a part of Montaigne. Both Montaigne and the Goethe recorded by Eckermann are masters of life in a way that the cross-hatched soul of Gide would seem to make impossible. It is important to recognize the difference, and not to let our admiration for Gide's honesty, his rigorous standards, his fearlessness, blind us to what he lacks. For there is not, however one dislikes to admit it, real greatness in Gide. What we have instead is something different, and perhaps equally rare, a spirit that is *fine*, in both the French and English meanings of the word.

PROUD DESTINY

\$3.50

Lion Feuchtwanger

VIKING

If the Muse of History ever laughs she must have done so many times while contemplating events in Paris between 1776 and 1781, when the commissioners of the American Revolution were seeking aid from France. With the exception of Franklin they played the game of diplomacy about as badly as possible, and everyone else concerned in the negotiations seemed bent on doing the wrong things for the right reasons, or vice versa. Fortunately the French aristocrats, whom the gods must have made blind, not realizing they were sealing their own doom, took up political liberty as a fad and Franklin,

Beaumarchais, and Voltaire as heroes, and forced the alliance. Only the King, whom they thought a fool, saw where destiny was driving them.

Vitally serious as the situation was to America, ironical humor was constant in it, the gravest issues being affected by the most trivial causes that ranged all the way from the production of the *Marriage of Figaro* to the death of Maurepas's cat. As centers of this whirlpool of intrigue, two men as different as possible remained unmoved: Franklin and Beaumarchais, the rationalist and the comic poet, the apostle of common sense and the gambler, the one acting as the brain and the other as the hand for America in the disheartening campaign.

This is the theme of *Proud Destiny*. The narrative is not, strictly speaking, fiction, but the "artistic representation of history" that Aristotle, who furnishes a motto, declares to be "a more scientific and serious pursuit than the writing of exact history." None of the characters is imaginary and few if any of the incidents are entirely so. The author has used all the "sources" but has not let them weigh him down. He is at his best in scenes of life at the Court, its pastimes and intrigues. Neither of the two main portraits quite comes off. Franklin just escapes being tiresome and Beaumarchais certainly escapes being brilliant. It is hard to believe that the creator of Figaro could have been so dull. The best portrait is that of Louis XVI, heavy, homely, befuddled, but shrewd by instinct and oddly likable. Marie Antoinette is not the haughty, heartless queen of popular tradition, but a pretty, capricious girl, badly brought up, whose tragedy is heightened by the fact that her caprices were politically dangerous. The Emperor Joseph, royal *philosophe*, adds his share of comedy, and a great number of minor figures contribute admirable or sinister elements to a scene intricately composed and yet admirably ordered.

The effect of the entire book is to make us ashamed that we know so little about this part of our history, especially the debt we owe to Beaumarchais, whose *Marriage of Figaro* Napoleon years afterwards spoke of as "revolution already in action." What here fills more than five hundred pages occupies in most textbooks hardly more than a paragraph. The effect is nevertheless cheering because, if liberty could survive such maltreatment as she had then, she must be a very hardy spirit. Her survival is in fact the main idea of the book: she survived because she was destined to do so.

R. M. GAY

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Percy Lubbock

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—WALTER D. EDMONDS, *Saturday Review*

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Philadelphia **J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO.** New York

today, for all their swift brilliance, their shiny surfaces, their prehensile grasp of an opulent and lecherous society, they have a hollow ring. Gifted with grace and a sinless style, they have neither humanity nor heart. Lily Bart, whose beauty and pliant weakness are so exquisitely portrayed, was not of the stuff which makes tragedy.

Without roots, there is no permanence. With a refined misprision of her country, Mrs. Wharton lived in exile and her characters, despite the intimacy of their New York background, have no spiritual home. Once only, planting her feet firmly on American soil, she called *Ethan Frome* into existence — and was half ashamed of it! Odd that a lady who banished the Brontës from her library should have created the semblance of eternal passion, eternal pain!

All this, though his verdict differs, Mr. Lubbock understands. His memoir, the more exacting that his affection had been long and fond, is written with beautifully involved precision. They lived, Mrs. Wharton and her tight little ring of aesthetic and accomplished bachelors, in a universe of which Henry James was God the Father. All the play of mind on mind, the inwrapping of speech and thought, the complete knowledge of the world and its motives, which James personifies, is plaited into Mr. Lubbock's Jamesian pattern. Comprehending the diamond facets of Mrs. Wharton's intelligence, he has woven into his narrative intimate recollections by her close friends. All or nearly all the truth is there.

Mrs. Wharton was a man's woman. Her intimacies were almost entirely with men, and concerning the one man whose shadow fell permanently across her life, Mr. Lubbock's troubled reticence is pierced by an amazing frankness.

ELLERY SEDGWICK

RENOIR DRAWINGS

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John Rewald

BITTNER

DAUMIER

\$7.50

Jacques Lassaigne

HYPERION; CROWN

Two art publishers have lately released, as though for the purpose of convenient comparison, a volume of drawings by an artist better known for his paintings and another of paintings by a genius at drawing. *Renoir Drawings* contains 89 reproductions of drawings in various media — pencil, ink, charcoal, crayon, wash, sanguine, pastel — by Pierre-Auguste Renoir, a painter who lived in a rapturous state of excitement over the rapid mutations of light and color in nature. *Daumier*, an American reprint of a nine-year-old Paris edition, reproduces around 130 paintings by the great republican moralist whose 4000 black and white lithographs monitored French manners and politics from the July Monarchy to the Siege of Paris. Both volumes were planned with good reason.

As John Rewald explains, in a brief preface extracted from his richly detailed *History of Impressionism*, Renoir infrequently worked with pen and pencil until, in his

early forties, he had labored through the impressionist theory that line appears nowhere in nature. When he began to recognize the existence of classical contours beneath light and color, he went in for drawing. Most of the drawings made from 1883 onward, after a period of intensified study of Ingres and Ingres's master, the Renaissance Raphael, are sketches for (sometimes from) the paintings of Renoir's post-impressionist period: of bathers, dancers, laundresses, women with children — especially of his infant son Jean, now a movie director, and the maid Gabrielle. Of the finished drawings, some were illustrations for stories by Paul Lhote and Edmond Renoir, the artist's brother. The superb pastel portrait of Paul Cézanne, dated 1880, was so well liked by the sitter that he attempted to copy it.

It is unfortunate that the handsome stiff paper on which the Renoir drawings are printed rarely conveys an impression of textures. The reader enjoys no such sense of approximating the handling of original drawings as one gets, say, from the plates of old-master drawings published by the trustees of the British Museum in the eighties and nineties, when mechanical means were not so easy to come by. But it is always a pleasure, as in the List of Plates here assembled, to be in touch with John Rewald's fastidious scholarship.

Honoré Daumier, on his side, began to *paint* late in life, as Jacques Lassaigne shows in the *Hyperion* volume, because he was busy, during the earlier years, earning a difficult living with his lithographic cartoons. However, an extraordinary thing about Daumier's black and white prints, as Baudelaire noticed, was that they were full of suggestions of color. The man who was born with a gift for transcending the candid and insensitive stone likewise had an original genius for the use of oil color. He improvised his own color chords and made them convincing.

Standing alone in his time — unmoved, so far as one sees, by the pictorial forces existing around him — Daumier, as draftsman, had the sure instinct that G.B.S. has had as a dramatist: the instinct to work well within the proper manifestations of the comic spirit, thus saving the conscience of mankind from hurt. The same inborn taste showed him the way, in his paintings, to give permanence to the anecdotal subject matter of the daily drawings. The figures of the frequently repainted and incomplete pictures, lawyers, collectors, railway travelers, wine-shop patrons, all painted from memory, no longer illustrate Daumier's acid and witty comments on daily events for the press. They stand for man's changeless attitudes.

A new edition of the *Hyperion Daumier* would, of course, have been more desirable than this American reprint of the European edition. The bibliography takes no notice of such later appreciations of Daumier as the essays of Paul Valéry and Maurice Sachs. Furthermore, there has been some redistribution of paintings since 1938, and additional pictures in American hands have become available for reproduction on this side of the water. The color, identical with that of the French edition except for



Congratulations

TO THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY ON ITS NINETIETH BIRTHDAY

The first issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* appeared in November, 1857, and now the magazine, which during its long life has had only nine editors, has become a nonagenarian and its quality steadily improves as the years pass. Twenty-two and a half years ago Little, Brown & Company entered into an alliance with the Atlantic Monthly Company. Since then Little, Brown & Company has published all books carrying the Atlantic Monthly Press colophon. It has therefore been privileged to issue under its imprint novels by H. E. Bates, Mazo de la Roche, Walter D. Edmonds, Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, William Wister Haines, James Hilton, Bruce Lancaster and other favorite writers of fiction, as well as important books in the non-fiction field, such as *THE EPIC OF AMERICA* by James Truslow Adams, *YANKEE FROM OLYMPUS* by Catherine Drinker Bowen, *FROM THE TOP OF THE STAIRS* by Gretchen Finletter, *LAND BELOW THE WIND* and *THREE CAME HOME* by Agnes Newton Keith, *U. S. FOREIGN POLICY* by Walter Lippmann, *ADMIRAL OF THE OCEAN SEA* by Samuel Eliot Morison, *THE HAPPY PROFESSION*, the reminiscences of Ellery Sedgwick, eighth editor of *The Atlantic*, *THE HOUSE OF EXILE* by Nora Waln and *RATS, LICE AND HISTORY* by Hans Zinsser. If space permitted, many other Atlantic favorites might be added.

It has been a most happy relationship over the years, so it is natural that my congratulations and those of my associates on this occasion should come from the heart. During its ninety years the *Atlantic Monthly* has stood for quality and it is fair to say that the publications of the Atlantic Monthly Press also stand for quality. On the following two pages are listed several important publications of the autumn season which carry the Atlantic Monthly Press colophon and the imprint of Little, Brown & Company.

Alfred R. M. Intyre



New ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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—ELIZABETH W. WATTS, *Boston Globe* \$4.00

Ellery Sedgwick

Atlantic Harvest

In this 682-page volume the *Atlantic Monthly's* eighth editor comments with humor and wisdom on the essays, articles, chronicles and stories which he has selected from the magazine's pages from 1864 to 1938. \$4.50

*Walter D.
Edmonds*

The Wedding Journey

How two young newlyweds got into trouble after three days of enforced separation on their Erie Canal honeymoon to Niagara Falls in 1835 is unforgettably told in this charming love story. By the author of *DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK*. Illustrated in color. \$2.50

Cord Meyer, Jr.

Peace or Anarchy

The first full-length presentation of the position and aims of the world government movement by one of its leading spokesmen. "The best book I have seen on the atomic era and what it portends . . . it might save civilization."—RAYMOND SWING.

Coming October 31st. \$2.50

*Sir Osbert
Sitwell*

Great Morning!

In this third volume in the autobiography of a fascinating English gentleman, Sir Osbert carries his lively chronicle of a rebellious English youth into the splendor of London society. \$4.00

PRESS BOOKS
LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY

Nothing So Strange

In his first major novel about an American, the author of *RANDOM HARVEST* tells the story of a young scientist, of the three women in his life, and of his struggle with some of the biggest problems of our time.

November Literary Guild Selection.

\$2.75

James Hilton

The Battle of the Atlantic

1939-1943

This is the first volume chronologically, but the second in order of publication, of Captain Morison's "shooting history" of United States Naval Operations in World War II. "Something new and good in historical writing."—*Boston Globe*.

\$6.00

Samuel Eliot
Morison

One Fine Day

The author of *The New Yorker's* "Letter from London," writes a gentle, intimate novel full of sly, good-humored observations of little details of one day in the life of an English woman whose work is never done.

\$2.50

Mollie
Panter-Downes

Dahl's Brave New World

Another and even funnier book by the authors of *DAHL'S BOSTON*. Dahl in 100 cartoons and Morton in full-length commentary offer a hilarious salutation to the zany inventions destined to befuddle the brave new world of tomorrow. \$2.50

Francis W. Dahl
and
Charles W. Morton

The Purple Plain

An action-filled novel of a British pilot who wanted to die and the Burmese girl who changed his mind. By the author of *FAIR STOOD THE WIND FOR FRANCE*. Literary Guild Selection for January. Coming Dec. 15.

\$2.75

H. E. Bates



NEW BOOKS FROM
LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY

*Constance and
Harmon Helmericks*

We Live in the Arctic

The hardy and resourceful author-explorers of *WE LIVE IN ALASKA* tell the exciting story of their almost disastrous year in solitary and rewarding conflict with winter wilderness in unexplored arctic Alaska. Illustrated. \$4.00

Robert Lawson

Mr. Twigg's Mistake

With an overdose of the new and powerful Vitamin X hilarious things begin to happen to a boy and his pet mole in this uproarious new story, written and illustrated by the author of *MR. WILMER*. \$2.50

*Samuel
Shellabarger*

FAVORITE FICTION

Prince of Foxes

The mysterious young lord, Andrea Orsini, holds the nation's readers enthralled as he plays a dangerous double game for the Italy he dreams of and the woman he loves. A Literary Guild Selection. \$3.00

Helen MacInnes

Friends and Lovers

The author of *ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY* and *ABOVE SUSPICION* has written "... a love story of such tender beauty, wise understanding and vivid life that, for me, it is the most artistic and most moving of all Helen MacInnes's books."

—ALICE DIXON BOND. \$2.75

*Richard
Sherman*

The Bright Promise

This searching new novel by the author of *TO MARY WITH LOVE* is more than the intimate story of a woman in love; it is the recreation of an era that was hers and was yours — the years of the epoch-making 30's. A Literary Guild Selection. \$2.75

*A. Hamilton
Gibbs*

Way of Life

"A beautiful and heart-rending picture of a cockeyed world," says KENNETH ROBERTS of this novel in which Major Gibbs speaks out for today's "lost" generation as vigorously as he did in his unforgettable best-seller, *SOUNDINGS*, for the youth who fought World War I. \$2.75

its bright, rosy glaze, scarcely suggests Daumier's unique modulations — though Albert Skira and Pierre Tisné, both of Paris, have shown that Daumier's subtle handling of color can still be represented with a high degree of fidelity.

MAC KINLEY HELM

LET ME DO THE TALKING

\$2.75

Richard L. Mealand

DOUBLEDAY

AFTER *The Hucksters* it was inevitable that someone should explore the kindred world of literary agency, and no writer could have been better qualified to do so than Richard Mealand, who, as a former magazine and motion picture story editor, enjoyed the best possible angles for a clinical survey. Nothing but sheer writing talent, however, could have made *Let Me Do the Talking* what it is — a quick-pulsing novel that will entertain the general reader as well as fascinate those uncounted thousands who write, have tried to, or wish they could.

Mr. Mealand's hero is Gabriel, a dapper little New York ten-per-center who knows all the tricks and can keep a bewildering number of irons white-hot in the fire. Selling author's material is only part of his work; the rest includes persuading the author to write it in the first place, cajoling him to stay on the job when once he has begun it, flattering him when he has finished it, satisfying him that the price obtained was absolutely the highest possible, and meanwhile outfoxing all the other agents who prowl stealthily in the jungle that surrounds the best-seller's dollar-a-word output. It is a frantic world, a world in which knowing the answers is merely an aid to getting the ulcers; a world of rapier wits and superb double-crosses, of Napoleonic campaigns by telephone and Clausewitz strategy at "21's" bar.

What makes Gabriel run? The answer is not hazarded, but the question acquires a somewhat terrifying urgency as we follow him through his daily chores, for his gallery of clients includes types that every writer will maliciously recognize, and the round-by-round account of negotiations leading to the movie sale of a number one fiction leader is as sheerly incredible as it is (to those who know) completely plausible.

Mr. Mealand's writing has the cynical detachment necessary for his task; it is documented with diverting literary "shop"; and he has a true ear for Hollywood-New York commuters' idiom. But the odd and really remarkable achievement is that, long before the story's end, his Gabriel over the Madhouse has become a warm and almost endearing personality. You half *like* the man, you admire his brains, and you realize that, in a world of semi, pseudo, or vicarious creativeness, he is at least as much a creator as some of the big names he represents. You might even feel that (with the help of logarithms) a line of business ethics might be drawn beyond which he would not trespass.

With fewer imperfections than *The Hucksters*, *Let Me Do the Talking* is also profoundly original by one impor-

tant best-selling standard. Gabriel does not get his girl. But you are not really sorry for either of them. She could have shared only a fraction of his life — say ten per cent.

JAMES HILTON

THE GIFTED CHILD GROWS UP

\$6.00

Lewis M. Terman and Melita Oden

STANFORD

ONE does not pay for genius in the coin of frustration or unhappiness; Dr. Lewis Terman proves conclusively that 1418 gifted adults — the famous Terman children of twenty-five years ago — are taller, happier, healthier, better adjusted, more happily married, and more successful vocationally than the generality. Now thirty-five years old, with IQ's ranging from 135 to 200, they are exceptionally well-balanced, normal people. *The Gifted Child Grows Up*, written in a straightforward style, peppered with 140 tables, and documented in every possible way ever conceived by a battery of psychologists, summarily destroys the old wives' tales that exceptional brilliance is coupled with eccentricity, deformity, or perversion.

"The study," says Dr. Terman, "was not a direct attack upon the pedagogy of gifted children; it was instead a search for basic facts." The results of this search will be of greatest analytical importance to psychologists and teachers, but it is the lay reader who will reap the most enjoyment from probing into the exceptional mind. But for one chapter of mental measurement statistics and a scattered handful of dull passages, *The Gifted Child* is fast-moving, absorbing reading, a brilliant summation of Terman's revolutionary accomplishments in the field of mental tests and measurements.

Dr. Terman's latest contribution to the now suddenly popular world of the mind is not primarily a psychologist's book for psychologists; it is rather an *Apologia pro Vita Sua* to the world, completely a reflection of a man whose exploring mind and dominant personality have carried through a life's work in a "darkest Africa" area of psychology. He fights his subjects' battles and strives to protect them from carping criticism. He skips nimbly over minor conclusions which prove embarrassing to genius; some of the data are inconclusive, or are dismissed with a brief "the difference is not reliable" — when the same figure appeared to be highly reliable the page before.

Extremely gifted himself, Terman is not easy to work with; his favorite comment is an explosive "Hell, no!" *The Gifted Child* is all the more interesting for the personal vagaries of the author. For example, the entire subject of money grates on Terman's nerves, long made sensitive by constant lack of adequate funds to accomplish this expensive work. Thus, regardless of age or money earned, he considers men in the professional group more successful than those in business, and wryly checks off two Hollywood writers at \$20,000 a year as "overpaid."

Dr. Terman regrets that there are many problems left

unsolved amid the abundance of proved and tabulated data and is eagerly looking forward to future studies which will probe further and utilize the rare opportunity this group affords to increase the world's knowledge of the dynamics of human behavior.

ELIZABETH FARRAR

EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE

\$3.00

Marcia Davenport

SCRIBNER

ALTHOUGH she is displayed with far more completeness, the human heroine of *East Side, West Side* plays second fiddle to the city of New York. Jessie Bourne's adventures during the October week in which she finally comes to a decision concerning her intolerable marriage are the normal stuff of fiction about long-suffering ladies, and it is the author's detailed and loving description of the city where Jessie lives that really carries the book.

Not that Jessie is an unattractive character. Her only faults are excessive patience, an inability to bear with aristocratic stupidity, and the intense preoccupation with her own affairs which is natural in a person without any employment beyond luncheon, cocktail, dinner, theater, and supper parties. The life she leads is not natural to Jessie, who is the daughter of an energetic Jewish actress and dislikes her husband's fine old Knickerbocker family far more than the family dislikes her. When Jessie meets Mark Dwyer, an Air Force general with tastes and background similar to her own, she takes action against the Bourne tribe.

The novel is populated by an army of minor characters, carefully observed types whose plausibility derives largely from Jessie's reactions to them. Because *East Side, West Side* is told consistently from one point of view, the reader never knows what motivates anyone but Jessie herself. This hardly matters in regard to the rabble of party-goers, servants, and remote relatives swirling through the book, but the ingenious nastiness of Brandon Bourne, having no visible excuse, seems in the end a bit contrived. Dwyer, of course, benefits by purely external presentation, as knights in shining armor always do.

The diverse origins of her people give Marcia Davenport the opportunity to describe New York at several levels and at several periods. She does it wonderfully well, shifting from past to present, from slum to desiccated women's club to first-night party, describing all of them with enthusiasm and a sharp, affectionate, ruefully cynical eye.

PHOEBE LOU ADAMS

ONE DAY AT TETON MARSH

\$3.50

Sally Carrighar

KNOPF

As I remember it, the critical reception to Miss Carrighar's *One Day on Beetle Rock*, published in 1944, was justly generous. Her new book, which repeats the for-

mula but nothing else, is likely to strengthen her reputation as the most imaginative and poetic nature writer in this country. She has not the sheer magic of Henry Williamson; but then he is not likely to be rivaled in his field for a long time to come. On the other hand, she has things to say of her own, and an interpretive sense in dealing with the creatures of earth, sea, and air that is both original and charming. Furthermore, she has a wider range of animal interest than Williamson — extremely wide for a romantic-naturalist. So plausible and effortless is her reporting of the lifespan of anything from the trumpeter swan to the giddy scud, that the reader is completely persuaded. I think perhaps with her, as with Williamson and the other few masters in this developing area of literature, the reporting is at times a little too precise. Granted the thousands of observation hours necessary to represent the moose or the varying hare or the Physa snail alive and ascendant in its appropriate environment, it is possible sometimes to say too much.

One Day at Teton Marsh is the story of a beaver pond, a water meadow, and a creek at Jackson Hole along the Snake River in Wyoming. The inhabitants of this tract of wilderness include an otter, a cutthroat trout, an osprey, a mink, a moose, a mosquito, a leopard frog, and other characters. Their lives are as remarkably intertwined as were the lives of those other denizens on Beetle Rock. It is all an absorbing story with an ever changing point of view. The otter is not quite Tarka (it would hurt me if he were); but he is real, and other of his neighbors are freshly and delightfully drawn as they have not been drawn before. If you think that the micro-cycle of the primitive scud and his superbly aimless pond-life are not worth the recording, read Miss Carrighar's little chapter on him toward the middle of the book. This is poetry of a kind — a rather remarkable kind.

The firm of Knopf, aided by some excellent (if a little formal) black-and-white drawings, has made a book in this day of indifferent bookmaking that is both beguiling to look at and to read and own.

DAVID MCCORD

COUNTRY PLACE

\$2.75

Ann Petry

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN

ANN PETRY's writing in this second novel shows much of the improvement one was led to anticipate on reading her first. *Country Place* is a fast-moving, somewhat melodramatic tale of a small New England town as seen through the eyes of its druggist, Mr. Fraser.

Johnny Roane, a veteran of the recent war, returns home after a four-year absence, to find his home town a bit strange and his beautiful young wife, Glory, more than a little estranged from him; yearning, in fact, after the affections of the town's chief seducer. Glory's mother, having artfully achieved marriage with the not very manly son of one of the town's first families, broods over her failure to achieve status among the citizenry as well as over her complete frustration in attempting to become

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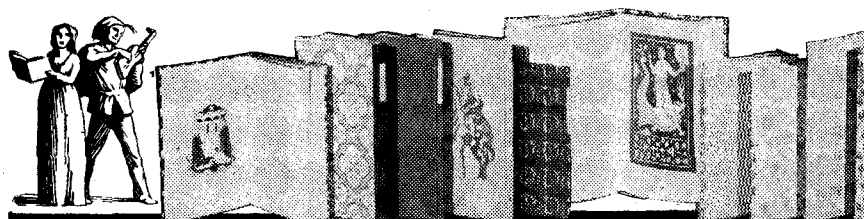
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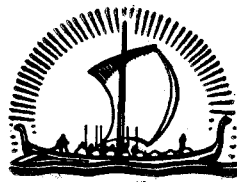
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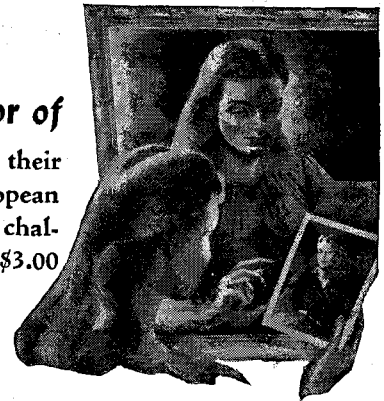
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the recognized mistress of the Gramby estate, a post sternly and jealously presided over by her aged and ailing mother-in-law. Bits and pieces of unassembled gossip flit tentatively and covertly about the town, but The Weasel, a taxi-driver, is impatient with the normal speed of gossip and he frequently finds ways of helping it to take a jump or two ahead of schedule so that it will land in the places where it will do the most damage.

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Most of the characters are well done, but, curiously enough, Johnny Roane, the hero, is not; for he is not filled out to real-life, believable proportions. It is hard to believe, for instance, that a young man, just home from four years of war, would not relate a great deal of that most recent experience to the events in his new existence as a civilian, especially when slogging about on a rainy night in a muddy forest; and a fight with a soft, middle-aged civilian — a cardiac patient at that — would have been a much more businesslike piece of action than Johnny displays.

Taken as a whole, though, *Country Place* is a good story, worthy of the telling. It preaches no sermons, waves no flags. It tells a plausible narrative of, for the most part, some very human people in an earthy situation. It need not have been told through the eyes and perceptions of the druggist, and it might even be that this technique detracts from its readability; for you may find yourself wondering, on occasion, where in the world even so wise a person as Mr. Fraser could have found out so much about the thoughts and behavior of his fellow citizens.

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Indeed, it is not what Mr. Cunningham says, but the way he says it, that has won him fame and fortune. If it were not for the fact that it is written in Cunninghamese, his book would be nothing more than an unrelated collection of personal musings on family life, household pets, Mussolini, cooking outdoors, Frank Sinatra, football games, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, and the trials and tribulations of being a newspaperman. As it is, the book is enlivened by Mr. Cunningham's talent for saying old things in a new way. To take but one example, he points up what might have appeared to be a commonplace visit to a shipyard by saying, "If you can walk into a war-driving shipyard in such times and not feel the pinfeathers lift along your chiropractic declivity, there's not much United States in you."

For those who swear by Mr. Cunningham, and their numbers are legion, the book will be as welcome as a backstage visit with the man himself. For others, it will serve as an outstanding example of the slam-bang style of writing which flourishes on the sports pages of American newspapers.

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This beautiful novel is ostensibly about two families, the Frazers and the Blacketts, who live and love and like and dislike on Chatterton Square in a town in the West Country just before the Second World War. But it is even more about that big family which lives on the Channel and on the Irish Sea and along all the other rivers and seas which bound a state of mind called England. Although the book is as fragrantly fresh and bittersweet with revelations and confirmations as any of E. H. Young's other novels, and although it is centered on one of her most memorable characters, Rosamund Frazer, it is both more important and more compelling than any of her previous novels because of the decade which has intervened between it and her others.

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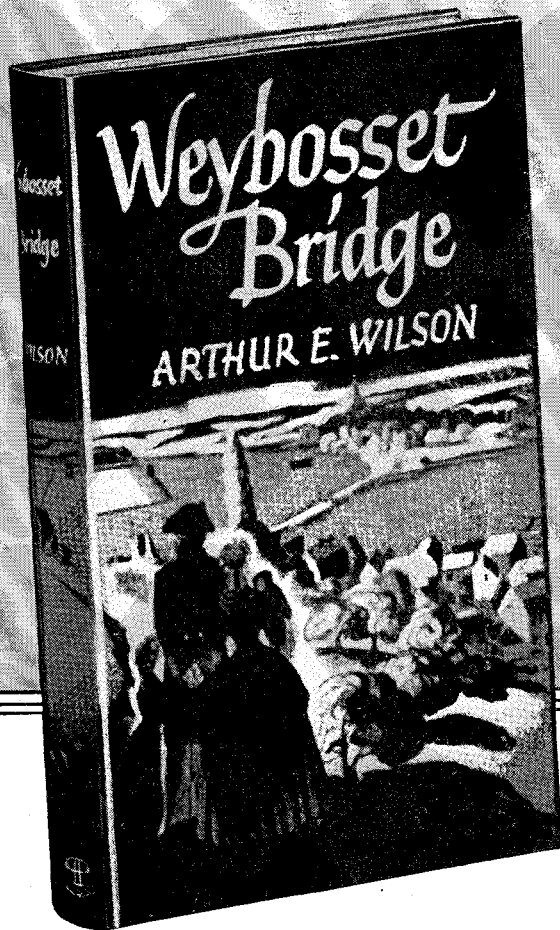
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this cannot be defined or explained any more than the quality of a beautiful speaking voice can be." Well, that is all very true, but it is a function of criticism to place that so elusive "timbre." E. H. Young's special "timbre" is the result of writing in the best tradition of English fiction and never for a moment forgetting that she is a woman writing in this tradition. *Chatterton Square* is not a great novel like *Middlemarch* nor an important one like Virginia Woolf's *The Waves*. It is akin to Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford*. It differs from *Cranford*, however, not only in structure but in the fact that only one of its people is a spinster lady; almost every other person in the book is a facet of love. *Chatterton Square* is, indeed, one of the most lovable novels I have read since E. H. Young's last.

LEO LERMAN

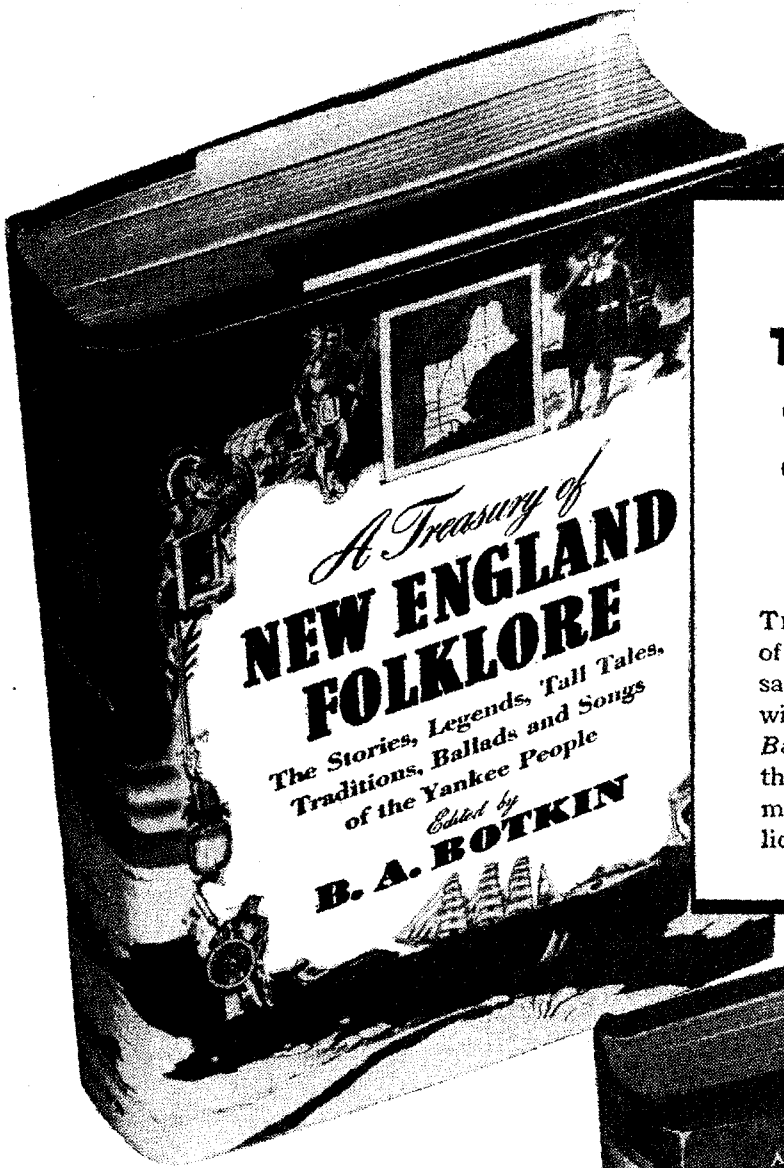
FOUR NOVELS

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FREDERIC WAKEMAN appeared on the fiction scene with *Shore Leave*, a close-up of a group of Navy officers on a binge in a San Francisco hotel suite. It was a lively, candid shot of the young men of the moment, one of the first and one of the best. His next book, *The Hucksters*, was also candid camera work on an extremely photogenic subject, a big-time advertising agency. His portrait of Evan Llewelyn Evans (identified by many as the late G. W. Hill) is large as life and twice as natural, and his satiric lampooning of the "thirty grand a year and ulcer" boys is excellent and deserved. But it is still camera work, the product of a sharp ear and eye and a natural talent for reproduction. But it is in this present novel, *The Saxon Charm* (Rinehart, \$2.75), that Mr. Wakeman proves he is in the lists to stay and to be reckoned with. For in this book he has created character, the essential function of the novelist.

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Through Busch's eyes we meet the three important women in Saxon's life: Alma Wragge, self-styled as "the only virgin in show business," saddled with a drunkard mother and the problem of why Saxon with his superlative luxury can't seem to offer material help; Vivian, Saxon's ex-wife, feminine, helpless in her love for him; Rhea Birkani, portrait painter, unwed mother of Saxon's child, founder of the "anti-Saxon club," who still can talk of nothing but Saxon. In the glitter and tension of the theatrical world, a backdrop in brilliant technicolor,



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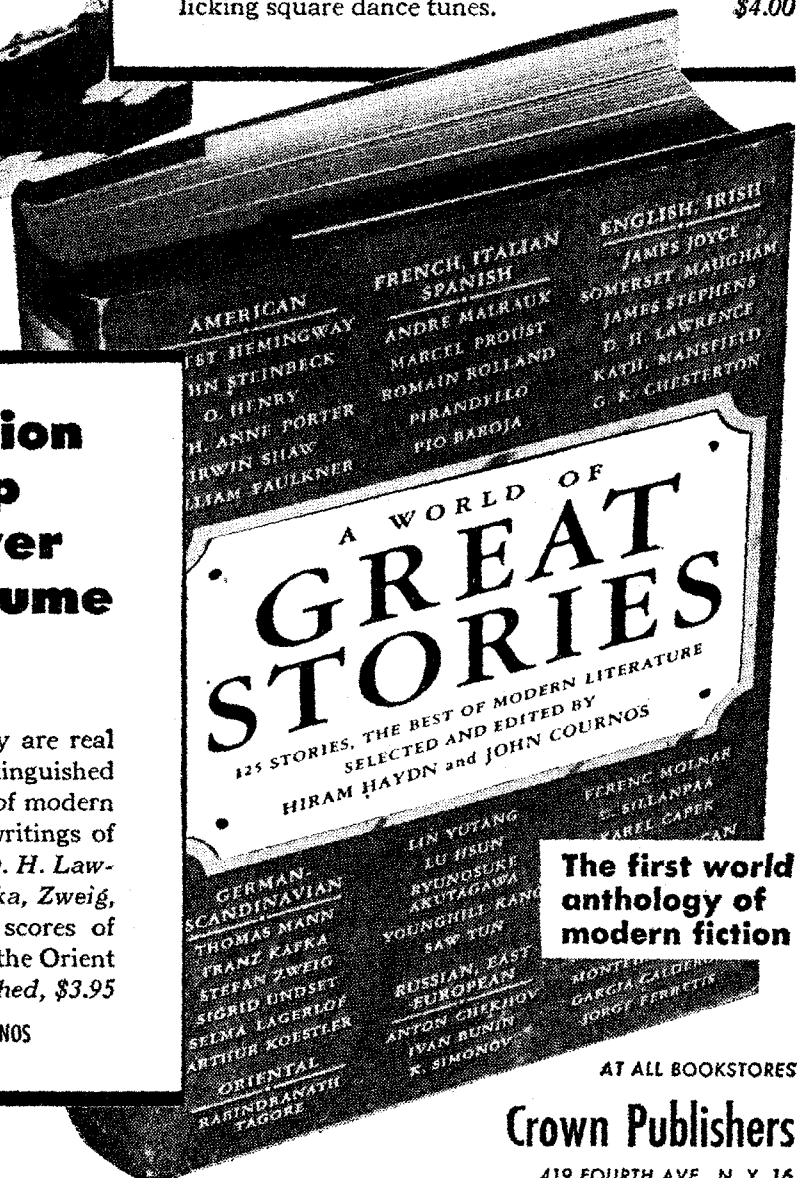
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Vincent McHugh says of his novel *The Victory* (Random House, \$3.50), "I wanted to write a book that could be lived in for a while, like another life." He has accomplished his wish. *The Victory* is a story of many assorted people, of the communal life of a ship, of a long crossing of a great ocean, of a faraway island and the Chamorros who lived there, who knew hurt and death under their Japanese invaders, who found a leader in a young stranger, who were still sick and hungry in the red tape and officialdom of the Americans.

The *Hopi Victory* is a good ship, with a good captain and a satisfied crew. McHallam is what the men on the *Hopi Victory* — or any other ship — call a good guy. And he is what this reader calls a good narrator, thoughtful, speculative, with a sense of time and space and a belief in human dignity and value. He is old enough to accept things as they are — and young enough to want to improve them.

The Victory has that rare and wonderful thing, the sense of the passage of time. It has the pace and texture of life, instead of the stepped-up immediacy of much contemporary fiction. It takes the reader as long to cross the Pacific as it took the *Hopi Victory*; one is completely identified with the sea beneath, the sky above, the great concern of war dwarfed by the personalities and trivia of life aboard. With McHallam we first hear the legend of Jase on one of the nearer islands, of his choice to befriend a brave and gentle people, of the American landing on Matam, with Jase like a twentieth-century Moses leading the first Chamorros in from the hills.

And the magic of speculation grows in us as it did in McHallam in the intervening days, until the *Hopi Victory* rolls into Matam in the enormous sea "like a lady going to church with her gloves on." Here, at the legend's source, we find it even greater, Jase himself still greater than the legend, "like somebody in Homer" as the Pilot said. Jase, the wild-riding boy of the Utah prairie, has brought to this Far Eastern island the frontier spirit and ability of his Western forebears, finding that the qualities which had earned him respect and devotion in his own desert would also serve in this remote desert of the sea. "We were the new Elizabethans," thinks McHallam. "We had gone out over the world as if it were nothing but the clear mirror of our confidence." It is a fair comparison, and this is the first book known to this reviewer which places our men-of-war out of their immediate generation, which recognizes trivia as such, and knows that it does not deny to gallantry and adventure their place in the ages.

The publishers describe Sterling North's *So Dear to My Heart* (Doubleday, \$2.75), as "a lamplighted novel of Indiana in 1903," but although lamplight has an overtone of mellow nostalgia and is a pretty word in itself, it does not do justice to the book. This is not a book of papa's

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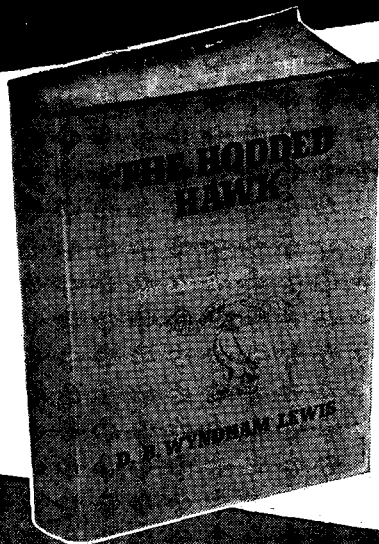
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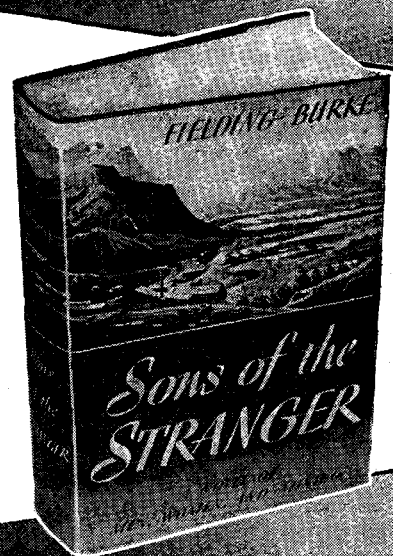
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after-dinner nap, of horsehair sofas, and Sunday-school picnics. This is a book full of the magic the world holds for young creatures who know important things that exist in the best folk poetry.

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And it is the Pike County Fair that Jerry has set his heart on, for it is there that he must show Danny—Danny the black lamb nobody wanted but Jerry, who has brought him up so loved and polished that he is a very special kind of lamb. Uncle Hiram, the kind blacksmith who can make anything into a ballad as well as make fishpoles for small boys, is back of the project and so is Tildy, Jerry's playmate. How they get there in all the grandeur of the green plush of "Old 99" and what happens at the judges' stand is the story. It is a very good story, but over and above it and through it are the ease and goodness of a simple and more rooted world where the impact of natural wonder was not blunted. Mr. North has cut out the undergrowth of a half century of speed and noise so that even the most sophisticated reader should find his way clear to hearing the music of this book. It should delight the enormous audience of *The Yearling*.

William E. Wilson's *Crescent City* (Simon and Schuster, \$3.00) is a novel that has been written before, many times. It is a perfectly good and appropriate novel to write. It says things familiar to most Americans over thirty, and it says other things essential for all Americans of any age. It does not offer novelty, nor does it strive for effect. It is the story of a Middle Western town, of the people who live there, of their immediate background. Stephen Holt loved his father, Jay, the kind and gentle newspaper editor who did not crusade, but who believed life was more important than death. But Stephen Holt made the American pilgrimage common to his generation, he left Crescent City for New York, and New York for farther places. He was a war correspondent, a Washington correspondent. But his roots were in Crescent City. It is there he is going on the train with the telegram of his father's death in his pocket, as the story opens.

His memory and emotion provide the unity for the body of the book, a body made up of many short sketches of the people and events which make up the life of Crescent City, of Jay Holt, and of Stephen Holt himself. As the book ends, with Stephen finally able to give active release to the grief which the material demands of death have denied, his estranged wife, Esther, rings the bell, and as he realizes that his real life lies here in Crescent City, he also realizes that Esther belongs in this life, and not the fascinating Frenchwoman with whom he has been having an affair.

The reader leaves him then, sympathizing with this realization and knowing more about the tolerance and intolerance of the whole from this small part, knowing the importance of the true value, the good decision, in the smallest and simplest community.

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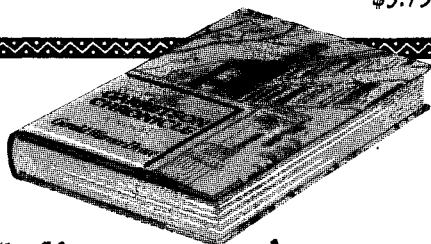
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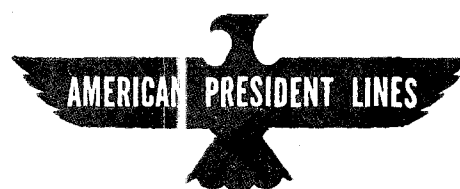


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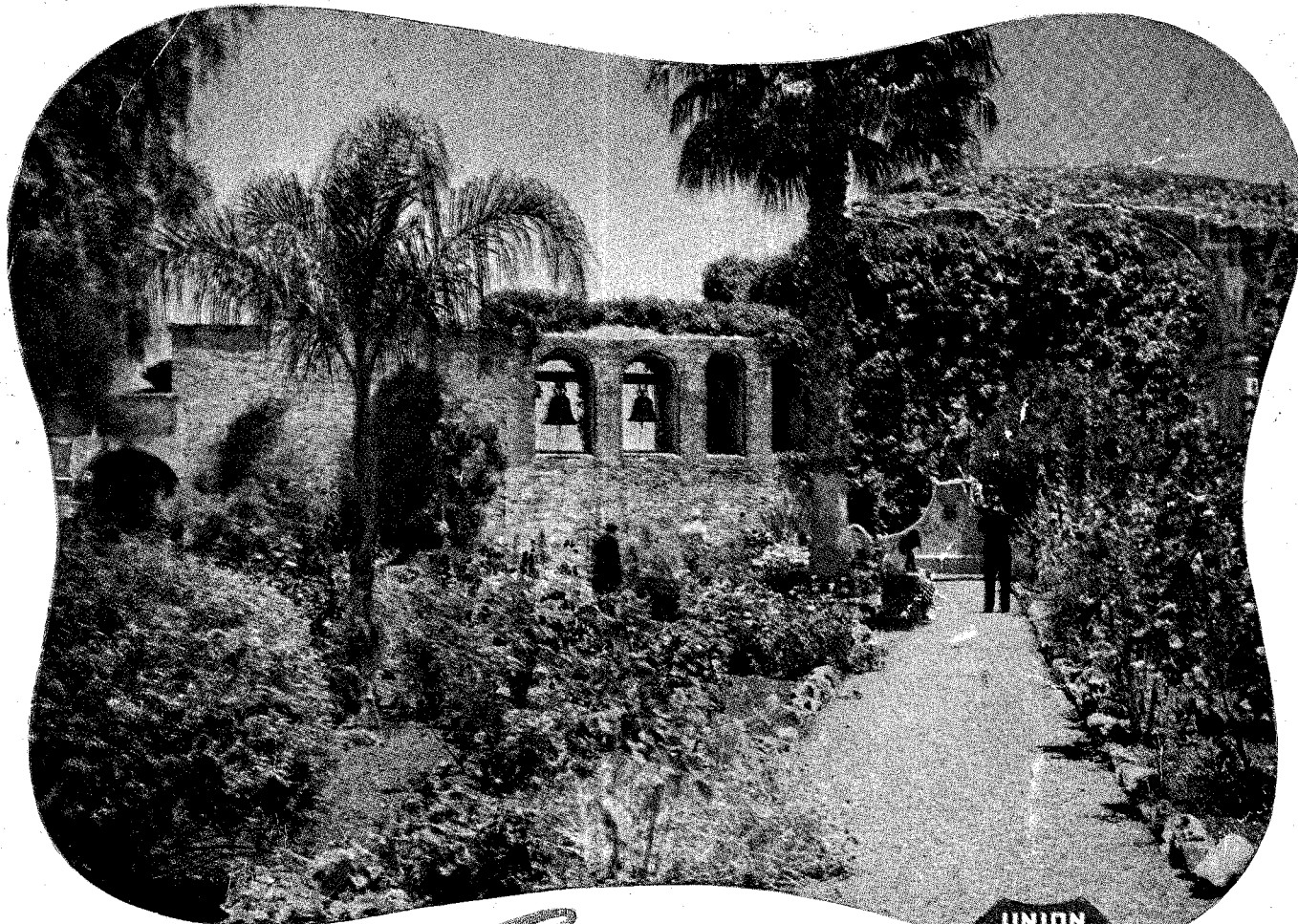


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